THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE TENTH.

Gal. 9. S. 9.

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE TENTH.

CONTAINING

WINTER'S TALE.
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

BASIL:

Printed and sold by J. J. TOURNEISEN.

M. DCCC. I.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

WINTER'S TALE.*

* WINTER'S TALE.] This play, throughout, is written in the very ſpirit of its author. And in telling this homely and ſimple, though agreeable, country tale,

Our ſweeteſt Shakſpeare, fancy's child,
Warbles his native wood-notes wild.

This was neceſſary to obſerve in mere juſtice to the play; as the meanneſs of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had miſled ſome of great name into a wrong judgement of its merit; which, as far as it regards ſentiment and character, is ſcarce inferior to any in the whole collection. WARBURTON.

At Stationers' Hall, May 22, 1594, Edward White entered "A booke entitled *A Wynter Nyght's Paſtime.*" STEEVENS.

The ſtory of this play is taken from *The Pleaſant Hiſtory of Doraſtus and Fawnia*, written by Robert Greene. JOHNSON.

In this novel, the king of Sicilia whom Shakſpeare names

Leontes, is called	———	Egiſtus.
Polixenes K. of Bohemia	———	Pandoſto.
Mamillius P. of Sicilia	———	Garinter.
Florizel P. of Bohemia	———	Doraſtus.
Camillo	———	Franion.
Old Shepherd	———	Porrus.
Hermione	———	Bellaria.
Perdita	———	Faunia.
Mopſa	———	Mopſa.

The parts of Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolycus, are of the poet's own invention; but many circumſtances of the novel are omitted in the play. STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton, by "ſome of great name," means Dryden and Pope. See the Eſſay at the end of the Second Part of *The Conqueſt of Granada:* "Witneſs the lameneſs of their plots; [the plots of Shakſpeare and Fletcher;] many of which, eſpecially thoſe which they wrote firſt, (for even that age refined itſelf in ſome meaſure,) were made up of ſome ridiculous incoherent ſtory, which in one play many times took up the buſineſs of an age. I ſuppoſe I need not name *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, [and here, by-the-by, Dryden expreſsly names *Pericles* as our author's production,] nor the hiſtorical plays of Shakſpeare; beſides many of the reſt, as *The Winter's Tale, Love's Labour's Loſt, Meaſure for Meaſure*, which were either grounded on impoſſibilities, or at leaſt ſo meanly written, that the comedy neither cauſed your mirth, nor the ſerious part your concernment." Mr. Pope, in the Preface to his edition of our author's plays, pronounced the ſame ill-conſidered judgement on the play before us. "I ſhould conjecture (ſays he) of ſome of the others, particularly *Love's Labour's Loſt*, THE WINTER'S TALE, *Comedy of Errors*, and *Titus Andronicus*, that only ſome characters, ſingle ſcenes, or perhaps a few particular paſſages, were of his hand."

None of our author's plays has been more cenſured for the breach of dramatick rules than *The Winter's Tale*. In confirmation of what Mr. Steevens has remarked in another place — "that Shakſpeare was not ignorant of theſe rules, but diſregarded them," — it may be obſerved, that the laws of the drama are clearly laid down by a writer once univerſally read and admired, Sir Philip Sidney, who in his *Defence of Poeſy*, 1595, had pointed out the very improprieties into which our author has fallen in this play. After mentioning the defects of the tragedy of *Gorboduc*, he adds: "But if it be ſo in *Gorboducke*, how much more in all the reſt, where you ſhall have Aſia of the one ſide, and Affricke of the other, and ſo manie other under kingdomes, that the player when he comes in, muſt ever begin with telling where he is, or elſe the tale will not be conceived. — Now of time they are much more liberal. For ordinarie it is, that two young princes fall in love, after many traverſes ſhe is got with childe, delivered of a faire boy: he is loſt, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is readie to get another childe, and all this in two houres ſpace: which how abſurd it is in ſence, even ſence may imagine."

The Winter's Tale is ſneered at by B. Jonſon, in the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614: "If there be never a ſervant-monſter in the fair, who can help it, *nor a neſt of antiques?* He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like thoſe that beget TALES, *Tempeſts*, and ſuch like drolleries." By the *neſt of antiques*, the twelve ſatyrs who are introduced at the ſheep-ſhearing feſtival, are alluded to,—In his converſation with Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden, in 1619, he has another ſtroke at his *beloved* friend: "He [Jonſon] ſaid, that Shakſpeare wanted art, and ſometimes ſenſe; for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men, ſaying they had ſuffered ſhipwreck in Bohemia, where is no ſea near by 100 miles." Drummond's Works, fol. 225, edit. 1711.

When this remark was made by Ben Jonſon, *The Winter's Tale* was not printed. Theſe words therefore are a ſufficient anſwer to Sir T. Hanmer's idle ſuppoſition that *Bohemia* was an error of the preſs for *Bythinia*.

This play, I imagine, was written in the year 1604. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol. II.

MALONE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer gave himſelf much needleſs concern that Shakſpeare ſhould conſider Bohemia as a maritime country. He would have us read *Bythinia:* but our author implicitly copied the novel before him. Dr. Grey, indeed, was *apt to believe* that *Doraſtus and Faunia* might rather be borrowed from the play; but I have met with a copy of it, which was printed in 1588. —— Cervantes ridicules theſe geographical miſtakes, when he makes the princeſs Micomicona land at Oſſuna. —— Corporal Trim's king of Bohemia "delighted in navigation, and had never a ſea-port in

his dominions;" and my lord Herbert tells us, that De Luines the prime miniſter of France, when he was embaſſador there, demanded, whether Bohemia was an inland country, or lay "*upon the ſea?*"——There is a ſimilar miſtake in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, relative to that city and Milan. FARMER.

The *Winter's Tale* may be ranked among the hiſtoric plays of Shakſpeare, though not one of his numerous criticks and commentators have diſcovered the drift of it. It was certainly intended (in compliment to queen Elizabeth) as an indirect apology for her mother Anne Boleyn. The addreſs of the poet appears no where to more advantage. The ſubject was too delicate to be exhibited on the ſtage without a veil; and it was too recent, and touched the queen too nearly, for the bard to have ventured ſo home an alluſion on any other ground than compliment. The unreaſonable jealouſy of Leontes, and his violent conduct in conſequence, form a true portrait of Henry the Eighth, who generally made the law the engine of his boiſterous paſſions. Not only the general plan of the ſtory is moſt applicable, but ſeveral paſſages are ſo marked, that they touch the real hiſtory nearer than the fable. Hermione on her trial ſays:

"————for honour,
"'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
"And only that I ſtand for."

This ſeems to be taken from the very letter of Anne Boleyn to the king before her execution, where ſhe pleads for the infant princeſs his daughter. Mamillius, the young prince, an unneceſſary character, dies in his infancy; but it confirms the alluſion, as queen Anne, before Elizabeth, bore a ſtill-born ſon. But the moſt ſtriking paſſage, and which had nothing to do in the tragedy, but as it pictured Elizabeth, is, where Paulina, deſcribing the new-born princeſs, and her likeneſs to her father, ſays: "*She has the very trick of his frown.*" There is one ſentence indeed ſo applicable, both to Elizabeth and her father, that I ſhould ſuſpect the poet inſerted it after her death. Paulina, ſpeaking of the child, tells the king:

"———— 'Tis yours;
"And might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
"So like you, 'tis the worſe."——

The Winter's Tale was therefore in reality a ſecond part of *Henry the Eighth*. WALPOLE.

PERSONS represented.

Leontes, *King of* Sicilia :
Mamillius, *his ſon.*
Camillo,
Antigonus,
Cleomenes,
Dion,
} Sicilian *Lords.*
Another Sicilian *Lord.*
Rogero, *a* Sicilian *Gentleman.*
An attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Polixenes, *King of* Bohemia :
Florizel, *his ſon.*
Archidamus, *a* Bohemian *Lord.*
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita :
Clown, his Son.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
Autolycus, *a Rogue.*
Time, as Chorus.

Hermione, *Queen to* Leontes.
Perdita, *Daughter to* Leontes *and* Hermione.
Paulina, *Wife to* Antigonus.
Emilia, *a Lady,*
Two other Ladies,
} *attending the Queen.*

Mopſa,
Dorcas,
} *Shepherdeſſes.*

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a dance; Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, Guards, &c.

SCENE, ſometimes in Sicilia, *ſometimes in* Bohemia.

WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sicilia. *An Antechamber in* Leontes' *Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO, *and* ARCHIDAMUS,

ARCH. If you ſhall chance, Camillo, to viſit Bohemia, on the like occaſion whereon my ſervices are now on foot, you ſhall ſee, as I have ſaid, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

CAM. I think, this coming ſummer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the viſitation which he juſtly owes him.

ARCH. Wherein our entertainment ſhall ſhame us,[a] we will be juſtified in our loves: for, indeed,—

CAM. 'Beſeech you,—

ARCH. Verily, I ſpeak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with ſuch magnificence—in ſo rare—I know not what to ſay.——We will give you ſleepy drinks; that your ſenſes, unintelligent of our inſufficience, may, though they cannot praiſe us, as little accuſe us.

CAM. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

[a] —— *our entertainment*, &c.] Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the conſciouſneſs of our good-will ſhall juſtify us. JOHNSON.

ARCH. Believe me, I ſpeak as my underſtanding inſtructs me, and as mine honeſty puts it to utterance.

CAM. Sicilia cannot ſhow himſelf over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then ſuch an affection, which cannot chooſe but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal neceſſities, made ſeparation of their ſociety, their encounters, though not perſonal, have been royally attorney'd,[3] with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embaſſies; that they have ſeem'd to be together, though abſent; ſhook hands, as over a vaſt; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of oppoſed winds.[4] The heavens continue their loves!

ARCH. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unſpeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius;

[3] ——— *royally attorney'd,*] Nobly ſupplied by ſubſtitution of embaſſies, &c. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*ſhook hands, as over a* vaſt; *and embraced, as it were, from the ends of oppoſed winds.*] Thus the folio 1623. The folio, 1632: ——*over a* vaſt ſea. I have ſince found that Sir T. Hanmer attempted the ſame correction; though I believe the old reading to be the true one. *Vaſtum* was the ancient term for *waſte* uncultivated land. Over a *vaſt*, therefore, means at a great and vacant diſtance from each other. *Vaſt*, however, may be uſed for the *ſea*, as in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*:

"Thou God of this great *vaſt*, rebuke the ſurges."

STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare has, more than once, taken his imagery from the prints, with which the books of his time were ornamented. If my memory do not deceive me, he had his eye on a wood cut in Holinſhed, while writing the incantation of the weird ſiſters in *Macbeth*. There is alſo an alluſion to a print of one of the Henries holding a ſword adorned with crowns. In this paſſage he refers to a device common in the title-page of old books, of two hands extended from oppoſite clouds, and joined as in token of friendſhip over a wide waſte of country. HENLEY.

it is a gentleman of the greateſt promiſe, that ever came into my note.

CAM. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, phyſicks the ſubject,[5] makes old hearts freſh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, deſire yet their life, to ſee him a man.

ARCH. Would they elſe be content to die?

CAM. Yes; if there were no other excuſe why they ſhould deſire to live.

ARCH. If the king had no ſon, they would deſire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room of ſtate in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, *and Attendants.*

POL. Nine changes of the wat'ry ſtar have been
The ſhepherd's note, ſince we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we ſhould, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cypher,
Yet ſtanding in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thouſands more
That go before it.

[5] ——phyſicks *the ſubject,*] Affords a cordial to the ſtate; has the power of aſſuaging the ſenſe of miſery. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth:* "The labour we delight in, *phyſicks* pain." STEEVENS.

LEON. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them when you part.

POL. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am queſtion'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our abſence: That may blow
No ſneaping winds[6] at home, to make us ſay,
This is put forth too truly![7] Beſides, I have ſtay'd
To tire your royalty.

LEON. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

POL. No longer ſtay.

LEON. One ſeven-night longer.

POL. Very ſooth, to-morrow.

LEON. We'll part the time between's then: and in that

[6] —— that may *blow*
No ſneaping winds —] Dr. Warburton calls this *nonſenſe:* and Dr. Johnſon tells us it is a *Galliciſm.* It happens however to be both *ſenſe* and *Engliſh. That*, for *Oh! that* — is not uncommon. In an old tranſlation of the famous *Alcoran of the Franciſcans:* "St. Francis obſerving the holineſs of friar Juniper, ſaid to the priors, *That* I had a wood of ſuch Junipers!" And, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen:*

"—— In thy rumination,
"*That* I poor man might eſtſoons come between!"

And ſo in other places. This is the conſtruction of the paſſage in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"*That* runaway's eyes may wink!"

Which in other reſpects Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted.
FARMER.

— ſneaping *winds* —] *Nipping* winds. So, in *Gawin Douglas's tranſlation of Virgil's Eneid. Prologue of the ſeuynth Booke.*

"Scharp ſoppis of ſleit, and of the *ſnyppand* ſnaw."
HOLT WHITE.

[7] *This is put forth too truly!*] i. e. to make me ſay, *I had too good reaſon for my fears* concerning what might happen in my abſence from home. MALONE.

I'll no gain-ſaying,
POL. Preſs me not, 'beſeech you, ſo;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'the world,
So ſoon as yours, could win me: ſo it ſhould now,
Were there neceſſity in your requeſt, although
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my ſtay,
To you a charge, and trouble: to ſave both,
Farewel, our brother,
LEON. Tongue-ty'd, our queen? ſpeak you.
HER. I had thought, ſir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to ſtay. You, ſir,
Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are ſure,
All in Bohemia's well: this ſatisfaction[8]
The by-gone day proclaim'd; ſay this to him,
He's beat from his beſt ward.
LEON. Well ſaid, Hermione.
HER. To tell, he longs to ſee his ſon, were ſtrong:
But let him ſay ſo then, and let him go;
But let him ſwear ſo, and he ſhall not ſtay,
We'll thwack him hence with diſtaffs. —
Yet of your royal preſence [*To* POLIXENES.] I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commiſſion,[9]

[8] —— *this ſatisfaction* —] We had ſatisfactory accounts yeſterday of the ſtate of Bohemia. JOHNSON.

[9] —— *I'll give* him *my commiſſion*,] We ſhould read:
—— *I'll give* you *my commiſſion*,
The verb *let*, or hinder, which follows, ſhows the neceſſity of it; for ſhe could not ſay ſhe would give her huſband a commiſſion

To let him there a month, behind the geſt [2]
Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good-deed, [3] Leontes,

to *let* or hinder himſelf. The commiſſion is given to Polixenes, to whom ſhe is ſpeaking, to let or hinder her huſband. WARBURTON.

" I'll give him my licence of abſence, ſo as to obſtruct or retard his departure for a month," &c. To let *him*, however, may be uſed as many other reflective verbs are by Shakſpeare, for to let or hinder *himſelf:* then the meaning will be, " I'll give him my permiſſion to tarry for a month," &c. Dr. Warburton and the ſubſequent editors read, I think, without neceſſity,—I'll give *you* my commiſſion, &c. MALONE.

[2] ——*behind the* geſt—] Mr. Theobald ſays: *he can neither trace, nor underſtand the phraſe*, and therefore thinks it ſhould be *juſt:* But the word *geſt* is right, and ſignifies a ſtage or journey. In the time of *royal progreſſes* the king's ſtages, as we may ſee by the journals of them in the herald's office, were called his *geſts;* from the old French word *giſte, diverſorium.* WARBURTON.

In Strype's *Memorials of Archbiſhop Cranmer*, p. 283.——The archbiſhop entreats Cecil, " to let him have the new reſolved upon *geſts*, from that time to the end, that he might from time to time know where the king was."

Again, in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, 1594:

" Caſtile, and lovely Elinor with him,
" Have in their *geſts* reſolv'd for Oxford town."

Again, in *The White Devil*, or *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

" ——Do, like the *geſts* in the progreſs,
" You know where you ſhall find me." STEEVENS.

Geſts, or rather *giſts*, from the Fr. *giſte*, (which ſignifies both a bed, and a lodging-place,) where the names of the houſes or towns where the king or prince intended to lie every night during his PROGRESS. They were written in a ſcroll, and probably each of the royal attendants was furniſhed with a copy. MALONE.

[3] ——*yet*, good-deed,] ſignifies *indeed, in very deed*, as Shakſpeare in another place expreſſes it. *Good-deed* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe by the Earl of Surry, Sir John Hayward, and Gaſcoigne.

Dr. Warburton would read—good *heed*,—meaning—take good heed. STEEVENS.

The ſecond folio reads—*good heed*, which, I believe, is right. TYRWHITT.

I love thee not a jar o'the clock[4] behind
What lady ſhe her lord.—You'll ſtay?

POL. No, madam.

HER. Nay, but you will?

POL. I may not, verily.

HER. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows: But I,
Though you would ſeek to unſphere the ſtars with oaths,
Should yet ſay, *Sir, no going.* Verily,
You ſhall not go: a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a priſoner,
Not like a gueſt; ſo you ſhall pay your fees,
When you depart, and ſave your thanks. How ſay you?
My priſoner? or my gueſt? by your dread verily,
One of them you ſhall be.

POL. Your gueſt then, madam:
To be your priſoner, ſhould import offending;

[4] ——*a* jar *o'the clock*—] A *jar* is, I believe, a ſingle repetition of the noiſe made by the pendulum of a clock; what children call the *ticking* of it. So, in *K. Richard II:*

"My thoughts are minutes, and with ſighs they *jar.*"

STEEVENS.

A *jar* perhaps means a minute, for I do not ſuppoſe that the ancient clocks ticked or noticed the ſeconds. See Holinſhed's *Deſcription of England.* p. 241. TOLLET.

To *jar* certainly means to *tick;* as in T. Heywood's *Troia Britannica*, cant. IV. ſt. 107; edit. 1609. "He *hears* no waking-clocke, nor watch to *jarre.*" HOLT WHITE.

So, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1601:—"the owle ſhrieking, the toades croaking, the *minutes jerring*, and the clocke ſtriking twelve." MALONE.

Which is for me leſs eaſy to commit,
Than you to puniſh.
HER. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hoſteſs. Come, I'll queſtion you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordings[5] then.
POL. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But ſuch a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.
HER. Was not my lord the verier wag o'the two?
POL. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did friſk i'the ſun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd[6]
That any did: Had we purſued that life,
And our weak ſpirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With ſtronger blood, we ſhould have anſwer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty*; the impoſition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.[7]

[5] ——*lordings*——] This diminutive of *lord* is often uſed by Chaucer. So, in the prologue to his *Canterbury Tales*, the hoſt ſays to the company, v. 790, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit:
"*Lordinges* (quod he) now herkeneth for the beſte."
STEEVENS.

[6] *The* doctrine *of ill-doing*, no, *nor dream'd*—] *Doctrine* is here uſed as a triſyllable. So *children*, *tickling*, and many others. The editor of the ſecond folio inſerted the word *no*, to ſupply a ſuppoſed defect in the metre, [—*no*, nor dream'd] and the interpolation was adopted in all the ſubſequent editions. MALONE.
I cannot ſuppoſe myſelf to be reading a verſe, unleſs I adopt the emendation of the ſecond folio. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *the impoſition clear'd*,
Hereditary ours.] i. e. ſetting aſide *original ſin*; bating the im-

HER. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd ſince.

POL. O my moſt ſacred lady,
Temptations have ſince then been born to us: for
In thoſe unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious ſelf had then not croſs'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

HER. Grace to boot!
Of this make no concluſion; leſt you ſay,[8]
Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll anſwer;

poſition from the offence of our firſt parents, we might have boldly proteſted our innocence to heaven. WARBURTON.

[8] *Grace to boot!*

Of this make no concluſion; leſt you ſay, &c.] Polixenes had ſaid, that ſince the time of childhood and innocence, *temptations had grown to them;* for that, in that interval, the two queens were become women. To each part of this obſervation the queen anſwers in order. To that of *temptations* ſhe replies, *Grace to boot!* i. e. though temptations have grown up, yet I hope grace too has kept pace with them. *Grace to boot*, was a proverbial expreſſion on theſe occaſions. To the other part, ſhe replies, as for *our* tempting you, pray take heed you draw no concluſion from thence, for that would be making your queen and me devils, &c. WARBURTON.

This explanation may be right; but I have no great faith in the exiſtence of ſuch a proverbial expreſſion. STEEVENS.

She calls for Heaven's grace, to purify and vindicate her own character, and that of the wife of Polixenes, which might ſeem to be ſullied by a ſpecies of argument that made them appear to have led their huſbands into temptation.

Grace or Heaven *help* me! — Do not argue in that manner; do not draw any concluſion or inference from your, and your friend's, having, ſince thoſe days of childhood and innocence, become acquainted with your queen and me; for, as you have ſaid that in the period between childhood and the preſent time temptations have been born to you, and as in that interval you have become acquainted with us, the inference or inſinuation would be ſtrong againſt us, as your corrupters, and, "by that kind of chaſe," your queen and I would be devils. MALONE.

If you firſt ſinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you ſlipp'd not
With any but with us.

LEON. Is he won yet?

HER. He'll ſtay, my lord.

LEON. At my requeſt, he would not.
Hermione, my deareſt, thou never ſpok'ſt
To better purpoſe.

HER. Never?

LEON. Never, but once.

HER. What? have I twice ſaid well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee, tell me: Cram us with praiſe, and make us
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueleſs,
Slaughters a thouſand, waiting upon that.
Our praiſes are our wages: You may ride us,
With one ſoft kiſs, a thouſand furlongs, ere
With ſpur we heat an acre. But to the goal;[8]—
My laſt good deed was, to entreat his ſtay;
What was my firſt? it has an elder ſiſter,
Or I miſtake you: O, would her name were Grace!

[8] *With ſpur we heat an acre. But to the goal;*—] Thus this paſſage has been always printed; whence it appears, that the editors did not take the poet's conceit. They imagined that, *But to th' goal*, meant, *but to come to the purpoſe;* but the ſenſe is different, and plain enough when the line is pointed thus:

———— *ere*
With ſpur we heat an acre, but to the goal.

i. e. good uſage will win us to any thing; but, with ill, we ſtop ſhort, even there where both our intereſt and our inclination would otherwiſe have carried us. WARBURTON.

I have followed the old copy, the pointing of which appears to afford as apt a meaning as that produced by the change recommended by Dr. Warburton. STEEVENS.

But once before I ſpoke to the purpoſe: When?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

LEON. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had ſour'd themſelves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyſelf my love; [9] then didſt thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

HER. It is Grace, indeed, [2]—
Why, lo you now, I have ſpoke to the purpoſe twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal huſband;
The other, for ſome while a friend.

[*Giving her hand to* POLIXENES.

[9] *And* clap *thyſelf my love;*] She open'd her hand, to *clap* the palm of it into his, as people do when they confirm a bargain. Hence the phraſe—*to clap up a bargain*, i. e make one with no other ceremony than the junction of hands. So, in *Ram-alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"——Speak, widow, is't a match?
"Shall we *clap* it up?"

Again, in a *Trick to catch the old One*, 1618:

"Come, *clap* hands, a match."

Again, in *K. Henry V*:

"—— and ſo *clap* hands, and a bargain." STEEVENS.

This was a regular part of the ceremony of troth-plighting, to which Shakſpeare often alludes. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"This is the *hand*, which with a *vow'd contract*
"Was faſt belock'd in thine."

Again, in *King John*:

"*Phil.* It likes us well. Young princes, *cloſe your hands.*
"*Auſt.* And your lips too, for I am well aſſur'd,
"That I did ſo, when I was firſt aſſur'd."

So alſo, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a Com. by Middleton, 1657:

"There theſe young *lovers* ſhall *clap hands* together."

I ſhould not have given ſo many inſtances of this cuſtom, but that I know Mr. Pope's reading—"And *clepe* thyſelf my love," has many favourers. The old copy has—*A* clap, &c. The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[2] *It is* Grace, *indeed!*] Referring to what ſhe had juſt ſaid—"O, would her name were *Grace!*" MALONE.

LEON. Too hot, too hot: [*Aſide.*
To mingle friendſhip far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me: — my heart dances;
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartineſs, from bounty, fertile boſom,[9]
And well become the agent: it may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practis'd ſmiles,
As in a looking-glaſs;—and then to ſigh, as 'twere
The mort o'the deer;[2] O, that is entertainment
My boſom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

MAM. Ay, my good lord.

LEON. I'fecks?[3]
Why, that's my bawcock.[4] What, haſt ſmutch'd thy noſe? —

[9] —— *from* bounty, *fertile boſom*,] I ſuppoſe that a letter dropped out at the preſs, and would read —from *bounty's* fertile boſom. MALONE.

By *fertile boſom*, I ſuppoſe, is meant a boſom like that of the earth, which yields a ſpontaneous produce. In the ſame ſtrain is the addreſs of *Timon of Athens:*

" Thou common mother, thou,
" Whoſe —— infinite *breaſt*
" *Teems and feeds all!*" STEEVENS.

[2] *The* mort *o'the deer;*] A leſſon upon the horn at the death of the deer. THEOBALD.

So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608: " — He that bloweth the *mort* before the death of the buck, may very well miſs of his fees." Again, in the oldeſt copy of *Chevy Chaſe:*

" The blewe a *mort* uppone the bent." STEEVENS.

[3] *I'fecks?*] A ſuppoſed corruption of—*in faith.* Our preſent vulgar pronounce it—*fegs.* STEEVENS.

[4] *Why, that's my* bawcock.] Perhaps from *beau* and *coq.* It is ſtill ſaid in vulgar language that ſuch a one is a *jolly cock*, a *cock of the game.* The word has already occurred in *Twelfth Night*, and is one of the titles by which Piſtol ſpeaks of *K. Henry the Fifth.* STEEVENS.

They ſay, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We muſt be neat; [5] not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the ſteer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd, neat.—Still virginalling [6]
[*Obſerving* POLIXENES *and* HERMIONE.
Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?

MAM. Yes, if you will, my lord.

LEON. Thou want'ſt a rough paſh, and the ſhoots that I have, [7]

[5] *We muſt be neat;*] Leontes, ſeeing his ſon's noſe ſmutch'd, cries, *we muſt be neat;* then recollecting that *neat* is the ancient term for *horned* cattle, he ſays, *not neat, but cleanly.* JOHNSON.

So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, ſong 3:

"His large proviſion there of fleſh, of fowl, of *neat.*"

STEEVENS.

[6] —— *Still virginalling*—] Still playing with her fingers, as a girl playing on the *virginals.* JOHNSON.

A *virginal*, as I am informed, is a very ſmall kind of ſpinnet. Queen Elizabeth's *virginal-book* is yet in being, and many of the leſſons in it have proved ſo difficult, as to baffle our moſt expert players on the harpſichord.

So, in Decker's *Satiro-maſtix, or the Untruſſing of the Humorous Poet*, 1602:

"When we have huſbands, we play upon them like *virginal jacks*, they muſt riſe and fall to our humours, or elſe they'll never get any good ſtrains of muſick out of one of us."

Again, in *Ram-alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"Where be theſe raſcals that ſkip and down
"Like *virginal jacks*?" STEEVENS.

A virginal was ſtrung like a ſpinnet, and ſhaped like a *piano forte.* MALONE.

[7] *Thou want'ſt a rough* paſh, *and the* ſhoots *that I have,*] *Paſh* (ſays Sir T. Hanmer) is *kiſs. Paz.* Spaniſh, i. e. *thou want'ſt a mouth made rough by a beard, to kiſs with. Shoots* are *branches*, i. e. horns. Leontes is alluding to the enſigns of cuckoldom. A mad-brain'd boy is, however, call'd a mad *paſh* in Cheſhire. STEEVENS.

Thou want'ſt a rough *paſh*, and the *ſhoots* that I have, in connection with the context, ſignifies——*to make thee a* calf *thou muſt*

To be full like me: [8] — yet, they ſay, we are
Almoſt as like as eggs; women ſay ſo,
That will ſay any thing: But were they falſe
As o'er-died blacks, [9] as wind, as waters; falſe

have the tuft *on thy forehead and the* young horns *that* ſhoot *up in it, as I have.* Leontes aſks the Prince:

—— How now, you *wanton calf!*
Art thou my *calf?*

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'ſt a rough *paſh*, and the *ſhoots* that I have,
To be full like me.

To *paſh* ſignifies to *puſh* or *daſh againſt*, and frequently occurs in old writers. Thus Drayton:

" They either poles their heads together *paſht.* "

Again, in *How to chooſe a good Wife from a bad*, 1602. 4to:

" —— learn *paſh* and knock, and beat and mall,
" Cleave pates and caputs."

When in Cheſhire a *paſh* is uſed for a *mad-brained boy*, it is deſigned to characterize him from the wantonneſs of a calf that blunders on, and runs his head againſt any thing. HENLEY.

In *Troilus and Creſſida*, the verb *paſh* alſo occurs:

" —— waving his beam
" Upon the *paſhed* corſes of the kings
" Epiſtrophus and Cedius."

And again (as Mr. Henley on another occaſion obſerves) in the *Virgin Martyr:*

" —— when the battering ram
" Were fetching his career backward to *paſh*
" Me with *his horns* to pieces." STEEVENS.

I have lately learned that *paſh* in Scotland ſignifies a *head.* The old reading therefore may ſtand. Many words, that are now uſed only in that country, were perhaps once common to the whole iſland of Great Britain, or at leaſt to the northern part of England. The meaning therefore of the preſent paſſage, I ſuppoſe, is this. *You tell me* (ſays Leontes to his ſon) *that you are like me; that you are my calf. I am the* horned *bull: thou wanteſt the* rough head and the horns *of that animal, completely to reſemble your father.*

MALONE.

[8] *To be* full *like me:*] *Full* is here as in other places, uſed by our author, adverbially,—to be *entirely* like me. MALONE.

[9] *As o'er-died blacks,*] Sir T. Hanmer underſtands blacks died too much, and therefore rotten. JOHNSON.

As dice are to be wiſh'd, by one that fixes
No bourn [2] 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To ſay, this boy were like me.—Come, ſir page,
Look on me with your welkin-eye: [3] Sweet villain!
Moſt dear'ſt! my collop! [4]—Can thy dam?—may't be?
Affection! thy intention ſtabs the center: [5]

It is common with tradeſmen to die their faded or damaged ſtuffs, black. *O'er died blacks* may mean thoſe which have received a die over their former colour.

There is a paſſage in *The old Law* of Maſſinger, which might lead us to offer another interpretation:

" —— *Blacks* are often ſuch diſſembling mourners,
" There is no credit given to't, it has loſt
" All reputation by *falſe* ſons and widows:
" I would not hear of *blacks*."

It ſeems that *blacks* was the common term for mourning. So, in *A Mad World my Maſters*, 1608:

" —— in ſo many *blacks*
" I'll have the church hung round"——

Black, however, will receive no other hue without diſcovering itſelf through it. " *Lanarum nigræ nullum colorem bibunt.*"
Plin. *Nat. Hiſt.* Lib. VIII. STEEVENS.

The following paſſage in a book which our author had certainly read, inclines me to believe that the laſt is the true interpretation. " Truly (quoth Camillo) my wool was *blacke*, and therefore *it could take no other colour.*" Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, 4to. 1580.
MALONE.

[2] *No* bourn—] *Bourn* is boundary. So, in *Hamlet:*
" —— from whoſe *bourn*
" No traveller returns——." STEEVENS.

[3] —— *welkin-eye:*] Blue-eye; an eye of the ſame colour with the *welkin*, or ſky. JOHNSON.

[4] —— *my* collop!] So, in *The Firſt Part of K. Henry VI:*
" God knows, thou art a *collop* of my fleſh." STEEVENS.

[5] *Affection! thy intention ſtabs the center:*] Inſtead of this line, which I find in the folio, the modern editors have introduced another of no authority:

Imagination! thou doſt ſtab to the center.

Mr. Rowe firſt made the exchange. I am not ſure that I un-

Thou doſt make poſſible, things not ſo held,[6]
Communicat'ſt with dreams; — (How can this
be?) —
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'ſt nothing: Then, 'tis very credent,[7]
Thou may'ſt co-join with ſomething; and thou doſt;
(And that beyond commiſſion; and I find it,)
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

POL. What means Sicilia?

HER. He ſomething ſeems unſettled.

derſtand the reading I have reſtored. *Affection*, however, I believe, ſignifies *imagination*. Thus, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" ——————— *affection*,
" Miſtreſs of paſſion, ſways it," &c.

i. e. *imagination* governs our *paſſions*. *Intention* is, as Mr. Locke expreſſes it, " when the mind with great earneſtneſs, and of choice, fixes its view on any idea, conſiders it on every ſide, and will not be called off by the ordinary ſollicitation of other ideas." This vehemence of the mind ſeems to be what affects Leontes ſo deeply, or, in Shakſpeare's language,—*ſtabs him to the center*. STEEVENS.

Intention, in this paſſage, means eagerneſs of attention, or of deſire; and is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, where Falſtaff ſays — " She did ſo courſe o'er my exteriors, with ſuch a greedy *intention*," &c. M. MASON.

I think, with Mr. Steevens, that *affection* means here imagination, or perhaps more accurately, " the diſpoſition of the mind when ſtrongly *affected* or poſſeſſed by a particular idea." And in a kindred ſenſe at leaſt to this, it is uſed in the paſſage quoted from *The Merchant of Venice*. MALONE.

[6] *Thou doſt make poſſible, things not ſo held,*] i. e. thou doſt make thoſe things poſſible, which are conceived to be impoſſible. JOHNSON.

To expreſs the ſpeaker's meaning, it is neceſſary to make a ſhort panſe after the word *poſſible*. I have therefore put a comma there, though perhaps in ſtrictneſs it is improper. MALONE.

[7] ——— *credent*,] i. e. credible. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act V. ſc. v:

" For my authority bears a *credent* bulk." STEEVENS.

POL. How, my lord?
What cheer? how is't with you, beſt brother? [8]
HER. You look,
As if you held a brow of much diſtraction:
Are you mov'd, my lord? [9]
LEON. No, in good earneſt.—
How ſometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderneſs; and make itſelf a paſtime
To harder boſoms! [*Aſide.*]—Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil
Twenty three years; and ſaw myſelf unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Leſt it ſhould bite [2] its maſter, and ſo prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous. [3]
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This ſquaſh, [4] this gentleman:—Mine honeſt friend,
Will you take eggs for money? [5]

[8] *What cheer? how it's with you, beſt brother?*] This line, which in the old copy is given to Leontes, has been attributed to Polixenes, on the ſuggeſtion of Mr. Steevens. Sir T. Hanmer had made the ſame emendation. MALONE.

[9] *Are you* mov'd *my lord?*] We have again the ſame expreſſion on the ſame occaſion, in *Othello:*

" *Iago.* I ſee my Lord, you are *mov'd.*
" *Othel.* No, not much *mov'd*, not much." MALONE.

[2] —— *my dagger* muzzled,
Leſt it ſhould bite ——] So, in *King Henry VIII:*

" This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
" Have not the power to *muzzle* him."

Again, in *Much ado about nothing:* " I am truſted with a *muzzle.*" STEEVENS.

[3] *As* ornaments *oft do, too* dangerous.] So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" Thus *ornament* is but the guiled ſhore
" To a moſt *dangerous* ſea." STEEVENS.

[4] *This* ſquaſh,] A ſquaſh is a pea-pod, in that ſtate when the young peas begin to ſwell in it. HENLEY.

[5] *Will you take eggs for money?*] This ſeems to be a proverbial

MAM. No, my lord, I'll fight.

expreſſion, uſed when a man ſees himſelf wronged and makes no reſiſtance. Its original, or preciſe meaning, I cannot find, but I believe it means, will you be a *cuckold* for hire. The cuckow is reported to lay her eggs in another bird's neſt; he therefore that has eggs laid in his neſt is ſaid to be *cucullatus*, *cuckow'd*, or *cuckold*. JOHNSON.

The meaning of this is, *will you put up affronts?* The French have a proverbial ſaying, *A qui vendez vous des coquilles?* i e whom do you deſign to affront? Mamillius's anſwer plainly proves it. Mam. *No, my lord, I'll fight.* SMITH.

I meet with Shakſpeare's phraſe in a comedy, call'd *A Match at Midnight*, 1633: —— "I ſhall have *eggs for my money*, I muſt hang myſelf." STEEVENS.

Leontes ſeems only to aſk his ſon if he would fly from an enemy. In the following paſſage the phraſe is evidently to be taken in that ſenſe. "The French infantery ſkirmiſheth bravely afarre off, and the cavallery gives a furious ouſet at the firſt charge; but after the firſt heat *they will take eggs for their money.*" *Relations of the moſt famous Kingdomes and Commonwealths thorowout the world*, 4to. 1630, p. 154.

Mamillius's reply to his father's queſtion appears ſo deciſive as to the true explanation of this paſſage, that it leaves no doubt with me even after I have read the following note. The phraſe undoubtedly ſometimes means what Mr. Malone aſſerts, but not here. REED.

This phraſe ſeems to me to have meant originally, — Are you ſuch a poltron as to ſuffer another to uſe you as he pleaſes, to compel you to give him your money and to accept of a thing of ſo ſmall a value as a few eggs in exchange for it? This explanation appears to me perfectly conſiſtent with the paſſage quoted by Mr. Reed. He, who will *take eggs for money* ſeems to be what, in *As you like it*, and in many of the old plays, is called a *tame ſnake*.

The following paſſage in Campion's Hiſtory of Ireland, folio 1633, fully confirms my explanation of this paſſage; and ſhows that by the words—*Will you take eggs for money*, was meant, *Will you ſuffer yourſelf to be cajoled or impoſed upon?*—"What my couſin Deſmond hath compaſſed, as I know not, ſo I beſhrew his naked heart for holding out ſo long.—But go to, ſuppoſe hee never bee had; what is Kildare to blame for it, more than my good brother of Oſſory, who, notwithſtanding his high promiſes, having alſo the king's power, is glad *to take eggs for his money*, and to bring him in at leiſure."

LEON. You will? why, happy man be his dole![3]—
My brother,
Are you ſo fond of your young prince, as we
Do ſeem to be of ours?
POL. If at home, ſir,
He's all my exerciſe, my mirth, my matter:
Now my ſworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My paraſite, my ſoldier, ſtateſman, all:
He makes a July's day ſhort as December;
And, with his varying childneſs, cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.
LEON. So ſtands this ſquire
Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver ſteps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'ſt us, ſhow in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:
Next to thyſelf, and my young rover, he's
Apparent[4] to my heart.
HER. If you would ſeek us,

Theſe words make part of the defence of the earl of Kildare, in anſwer to a charge brought againſt him by Cardinal Wolſey, that he had not been ſufficiently active in endeavouring to take the earl of Deſmond, then in rebellion. In this paſſage, *to take eggs for his money* undoubtedly means, to *be trifled with*, or *to be impoſed upon*. "For money" means, *in the place of money*. "Will you give me money, and take eggs inſtead of it?" MALONE.

[3] —— *happy man be his* dole!] May his *dole* or *ſhare* in life be to be a *happy man*. JOHNSON.

The expreſſion is proverbial. *Dole* was the term for the allowance of proviſion given to the poor, in great families. So, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1414:

"Had the women puddings to their *dole*?"

See Vol. IX. p. 238, n. 9. STEEVENS.

The alms immemorially given to the poor by the archbiſhops of Canterbury, is ſtill called the *dole*. See the Hiſtory of Lambeth Palace, p. 31, in Bibl. Top. Brit. NICHOLS.

[4] *Apparent* ——] That is, *heir apparent*, or the next claimant. JOHNSON.

We are yours i' the garden: Shall's attend you there?

LEON. To your own bents diſpoſe you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the ſky:—I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!

[*Aſide. Obſerving* POLIXENES *and* HERMIONE.
How ſhe holds up the neb,[5] the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldneſs of a wife
To her allowing huſband![6] Gone already;
Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd one.[7]——

[*Exeunt* POLIXENES, HERMIONE, *and attendants.*
Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but ſo diſgrac'd a part, whoſe iſſue
Will hiſs me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go, play boy, play;—There have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this preſent,[8]
Now, while I ſpeak this, holds his wife by the arm,

[5] ——— *the neb,*] The word is commonly pronounced and written *nib*. It ſignifies here the *mouth*. So, in *Anne the Queen of Hungarie*, being one of the Tales in *Painter's Palace of Pleaſure*, 1566.——" the amorous wormes of love did bitterly gnawe and teare his heart wyth the *nebs* of their forked heads." STEEVENS.

[6] *To her* allowing *huſband!*] *Allowing* in old language is *approving*. MALONE.

[7] —— *a fork'd one.*] That is a *horned* one; a *cuckold*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello:*
" Even then this *forked* plague is fated to us,
" When we do quicken." MALONE.

[8] ——*even at* this preſent,] i. e. preſent time. So, in *Macbeth:*
" Thy letters have tranſported me beyond
" *This* ignorant *preſent;*"—
See note on this paſſage; Act I. ſc. v. STEEVENS.

That little thinks ſhe has been ſluic'd in his abſence,
And his pond fiſh'd by his next neighbour,[9] by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates; and thoſe gates open'd,
As mine, againſt their will: Should all deſpair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themſelves. Phyſick for't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will ſtrike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From eaſt, weſt, north and ſouth: Be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know it;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many a thouſand of us
Have the diſeaſe, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

MAM. I am like you, they ſay.[2]

LEON. Why, that's ſome comfort.—
What! Camillo there?

CAM. Ay, my good lord.

LEON. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honeſt man.— [*Exit* MAMILLIUS.
Camillo, this great ſir will yet ſtay longer.

CAM. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you caſt out, it ſtill came home.[3]

LEON. Didſt note it?

[9] *And his* pond fiſh'd *by his next neighbour,*] This metaphor perhaps owed its introduction and currency, to the once frequent depredations of neighbours on each others fiſh, a complaint that often occurs in ancient correſpondence. Thus in one of the *Paſton Letters*, Vol. IV. p. 15: My mother bade me ſend you word that Waryn Herman hath daily *fiſhed her water* all this year." STEEVENS.

[2] ——they *ſay.*] *They*, which was omitted in the original copy by the careleſſneſs of the tranſcriber or printer, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[3] —— *it ſtill came home.*] This is a ſea-faring expreſſion, meaning, *the anchor would not take hold.* STEEVENS.

CAM. He would not ſtay at your petitions; made
His buſineſs more material.[2]

LEON. Didſt perceive it?—
They're here with me already;[3] whiſpering, rounding,[4]
Sicilia is a ſo forth:[5] 'Tis far gone,

[2] ——— *made*
His buſineſs more material.] i. e. the more you requeſted him to ſtay, the more urgent he repreſented that buſineſs to be which ſummoned him away. STEEVENS.

[3] *They're here with me already;*] Not Polixenes and Hermione, but caſual obſervers, people accidentally preſent. THIRLBY.

[4] —— *whiſpering*, rounding,] *To round in the ear* is to *whiſper*, or *to tell ſecretly*. The expreſſion is very copiouſly explained by M. Caſaubon, in his book *de Ling. Sax.* JOHNSON.

The word is frequently uſed by Chaucer, as well as later writers, So, in *Lingua*, 1607; "I help'd Herodotus to pen ſome part of his Muſes; lent Pliny ink to write his hiſtory; and *rounded* Rabelais *in the ear*, when he hiſtorified Pantagruel."

Again, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy:*

"Forthwith revenge *ſhe rounded me i' th' ear.*" STEEVENS.

[5] *Sicilia is a* ſo-forth:] This was a phraſe employed when the ſpeaker, through caution or diſguſt, wiſhed to eſcape the utterance of an obnoxious term. A commentator on Shakſpeare will often derive more advantage from liſtening to vulgar than to polite converſation. At the corner of Fleet-market, I lately heard one woman, deſcribing another, ſay—"every body knows that her huſband is a *ſo-forth.*" As ſhe ſpoke the laſt word, her fingers expreſſed the emblem of cuckoldom. Mr. Malone reads—*Sicilia is a*—ſo-forth. STEEVENS.

In regulating this line I have adopted a hint ſuggeſted by Mr. M. Maſon. I have more than once obſerved that almoſt every abrupt ſentence in theſe plays is corrupted. Theſe words without the break now introduced are to me unintelligible. Leontes means—I think I already hear my courtiers whiſpering to each other, "Sicilia is a *cuckold*, a tame cuckold," to which (ſays he) they will add every other opprobrious name and epithet they can think of;" for ſuch, I ſuppoſe, the meaning of the words— *ſo forth.* He avoids naming the word *cuckold* from a horrour of the very ſound. I ſuſpect, however, that our author wrote—Sicilia is—*and* ſo forth. So, in *The Merchant of Venice:* "I will buy with you, ſell with you, talk with you, walk with you, *and ſo following.*

When I ſhall guſt it laſt.[6]—How came't, Camillo,
That he did ſtay?

CAM. At the good queen's entreaty.

LEON. At the queen's, be't: good, ſhould be pertinent;
But ſo it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any underſtanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is ſoaking,[7] will draw in
More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by ſome ſeverals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower meſſes,[8]
Perchance, are to this buſineſs purblind: ſay.

Again, in *Hamlet:*

"I ſaw him enter ſuch a houſe of ſale,
"(*Videlicet*, a brothel) *or ſo forth.*"

Again, more appoſitely, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

"—— with a diſh of carraways, AND *ſo forth.*"

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:* "Is not birth, beauty, good ſhape, diſcourſe, manhood, learning, AND *ſo forth*, the ſpice and ſalt that ſeaſon a man?" MALONE.

[6] —— *guſt it* ——] i. e. taſte it. STEEVENS.

"Dedecus ille domus ſciet ultimus." *Juv. Sat.* 10. MALONE.

[7] —— is *ſoaking,*] Dr. Grey would read—*in* ſoaking; but I think without neceſſity. Thy conceit is of an *abſorbent* nature, will draw in more, &c. ſeems to be the meaning. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *lower meſſes,*] I believe, *lower meſſes* is only uſed as an expreſſion to ſignify the loweſt degree about the court. See *Anſtis. Ord. Gart.* I. App. p. 15: "The earl of Surry began the borde in preſence: the earl of Arundel waſhed with him, and ſat both at the *firſt meſſe.*" Formerly not only at every great man's table the viſitants were placed according to their conſequence or dignity, but with additional marks of inferiority, viz. of ſitting below the great ſaltſeller placed in the center of the table, and of having coarſer proviſions ſet before them. The former cuſtom is mentioned in *The Honeſt Whore*, by Decker, 1604: "Plague him; ſet him *beneath the ſalt*, and let him not touch a bit till every one has had his full cut." The latter was as much a ſubject of complaint in the time of Beaumont and Fletcher, as in that of Juvenal, as the following inſtance may prove;

CAM. Buſineſs, my lord? I think, moſt underſtand
Bohemia ſtays here longer.
LEON. Ha?
CAM. Stays here longer.
LEON. Ay, but why?
CAM. To ſatisfy your highneſs, and the entreaties
Of our moſt gracious miſtreſs.
LEON. Satisfy
The entreaties of your miſtreſs ——ſatisfy?—
Let that ſuffice. I have truſted thee, Camillo,
With all the neareſt things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils: wherein, prieſt-like, thou
Haſt cleans'd my boſom; I from thee departed
The penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceived
In that which ſeems ſo.
CAM. Be it forbid, my lord!
LEON. To bide upon't;—Thou art not honeſt: or,
If thou inclin'ſt that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes honeſty behind,[9] reſtraining

" Uncut up pies at the nether end, filled with moſs and ſtones,
" Partly to make a ſhew with,
" And partly to keep the *lower meſs* from eating."
Woman Hater, Act I. ſc. ii.

This paſſage may be yet ſomewhat differently explained. It appears from a paſſage in *The merye Jeſt of a Man called Howleglas*, bl. l. no date, that it was anciently the cuſtom in publick houſes to keep ordinaries of different prices: " What table will you be at? for at the lordes table thei give me no leſs than xx ſhylinges, and at the merchaunts table xvi pence, and at my houſhold ſervantes geve me twelve pence."—Leontes comprehends inferiority of underſtanding in the idea of inferiority of rank. STEEVENS.

Concerning the indifferent *meſſes* in the great families of our ancient nobility, ſee the *Houſhold Book of the 5th Earl of Northumberland*, 8vo. 1770. PERCY.

[9] —— hoxes *honeſty behind*,] To *hox* is to ham-ſtring. So, in Knolles' *Hiſtory of the Turks*:

From courſe requir'd: Or elſe thou muſt be counted
A ſervant, grafted in my ſerious truſt,
And therein negligent; or elſe a fool,
That ſeeſt a game play'd home, the rich ſtake drawn,
And tak'ſt it all for jeſt.

CAM. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, fooliſh, and fearful;
In every one of theſe no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongſt the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; induſtriouſly
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the iſſue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Againſt the non performance,[2] 'twas a fear

" —— alighted, and with his ſword *hoxed* his horſe."
King James VI. in his 11th Parliament, has an act to puniſh " *hochares*," or ſlayers of horſe, oxen, &c. STEEVENS.

The proper word is, to *hough*, i. e. to cut the *hough*, or ham-ſtring. MALONE.

[2] *Whereof the execution did cry out*
Againſt the non-performance,] This is one of the expreſſions by which Shakſpeare too frequently clouds his meaning. This ſounding phraſe means, I think, no more than *a thing neceſſary to be done.* JOHNSON.

I think we ought to read—" the *now*-performance," which gives us this very reaſonable meaning:—*At the execution whereof, ſuch circumſtances diſcovered themſelves, as made it prudent to ſuſpend all further proceeding in it.* HEATH.

I do not ſee that this attempt does any thing more, than produce a harſher word without an eaſier ſenſe. JOHNSON.

I have preſerved this note, [Mr. Heath's] becauſe I think it a good interpretation of the original text. I have, however, no doubt, that Shakſpeare wrote *non-performance*, he having often entangled himſelf in the ſame manner; but it is clear that he *ſhould*

Which oft infects the wiſeſt: theſe, my lord,
Are ſuch allow'd infirmities, that honeſty
Is never free of. But, 'beſeech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my treſpaſs
By its own viſage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

LEON. Have not you ſeen, Camillo,
(But that's paſt doubt: you have; or your eye-glaſs
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn; or heard,
(For, to a viſion ſo apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, for cogitation
Reſides not in that man, that does not think it,[3])

have written, either—" againſt *the performance*," or—" *for* the non-performance." In *The Merchant of Venice* our author has entangled himſelf in the ſame manner: " I beſeech you, let his lack of years be no *impediment* to let him *lack* a reverend eſtimation;" where either *impediment* ſhould be *cauſe*, or to *let him lack*, ſhould be, *to prevent his obtaining*. Again, in *King Lear*:

" ——— I have hope
" You *leſs* know how to value her deſert,
" Than ſhe to *ſcant* her duty."

Again, in the play before us:

" ——— I ne'er heard yet,
" That any of theſe bolder vices *wanted*
" *Leſs* impudence to gain-ſay what they did,
" Than to perform it firſt."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

" Fortune *forbid* my outſide have *not* charm'd her!"

MALONE.

[3] —— *(for cogitation*
Reſides not in that man, that does not think it,)] The folio, 1623, omits the pronoun—*it*, which is ſupplied from the folio 1632.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Theobald in a Letter ſubjoined to one edition of *The Double Falſhood* has quoted this paſſage in defence of a well-known line in that play: " None but himſelf can be his parallel." " Who does not ſee at once (ſays he) that he who does not think, has no thought in him." In the ſame light this paſſage ſhould ſeem to have appeared to all the ſubſequent editors, who read, with the editor of the ſecond folio, " —that does not think *it*." But the old reading, I am perſuaded, is right. This is not an abſtract propoſition.

My wife is ſlippery? If thou wilt confeſs,
(Or elſe be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then ſay;
My wife's a hobbyhorſe;[3] deſerves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: ſay it, and juſtify it.

CAM. I would not be a ſtander-by, to hear
My ſovereign miſtreſs clouded ſo, without
My preſent vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,
You never ſpoke what did become you leſs
Than this; which to reiterate, were ſin
As deep as that, though true.[4]

LEON. Is whiſpering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noſes?[5]
Kiſſing with inſide lip? ſtopping the career

The whole context muſt be taken together. Have you not thought (ſays Leontes) my wife is ſlippery (for cogitation reſides not in the man that does not think *my wife is ſlippery*)? The four latter words, though disjoined from the word *think* by the neceſſity of a parentheſis, are evidently to be connected in conſtruction with it; and conſequently the ſeeming abſurdity attributed by Theobald to the paſſage, ariſes only from miſapprehenſion. In this play, from whatever cauſe it has ariſen, there are more involved and parenthetical ſentences, than in any other of our author's, except, perhaps, *King Henry VIII.* MALONE.

I have followed the ſecond folio, which contains many valuable corrections of our author's text. The preſent emendation (in my opinion at leaſt) deſerves that character. Such advantages are not to be rejected, becauſe we know not from what hand they were derived. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*a* hobby *horſe;*] Old Copy—*holy*-horſe. Corrected by Mr. Pope.

[4] ————*were ſin*
As deep as that, though true.] i. e. your ſuſpicion is as great a ſin as would be that (if committed) for which you ſuſpect her. WARBURTON.

[5] ——*meeting noſes?*] Dr. Thirlby reads *meting noſes;* that is, *meaſuring noſes.* JOHNSON.

Of laughter with a ſigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honeſty:) horſing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wiſhing clocks more ſwift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes blind
With the pin and web,[5] but theirs, theirs[6] only,
That would unſeen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering ſky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have theſe nothings,
If this be nothing.

CAM. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diſeas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis moſt dangerous.

LEON. Say, it be; 'tis true.

CAM. No, no, my lord.

LEON. It is; you lie, you lie:
I ſay, thou lieſt, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a groſs lout, a mindleſs ſlave;
Or elſe a hovering temporizer, that
Canſt with thine eyes at once ſee good and evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, ſhe would not live
The running of one glaſs.[7]

CAM. Who does infect her?

LEON. Why he, that wears her like her medal,[8] hanging

[5] ——*the* pin *and* web,] Diſorders in the eye. See *King Lear*, Act III. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*theirs, theirs*——] Theſe words were meant to be pronounced as diſſyllables. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*of one* glaſs.] i. e. of one *hour*-glaſs. MALONE.

[8] ——*like* her *medal*,] Mr. Malone reads—*his* medal. STEEVENS.

About his neck, Bohemia: Who,—if I
Had ſervants true about me; that bare eyes
To ſee alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that
Which ſhould undo more doing:[9] Ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I, from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worſhip; who may'ſt ſee
Plainly, as heaven ſees earth, and earth ſees heaven,
How I am galled,—might'ſt beſpice a cup,
To give mine enemy a laſting wink;[2]
Which draught to me were cordial.

CAM. Sir, my lord,

The old copy has—*her* medal, which was evidently an error of the preſs, either in conſequence of the compoſitor's eye glancing on the word *her* in the preceding line, or of an abbreviation being uſed in the Mſ. In *As you like it* and *Love's Labour's Loſt*, *her* and *his* are frequently confounded. Theobald, I find, had made the ſame emendation.—In *King Henry VIII.* we have again the ſame thought:

" ——a loſs of her,
" That like *a jewel* has hung twenty years
" About his neck, yet never loſt her luſtre."

It ſhould be remembered that it was cuſtomary for *gentlemen*, in our author's time, to wear jewels appended to a ribbon round the neck. So, in *Honour in Perfection, or a Treatiſe in commendation of Henrie Earl of Oxenford, Henrie Earl of Southampton*, &c. by Gervais Markham, 4to. 1624, p. 18—" he hath *hung about the neck* of his noble kinſman, Sir Horace Vere, like a rich *jewel*."—The Knights of the Garter wore the George, in this manner, till the time of Charles I. MALONE.

I ſuppoſe the poet meant to ſay, that Polixenes *wore her, as he would have worn a medal of her, about his neck.* Sir Chriſtopher Hatton is repreſented with a medal of Queen Elizabeth appended to his chain. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*more* doing:] The latter word is uſed here in a wanton ſenſe. See Vol. VI. p. 19, n. 8. MALONE.

[2] ——*a laſting* wink;] So, in *The Tempeſt*:

" To the perpetual *wink* for aye might put
" This ancient morſel."—— STEEVENS.

I could do this; and that with no raſh potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that ſhould not work
Maliciouſly, like poiſon:[3] But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread miſtreſs,
So ſovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,[4]——

[3] ——*with no* raſh *potion*,——
Maliciouſly, *like poiſon:*] *Raſh* is *haſty*, as in *K. Henry IV.* P. II: ——*raſh gunpowder.*" *Maliciouſly* is *malignantly*, with effects *openly hurtful.* JOHNSON.

[4] ——————*But I cannot*
Believe this crack to be in my dread miſtreſs,
So ſovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee, &c.] The laſt hemiſtich aſſign'd to Camillo muſt have been miſtakenly placed to him. It is diſreſpect and inſolence in Camillo to his king, to tell him that he has once lov'd him.—I have ventured at a tranſpoſition, which ſeems ſelf evident. Camillo will not be perſuaded into a ſuſpicion of the diſloyalty imputed to his miſtreſs. The king, who believes nothing but his jealouſy, provoked that Camillo is ſo obſtinately diffident, finely ſtarts into a rage, and cries?

I've lov'd thee—Make't thy queſtion, and go rot!

i. e. I have tendered thee well, Camillo, but I here cancel all former reſpect at once. If thou any longer make a queſtion of my wife's diſloyalty, go from my preſence, and perdition overtake thee for thy ſtubbornneſs. THEOBALD.

I have admitted this alteration, as Dr. Warburton has done, but am not convinced that it is neceſſary. Camillo, deſirous to defend the queen, and willing to ſecure credit to his apology, begins, by telling the king that *he has loved him*, is about to give inſtances of his love, and to infer from them his preſent zeal, when he is interrupted. JOHNSON.

I have lov'd thee,] In the firſt and ſecond folio, theſe words are the concluſion of Camillo's ſpeech. The later editors have certainly done right in giving them to Leontes; but I think they would come in better at the end of the line:

Make that thy queſtion, and go rot!——I have lov'd thee.
TYRWHITT.

I have reſtored the old reading. Camillo is about to tell Leontes how much he had loved him. The impatience of the king interrupts him by ſaying: *Make that thy queſtion*, i. e. make the love of which you boaſt, the ſubject of your future converſation, and go

LEON. Make't thy queſtion, and go rot![4]
Doſt think, I am ſo muddy, ſo unſettled,
To appoint myſelf in this vexation? ſully
The purity and whiteneſs of my ſheets,
Which to preſerve, is ſleep; which being ſpotted,

to the grave with it. *Queſtion*, in our author, very often has this meaning. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:* "But in the loſs of *queſtion;*" i. e. in converſation that is thrown away. Again, In *Hamlet:* "*queſtionable* ſhape" is a form propitious to converſation. Again, in *As you like it:* an *unqueſtionable* ſpirit" is a ſpirit unwilling to be converſed with. STEEVENS.

I think Steevens right in reſtoring the old reading, but miſtaken in his interpretation of it. Camillo is about to expreſs his affection for Leontes, but the impatience of the latter will not ſuffer him to proceed. He takes no notice of that part of Camillo's ſpeech, but replies to that which gave him offence — the doubts he had expreſſed of the Queen's miſconduct; and ſays — "Make that thy queſtion and go rot." Nothing can be more natural than this interruption. M. MASON.

The commentators have differed much in explaining this paſſage, and ſome have wiſhed to tranſfer the words — "I have lov'd thee," from Camillo to Leontes. Perhaps the words "being honourable" ſhould be placed in a parentheſis, and the full point that has been put in all the editions after the latter of theſe words, ought to be omitted. The ſenſe will then be: *Having ever had the higheſt reſpect for you, and thought you ſo eſtimable and* honourable *a character, ſo worthy of the love of my miſtreſs, I cannot believe that ſhe has played you falſe, has diſhonoured you.* However, the text is very intelligible as now regulated. Camillo is going to give the king inſtances of his love, and is interrupted. I ſee no ſufficient reaſon for tranſferring the words, *I have lov'd thee*, from Camillo to Leontes. In the original copy there is a comma at the end of Camillo's ſpeech, to denote an abrupt ſpeech. MALONE.

[4] *Make't thy* queſtion, *and go rot!* &c.] This refers to what Camillo has juſt ſaid, relative to the queen's chaſtity:

——— I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread miſtreſs —.

Not believe it, replies Leontes; make that (i. e. Hermione's diſloyalty, which is ſo clear a point,) a ſubject of debate or diſcuſſion, and go rot! Doſt thou think, I am ſuch a fool as to torment myſelf, and to bring diſgrace on me and my children, without ſufficient grounds? MALONE.

Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of waſps?[6]
Give ſcandal to the blood o'the prince my ſon,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine;
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man ſo blench?[7]

CAM. I muſt believe you, ſir;
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't:
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highneſs
Will take again your queen, as yours at firſt;
Even for your ſon's ſake; and, thereby, for ſealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

LEON. Thou doſt adviſe me,
Even ſo as I mine own courſe have ſet down:
I'll give no blemiſh to her honour, none.

CAM. My lord,
Go then: and with a countenance as clear
As friendſhip wears at feaſts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen: I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholſome beverage,
Account me not your ſervant.

LEON. This is all:
Do't, and thou haſt the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou ſplit'ſt thine own.

CAM. I'll do't, my lord.

[6] *Is goads*, &c.] Somewhat neceſſary to the meaſure is omitted in this line. Perhaps we ſhould read, with Sir T. Hanmer:

"Is goads *and* thorns, nettles *and* tails of waſps."

STEEVENS.

[7] *Could man ſo* blench?] To *blench* is to ſtart off, to ſhrink. So, in *Hamlet:*

"——if he but *blench*,
"I know my courſe."——

Leontes means — could any man ſo ſtart or fly off from propriety of behaviour? STEEVENS.

LEON. I will ſeem friendly, as thou haſt advis'd me.
[*Exit.*

CAM. O miſerable lady!—But, for me,
What caſe ſtand I in? I muſt be the poiſoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a maſter; one,
Who, in rebellion with himſelf, will have
All that are his, ſo too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example[8]
Of thouſands, that had ſtruck anointed kings,
And flouriſh'd after, I'd not do't: but ſince
Nor braſs, nor ſtone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itſelf forſwear't. I muſt
Forſake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy ſtar, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

POL. This is ſtrange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not ſpeak?——
Good-day, Camillo.

CAM. Hail, moſt royal ſir!

POL. What is the new's i'the court?

CAM. None rare, my lord.

POL. The king hath on him ſuch a countenance,
As he had loſt ſome province, and a region,
Lov'd as he loves himſelf: even now I met him
With cuſtomary compliment; when he,

[8] —— *If I could find example*, &c.] An alluſion to the death of the queen of Scots. The play therefore was written in king James's time. BLACKSTONE.

Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, ſpeeds from me;[8] and
So leaves me, to conſider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

CAM. I dare not know, my lord.

POL. How! dare not? do not. Do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me?[9] 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourſelf, what you do know, you muſt;
And cannot ſay, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which ſhows me mine chang'd too: for I muſt be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myſelf thus alter'd with it.

CAM. There is a ſickneſs
Which puts ſome of us in diſtemper; but
I cannot name the diſeaſe; and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

POL. How! caught of me?
Make me not ſighted like the baſiliſk:
I have look'd on thouſands, who have ſped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none ſo. Camillo,——
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerklike, experienc'd, which no leſs adorns

[8] —— *when he,*
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, ſpeeds from me;] This is a ſtroke of nature worthy of Shakſpeare. Leontes had but a moment before aſſured Camillo that he would ſeem friendly to Polixenes, according to his advice; but on meeting him, his jealouſy gets the better of his reſolution, and he finds it impoſſible to reſtrain his hatred. M. MASON.

[9] ——*Do you know, and dare not*
Be intelligent to me?] i. e. *do you know, and dare not confeſs to me that you know?* TYRWHITT.

Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whoſe ſucceſs we are gentle, [2]—I beſeech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd, impriſon it not
In ignorant concealment.
CAM. I may not anſwer.
POL. A ſickneſs caught of me, and yet I well!
I muſt be anſwer'd.—Doſt thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the leaſt
Is not this ſuit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou doſt gueſs of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how beſt to bear it.
CAM. Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my counſel;
Which muſt be even as ſwiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourſelf and me
Cry, *loſt*, and ſo good-night.

[2] *In whoſe* ſucceſs *we are* gentle,] I know not whether *ſucceſs* here does not mean *ſucceſſion*, JOHNSON.

Gentle in the text is evidently oppoſed to *ſimple*; alluding to the diſtinction between the gentry and yeomanry. So, in *The Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1613:

"And make thee *gentle* being born a beggar."

In whoſe *ſucceſs* we are gentle, may, indeed, mean in conſequence of whoſe *ſucceſs* in life, &c. STEEVENS.

Succeſs ſeems clearly to have been uſed for *ſucceſſion* by Shakſpeare, in this, as in other inſtances. HENLEY.

I think Dr. Johnſon's explanation of *ſucceſs* the true one.—So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"Plead my *ſucceſſive* title with your ſwords." MALONE.

POL. On, good Camillo.
CAM. I am appointed Him to murder you.[2]
POL. By whom, Camillo?
CAM. By the king.
POL. For what?
CAM. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he ſwears,
As he had ſeen't, or been an inſtrument
To vice you to't,[3]—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.
POL. O, then my beſt blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the beſt![4]

[2] *I am appointed* Him *to murder you.*] i. e. I am the perſon appointed to murder you. STEEVENS.

So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I.

" *Him* that thou magnify'ſt with all theſe titles,
" Stinking and fly-blown lies there at our feet."

MALONE.

[3] *To* vice *you to't,*] i. e. to draw, perſuade you. The' character called the *Vice*, in the old plays, was the *tempter* to evil. WARBURTON.

The *vice* is an inſtrument well known; its operation is to hold things together. So the bailiff ſpeaking of Falſtaff: " *If he come but within my* vice," &c. A *vice*, however, in the age of Shakſpeare, might mean any kind of clock-work or machinery. So, in Holinſhed, p. 245: " —— the rood of Borleie in Kent, called the rood of grace, made with diverſe *vices* to moove the eyes and lips," &c. It may, indeed, be no more than a corruption of " to *adviſe* you." So, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:

" Then ſaid the emperour Eruis,
" Methinketh thou ſayeſt a good *vyce*."

But my firſt attempt at explanation is, I believe, the beſt. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *did betray the* beſt!] Perhaps Judas. The word *beſt* is ſpelt with a capital letter thus, *Beſt*, in the firſt folio. HENDERSON.

Turn then my freſheſt reputation to
A ſavour, that may ſtrike the dulleſt noſtril
Where I arrive; and my approach be ſhunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worſe than the great'ſt infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

CAM. Swear his thought over
By each particular ſtar in heaven, [5] and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the ſea for to obey the moon, [6]
As or, by oath, remove, or counſel, ſhake,

[5] *Swear* his thought *over.*

By each particular ſtar in heaven, &c.] The tranſpoſition of a ſingle letter reconciles this paſſage to good ſenſe. Polixenes, in the preceding ſpeech, had been laying the deepeſt imprecations on himſelf, if he had ever abus'd Leontes in any familiarity with his queen. To which Camillo very pertinently replies:

—— *Swear* this though *over*, &c. THEOBALD.

Swear his thought *over*

may perhaps mean, *overſwear his preſent perſuaſion*, that is, endeavour to *overcome his opinion*, by ſwearing oaths numerous as the ſtars. JOHNSON.

It may mean: "Though you ſhould endeavour to *ſwear away* his jealouſy,—though you ſhould ſtrive, by your oaths, to change his preſent thoughts."—The vulgar ſtill uſe a ſimilar expreſſion: "To *ſwear* a perſon *down*." MALONE.

This appears to me little better than nonſenſe; nor have either Malone or Johnſon explained it into ſenſe. I think therefore that Theobald's amendment is neceſſary and well imagined.

M. MASON.

Perhaps the conſtruction is—"Over-ſwear his thought"—i. e. ſtrive to bear down, or overpower, his conception by oaths.—In our author we have *weigh out* for *outweigh*, *overcome* for *come over*, &c. and *over-ſwear*, for *ſwear over* in *Twelfth Night*, Act V.

STEEVENS.

[6] —— *you may as well*
Forbid the ſea for to obey the moon,] We meet with the ſame ſentiment in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"You may as well go ſtand upon the beach,
"And bid the main flood 'bate his uſual height."

DOUCE.

The fabrick of his folly; whoſe foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, [6] and will continue
The ſtanding of his body.

POL. How ſhould this grow?

CAM. I know not: but, I am ſure, 'tis ſafer to
Avoid what's grown, than queſtion how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare truſt my honeſty,—
That lies encloſed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whiſper to the buſineſs;
And will, by twos, and threes, at ſeveral poſterns,
Clear them o'the city; For myſelf, I'll put
My fortunes to your ſervice, which are here
By this diſcovery loſt. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you ſeek to prove,
I dare not ſtand by; nor ſhall you be ſafer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution ſworn.

POL. I do believe thee:
I ſaw his heart in his face. [7] Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places ſhall
Still neighbour mine: [8] My ſhips are ready, and

[6] ——— *whoſe foundation*
Is pil'd upon his faith,] This folly which is erected on the foundation of ſettled *belief.* STEEVENS.

[7] *I ſaw his heart in his face.*] So, in *Macbeth:*
" To find the mind's conſtruction in the face." STEEVENS.

[8] —— *and thy* places *ſhall*
Still neighbour mine:] Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote — " And thy *paces* ſhall," &c. Thou ſhalt be my conductor, and we will both purſue the ſame path.—The old reading however may mean — wherever thou art, I will ſtill be near thee. MALONE.
By *places*, our author means—*preferments*, or *honours.* STEEVENS.

My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. — This jealouſy
Is for a precious creature: as ſhe's rare,
Muſt it be great; and, as his perſon's mighty,
Muſt it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is diſhonour'd by a man which ever
Profeſs'd to him, why, his revenges muſt
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'erſhades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en ſuſpicion![9] Come, Camillo;
I will reſpect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'ſt my life off hence: Let us avoid.

[9] *Good expedition be my friend, and comfort*
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en ſuſpicion!] But how could this expedition comfort the queen? on the contrary, it would increaſe her huſband's ſuſpicion. We ſhould read:

—— *and comfort*
The gracious queen's;

i. e. be expedition my friend, and be comfort the queen's friend. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's conjecture is, I think, juſt; but what ſhall be done with the following words, of which I can make nothing? Perhaps the line which connected them to the reſt is loſt.

—— *and comfort*
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en ſuſpicion! ——

Jealouſy is a paſſion compounded of love and ſuſpicion; this paſſion is the *theme* or ſubject of the King's thoughts. — Polixenes, perhaps, wiſhes the queen, for her comfort, ſo much of that *theme* or ſubject as is good, but deprecates that which cauſes miſery. May part of the king's preſent ſentiments comfort the queen, but away with his ſuſpicion. This is ſuch meaning as can be picked out. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the ſenſe is—May that good ſpeed which is my friend, *comfort* likewiſe the queen who is *part of its theme*, i. e. *partly* on whoſe account I go away; but may not the ſame *comfort* extend itſelf to the groundleſs ſuſpicions of the king; i. e. may not my de-

CAM. It is in mine authority, to command
The keys of all the poſterns: Pleaſe your highneſs
To take the urgent hour: come, ſir, away.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and* Ladies.

HER. Take the boy to you: he ſo troubles me,
'Tis paſt enduring.

1. LADY. Come, my gracious lord.
Shall I be your play-fellow?

MAM. No, I'll none of you.

1. LADY. Why, my ſweet lord?

MAM. You'll kiſs me hard; and ſpeak to me as if
I were a baby ſtill.—I love you better.

parture ſupport him in them! *His* for *its* is common with Shakſpeare: and Paulina ſays, in a ſubſequent ſcene, that ſhe does not chooſe to appear a friend to Leontes, *in comforting his evils*, i. e. in ſtrengthening his jealouſy by appearing to acquieſce in it.
STEEVENS.

Comfort is, I apprehend, here uſed as a verb. Good expedition befriend me, by removing me from a place of danger, and comfort the innocent queen, by removing the object of her huſband's jealouſy: — the queen, who is the ſubject of his converſation, but without reaſon the object of his ſuſpicion! — We meet with a ſimilar phraſeology in *Twelfth-Night*: "Do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight, what my offence to him is; it is *ſomething of my negligence, nothing of my purpoſe.*" MALONE.

2. LADY. And why ſo, my good lord?[8]
MAM. Not for becauſe
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they ſay,
Become ſome women beſt; ſo that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a ſemicircle,
Or half-moon made with a pen.
2. LADY. Who taught you this?[9]
MAM. I learn'd it out of women's faces. — Pray now
What colour are your eye-brows?
1. LADY. Blue, my lord.
MAM. Nay, that's a mock: I have ſeen a lady's noſe
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.
2. LADY. Hark ye:
The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we ſhall
Preſent our ſervices to a fine new prince,
One of theſe days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.
1. LADY. She is ſpread of late
Into a goodly bulk: Good time encounter her!
HER. What wiſdom ſtirs amongſt you? Come, ſir, now
I am for you again: Pray you, ſit by us,
And tell 's a tale.
MAM. Merry, or ſad, ſhall't be?
HER. As merry as you will.
MAM. A ſad tale's beſt for winter:[2]

[8] —— *my* good *lord?*] The epithet — *good*, which is wanting in the old copies, is tranſplanted (for the ſake of metre) from a redundant ſpeech in the following page. STEEVENS.

[9] *Who taught* you *this?*] *You*, which is not in the old copy, was added by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[2] A *ſad* tale's *beſt for* winter:] Hence, I ſuppoſe, the title of the play. TYRWHITT.

I have one of ſprites and goblins.
HER. Let's have that, ſir. [9]
Come on, ſit down:—Come on, and do your beſt
To fright me with your ſprites; you're powerful at it.
MAM. There was a man, ——
HER. Nay, come, ſit down; then on.
MAM. Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it ſoftly;
Yon crickets ſhall not hear it.
HER. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and Others.*

LEON. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?
1. LORD. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men ſcour ſo on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ſhips.
LEON. How bleſs'd am I [2]
In my juſt cenſure? in my true opinion? [3] —

This ſuppoſition may ſeem to be countenanced by our author's 98th Sonnet:

"Yet not the lays of birds, &c.
"Could make me any *Summer's ſtory* tell."

And yet, I cannot help regarding the words—*for winter* (which ſpoil the meaſure) as a playhouſe interpolation. All children delight in telling diſmal ſtories; but why ſhould a diſmal ſtory be *beſt for winter?* STEEVENS.

[9] *Let's have that, ſir.*] The old copy redundantly reads—*good* ſir. STEEVENS.

[2] *How bleſs'd am I* ——] For the ſake of metre, I ſuppoſe, our author wrote — How bleſſed *then* am I — STEEVENS.

[3] *In my juſt* cenſure? *in my true opinion?*] *Cenſure*, in the time of our author, was generally uſed (as in this inſtance) for judge-

Alack, for leſſer knowledge![4] — How accurs'd,
In being ſo bleſt! — There may be in the cup
A ſpider ſteep'd,[5] and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one preſent
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drank, he cracks his gorge, his ſides,
With violent hefts:[6] — I have drank, and ſeen the ſpider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander: —
There is a plot againſt my life, my crown;
All's true, that is miſtruſted: — that falſe villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He has diſcover'd my deſign, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing;[7] yea, a very trick

ment, opinion. So, ſir Walter Raleigh, in his commendatory verſes prefixed to Gaſcoigne's *Steel Glaſſe*, 1576:

"Wherefore to write my *cenſure* of this book —."

MALONE.

[4] *Alack, for leſſer knowledge!*] That is, *O that my knowledge were leſs.* JOHNSON.

[5] *A ſpider ſteep'd,*] That ſpiders were eſteemed venomous, appears by the evidence of a perſon who was examined in Sir T. Overbury's affair. "The counteſſe wiſhed me to get the *ſtrongeſt poyſon* I could, &c. Accordingly I bought *ſeven* —— *great ſpiders*, and cantharides." HENDERSON.

This was a notion generally prevalent in our author's time. So, in *Holland's Leaguer*, a pamphlet publiſhed in 1632: "— like the *ſpider*, which turneth all things to poiſon which it taſteth."

MALONE.

[6] —— *violent* hefts: —] *Hefts* are heavings, what is heaved up. So, in Sir Arthur Gorges' *Tranſlation of Lucan*, 1614:

"But if a part of heavens huge ſphere
"Thou chuſe thy pond'rous *heft* to beare." STEEVENS.

[7] *He has diſcover'd my deſign, and I*
Remain a pinch'd thing;] The ſenſe, I think, is, He hath now diſcovered my deſign, and I am treated as a mere child's baby, a thing pinched out of clouts, a puppet for them to move and actuate as they pleaſe. HEATH.

For them to play at will:—How came the poſterns
So eaſily open?

1. LORD. By his great authority;
Which often hath no leſs prevail'd than ſo,
On your command.

LEON. I know't too well.——
Give me the boy; I am glad, you did not nurſe him:
Though he does bear ſome ſigns of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

HER. What is this? ſport?

LEON. Bear the boy hence, he ſhall not come about her;
Away with him:—and let her ſport herſelf
With that ſhe's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee ſwell thus.

This ſenſe is poſſible; but many other meanings might ſerve as well. JOHNSON.

The ſame expreſſion occurs in *Elioſto Libidinoſo*, a novel by one John Hinde, 1606: "Sith then, Cleodora, thou art *pinched*, and haſt none to pity thy paſſions, diſſemble thy affection, though it coſt thee thy life." Again, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616: "Had the queene of poetrie been *pinched* with ſo many paſſions," &c. Theſe inſtances may ſerve to ſhow that *pinched* had anciently a more dignified meaning than it appears to have at preſent. Spenſer, in his *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. xii. has equipped *grief* with a pair of *pincers*:

"A pair of *pincers* in his hand he had,
"With which he *pinched* people to the heart."

The ſenſe propoſed by the author of *The Reviſal* may, however, be ſupported by the following paſſage in *The City Match*, by Jaſper Maine, 1639:

"—— *Pinch'd* napkins, captain, and laid
"Like fiſhes, fowls, or faces."

Again, by a paſſage in *All's well that ends well:* — "If you *pinch* me like a paſty, [i. e. the cruſt round the lid of it, which was anciently moulded by the fingers into fantaſtick ſhapes,] I can ſay no more." STEEVENS.

HER. But I'd ſay, he had not,
And, I'll be ſworn, you would believe my ſaying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.
LEON. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To ſay, *ſhe is a goodly lady*, and
The juſtice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity, ſhe's not honeſt, honourable:
Praiſe her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deſerves high ſpeech,) and ſtraight
The ſhrug, the hum, or ha; theſe petty brands,
That calumny doth uſe: — O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will ſear
Virtue itſelf: [8] — theſe ſhrugs, theſe hums, and ha's,
When you have ſaid, ſhe's goodly, come between,
Ere you can ſay ſhe's honeſt: But it be known,
From him that has moſt cauſe to grieve it ſhould be,
She's an adultreſs.
HER. Should a villain ſay ſo,
The moſt repleniſh'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but miſtake. [9]

The ſubſequent words — "a very *trick* for them to play at will," appear ſtrongly to confirm Mr. Heath's explanation. MALONE.

[8] —— *for calumny will* ſear
Virtue itſelf:] That is, will ſtigmatize or brand as infamous. So, in *All's well that ends well:*
" —— my maiden's name
" *Sear'd* otherwiſe." HENLEY.

[9] —— *you, my lord,*
Do but miſtake.] Otway had this paſſage in his thoughts, when he put the following lines into the mouth of Caſtalio:
" —— Should the braveſt man
" That e'er wore conquering ſword, but dare to whiſper
" What thou proclaim'ſt, he were the worſt of liars:
" My friend may be miſtaken." STEEVENS.

LEON. You have miſtook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Leſt barbariſm, making me the precedent,
Should a like language uſe to all degrees,
And mannerly diſtinguiſhment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar! — I have ſaid,
She's an adultreſs; I have ſaid, with whom:
More, ſhe's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary with her;[9] and one that knows
What ſhe ſhould ſhame to know herſelf,
But with her moſt vile principal,[2] that ſhe's
A bed-ſwerver, even as bad as thoſe
That vulgars give bold titles;[3] ay, and privy
To this their late eſcape.

HER. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,
When you ſhall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publiſh'd me? Gentle my lord,
You ſcarce can right me throughly then, to ſay
You did miſtake.

[9] *A* federary *with her;*] A *federary* (perhaps a word of our author's coinage) is a confederate, an accomplice. STEEVENS.

We ſhould certainly read — a *feodary* with her. There is no ſuch word as *federary*. See *Cymbeline*, Act III. ſc. ii. MALONE.

[2] But *with her moſt vile principal.*] One that knows what we ſhould be aſhamed of, even if the knowledge of it reſted only in her own breaſt and that of her paramour, without the participation of any confidant. — *But*, which is here uſed for *only*, renders this paſſage ſomewhat obſcure. It has the ſame ſignification again in this ſcene:

"He, who ſhall ſpeak for her, is afar off guilty,
"*But* that he ſpeaks." MALONE.

[3] —— *give* bold *titles;*] The old copy reads — bold'*ſt* titles; but if the contracted ſuperlative be retained, the roughneſs of the line will be intolerable. STEEVENS.

LEON. No, no; if I miſtake
In thoſe foundations which I build upon,
The center[4] is not big enough to bear
A ſchoolboy's top. — Away with her to priſon:
He, who ſhall ſpeak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he ſpeaks.[5]

HER. There's ſome ill planet reigns:
I muſt be patient, till the heavens look
With an aſpect more favourable.[6] — Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our ſex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, ſhall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here,[7] which burns

[4] —— *if I miſtake* ——
The center, &c.] That is, if the proofs which I can offer will not ſupport the opinion I have formed, no foundation can be truſted. JOHNSON.

Milton, in his *Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle*, has expreſſed the ſame thought in more exalted language:
" —— if this fail,
" The pillar'd firmament is rottenneſs,
" And earth's baſe built on ſtubble." STEEVENS.

[5] *He, who ſhall ſpeak for her, is afar off guilty,*
But that he ſpeaks.] *Far off guilty*, ſignifies, *guilty in a remote degree.* JOHNSON.

The ſame expreſſion occurs in *K. Henry V:*
" Or ſhall we ſparingly ſhow you *far off*
" The dauphin's meaning?"
But that he ſpeaks — means, *in merely ſpeaking.* MALONE.

[6] —— *till the heavens* look
With an aſpect *more favourable.*] An aſtrological phraſe. The *aſpect* of ſtars was anciently a familiar term, and continued to be ſuch till the age in which Milton tells us
" —— the ſwart ſtar ſparely *looks.*" *Lycidas*, v. 138. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *but I have*
That honourable grief lodg'd here,] Again, in *Hamlet:*
" But I have that within which paſſeth ſhow." DOUCE.

Worſe than tears drown:[8] 'Beſeech you all, my lords,
With thoughts ſo qualified as your charities
Shall beſt inſtruct you, meaſure me;—and ſo
The king's will be perform'd!

LEON. Shall I be heard? [*To the guards.*

HER. Who is't, that goes with me?—'beſeech your highneſs,
My women may be with me; for, you ſee,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cauſe: when you ſhall know, your miſtreſs
Has deſerv'd priſon, then abound in tears,
As I come out; this action, I now go on,[9]
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:
I never wiſh'd to ſee you ſorry; now,
I truſt, I ſhall.——My women, come; you have leave.

LEON. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN *and* LADIES.

1. LORD. 'Beſeech your highneſs, call the queen again.

[8] —— *which* burns
Worſe than tears drown:] So, in *King Henry VIII.* Queen Katharine ſays—
"—— my *drops of tears*
"I'll turn to *ſparks of fire.*" STEEVENS.

[9] —— *this* action, *I now* go on,] The word *action* is here taken in the lawyer's ſenſe, for *indictment*, *charge*, or *accuſation*. JOHNSON.

We cannot ſay that a perſon *goes on* an indictment, charge, or accuſation. I believe, Hermione only means, "What I am now about to do." M. MASON.

Mr. M. Maſon's ſuppoſition may be countenanced by the following paſſage in *Much ado about nothing*, Act I. ſc. i:
"When I went forward *on this* ended *action.*" STEEVENS.

ANT. Be certain what you do, ſir; leſt your juſtice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones ſuffer,
Yourſelf, your queen, your ſon.

1. LORD. For her, my lord, —
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, ſir,
Pleaſe you to accept it, that the queen is ſpotleſs
I'the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuſe her.

ANT. If it prove
She's otherwiſe, I'll keep my ſtables where
I lodge my wife;[9] I'll go in couples with her;

[9] —— *I'll keep my ſtables where*
I lodge my wife;] *Stable-ſtand* (*ſtabilis ſtatio*, as Spelman interprets it) is a term of the foreſts-laws, and ſignifies a place where a deer-ſtealer fixes his ſtand under ſome convenient cover, and keeps watch for the purpoſe of killing deer as they paſs by. From the place it came to be applied alſo to the perſon, and any man taken in a foreſt in that ſituation, with a gun or bow in his hand, was preſumed to be an offender, and had the name of a *ſtable-ſtand*. In all former editions this hath been printed *ſtable;* and it may perhaps be objected, that another ſyllable added ſpoils the ſmoothneſs of the verſe. But by pronouncing *ſtable* ſhort, the meaſure will very well bear it, according to the liberty allowed in this kind of writing, and which Shakſpeare never ſcruples to uſe; therefore I read, *ſtable-ſtand*. HANMER.

There is no need of Sir T. Hanmer's addition to the text. So, in the ancient interlude of *The Repentaunce of Marie Magdalaine*, 1567:

"Where thou dwelleſt, the devyll may have a *ſtable*."
STEEVENS.

If Hermione prove unfaithful, I'll never truſt my wife out of my ſight; I'll always go in *couples* with her; and, in that reſpect, my houſe ſhall reſemble a ſtable, where dogs are kept in pairs. Though a *kennel* is a place where a *pack* of hounds is kept, every one, I ſuppoſe, as well as our author, has occaſionally ſeen dogs tied up in couples under the manger of a ſtable. A *dog-couple* is a term at this day. To this practice perhaps he alludes in *King John:*

Than when I feel, and ſee her, no further truſt her;[9]
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's fleſh, is falſe,
If ſhe be.

LEON. Hold your peaces.

1. LORD. Good my lord, —

ANT. It is for you we ſpeak, not for ourſelves:
You are abus'd, and by ſome putter-on,[2]
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him:[3] Be ſhe honour-flaw'd,—

" To dive like buckets in concealed wells,
" To *crouch in litter of your ſtable planks.*"

In the Teutonick language, *hund-ſtall*, or *dog-ſtable*, is the term for a kennel. *Stables* or *ſtable*, however may mean *ſtation*, *ſtabilis ſtatio*, and two diſtinct propoſitions may be intended. I'll keep my ſtation in the ſame place where my wife is lodged; I'll run every where with her, like dogs that are coupled together. MALONE.

[9] Than, *when I feel, and ſee her*, &c.] The old copies read — Then when, &c. The correction is Mr. Rowe's. STEEVENS.

The modern editors read — *Than* when, &c. certainly not without ground, for *than* was formerly ſpelt *then*; but here, I believe, the latter word was intended. MALONE.

[2] —— *putter-on*,] i. e. one who inſtigates. So, in *Macbeth*:
" ———— the powers divine
" *Put on* their inſtruments." STEEVENS.

[3] —— *land*-damn *him:*] Sir T. Hanmer interprets, *ſtop his urine. Land* or *lant* being the old word for *urine*.

Land-damn is probably one of thoſe words which caprice brought into faſhion, and which, after a ſhort time, reaſon and grammar drove irrecoverably away. It perhaps meant no more than I will *rid the country* of him, *condemn* him to quit the *land*. JOHNSON.

Land-damn him, if ſuch a reading can be admitted, may mean, *he would procure ſentence to be paſt on him in this world, on this earth*.

Antigonus could no way make good the threat of *ſtopping his urine*. Beſides, it appears too ridiculous a puniſhment for ſo atrocious a criminal. Yet it muſt be confeſſed, that what Sir T.

I have three daughters; the eldeſt is eleven;
The ſecond, and the third, nine, and ſome five; [4]

Hanmer has ſaid concerning the word *lant*, is true. I meet with the following inſtance in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Conſtable*, 1639:

" Your frequent drinking country ale with *lant* in't."

And, in Shakſpeare's time, to drink a lady's health in *urine* appears to have been eſteemed an act of gallantry. One inſtance (for I could produce many) may ſuffice: " Have I not religiouſly vow'd my heart to you, been drunk for you health, eat glaſſes, *drank urine*, ſtabb'd arms, and done all the offices of proteſted gallantry for your ſake?" *Antigonus*, on this occaſion, may therefore have a dirty meaning. It ſhould be remembered, however, that to *damn* anciently ſignified to *condemn*. So, in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

" Vouchſafe to give my *damned* huſband life."

Again, in *Julius Cæſar*, Act. IV. ſc. i:

" He ſhall not live; look, with a ſpot I *damn* him."

STEEVENS.

I am perſuaded that this is a corruption, and that either the printer caught the word *damn* from the preceding line, or the tranſcriber was deceived by ſimilitude of ſounds.—What the poet's word was, cannot now be aſcertained; but the ſentiment was probably ſimilar to that in *Othello*:

" O heaven, that ſuch companions thou'dſt unfold," &c.

I believe, we ſhould read—land-*dam*; i. e. kill him; bury him in earth. So, in *King John*:

" His ears are ſtopp'd with *duſt*; he's *dead*."

Again, ibid:

" And ſtop this gap of breath with fulſome *duſt*."

Again, in Kendal's *Flowers of Epigrams*, 1577:

" The corps clapt faſt in clotter'd *claye*,
" That here engrav'd doth lie—."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Volpone*:

" Speak to the knave?
" I'll ha' my *mouth* firſt *ſtopp'd with earth*." MALONE.

After all theſe aukward ſtruggles to obtain a meaning, we might, I think, not unſafely, read—

" I'd *laudanum* him,"——

i. e. poiſon him with *laudanum*. The word is much more ancient than the time of Shakſpeare. I owe this remark to Dr. Farmer.

STEEVENS.

[4] *The ſecond and the third, nine, and* ſome *five;*] The ſecond folio reads—*ſonnes five*. REED.

This line appears obſcure, becauſe the word *nine* ſeems to refer to both " *the ſecond and the third*." But it is ſufficiently clear, *re-*

If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld them all; fourteen they ſhall not ſee,
To bring falſe generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myſelf, than they
Should not produce fair iſſue.[4]

LEON. Ceaſe; no more.
You ſmell this buſineſs with a ſenſe as cold
As is a dead man's noſe: I ſee't, and feel't,[5]

ferendo ſingula ſingulis. The ſecond is of the age of nine, and the third is ſome *five years old.* The ſame expreſſion, as Theobald has remarked, is found in *K. Lear:*

" For that I am, *ſome* twelve or fourteen moonſhines,
" Lag of a brother."

The editor of the ſecond folio reads—*ſons* five; ſtartled probably by the difficulty that ariſes from the ſubſequent lines, the operation that Antigonus threatens to perform on his children, not being commonly applicable to females. But for this, let our author anſwer. Bulwer in his *Artificial Changeling*, 1656, ſhows it may be done. Shakſpeare undoubtedly wrote *ſome*; for were we, with the ignorant editor above-mentioned, to read—*ſons* five, then the ſecond and third daughter would both be of the ſame age; which, as we are not told that they are twins, is not very reaſonable to ſuppoſe. Beſides; daughters are by the law of England co-heirs, but ſons never. MALONE.

[4] *And I had rather* glib *myſelf*, &c.] For *glib* I think we ſhould read *lib*, which, in the northern language, is the ſame with *geld*.

In *The Court Beggar*, by Mr. Richard Brome, Act IV. the word *lib* is uſed in this ſenſe:—" He can ſing a charm (he ſays) ſhall make you feel no pain in your *libbing*, nor after it: no tooth-drawer, or corn-cutter, did ever work with ſo little feeling to a patient." GREY.

So, in the comedy of *Fancies Chaſte and Noble*, by Ford, 1638:

" What a terrible ſight to a *lib'd* breech, is a ſow-gelder?"

Though *lib* may probably be the right word, yet *glib* is at this time current in many counties, where they ſay—*to glib a boar, to glib a horſe*. So, in *St. Patrick for Ireland*, a play by Shirley, 1640:

" If I come back, let me be *glib'd*."

[5] ——*I ſee't, and feel't,*] The old copy—*but* I *do* ſee't, and feel't. I have followed Sir T. Hanmer, who omits theſe exple-

As you feel doing thus; and ſee withal
The inſtruments that feel.[6]

ANT. If it be ſo,
We need no grave to bury honeſty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to ſweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.[7]

LEON. What! lack I credit?

tives, which ſerve only to derange the metre, without improving the ſenſe. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*I ſee't and feel't,*
As you feel doing thus; and ſee withal
The inſtruments that feel.] Some ſtage direction ſeems neceſſary in this place; but what that direction ſhould be, it is not eaſy to decide. Sir T. Hanmer gives—*Laying hold of his arm;* Dr. Johnſon—*ſtriking his brows.* STEEVENS.

As a ſtage direction is certainly requiſite, and as there is none in the old copy, I will venture to propoſe a different one from any hitherto mentioned. *Leontes*, perhaps, *touches the forehead of Antigonus with his fore and middle fingers forked in imitation of a* SNAIL'S HORNS; for *theſe*, or imaginary horns of his own like them, are *the inſtruments that feel*, to which he alluded.—There is a ſimilar reference in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, from whence the direction of *ſtriking his brows* ſeems to have been adopted:—"he ſo takes on,—ſo curſes all Eve's daughters, and ſo *buffets himſelf on the forehead*, crying, *Peer out, peer out!*"—The word *lunes*, it ſhould be noted, occurs in the context of both paſſages, and in the ſame ſenſe. HENLEY.

I ſee and feel *my diſgrace*, as you, *Antigonus*, *now* feel *me*, *on my* doing thus *to you*, and *as you now* ſee the inſtruments that feel, i. e. my fingers. So, in *Coriolanus:*

"—— all the body's members
"Rebell'd againſt the belly; thus accus'd it:—
"That only like a gulf it did remain, &c.
"————where, the other *inſtruments*
"Did ſee, hear, deviſe, inſtruct, walk, *feel*," &c.

Leontes muſt here be ſuppoſed to lay hold of either the beard or arm, or ſome other part, of Antigonus. See a ſubſequent note in the laſt ſcene of this act. MALONE.

[7] —— *dungy earth.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra;*
"————our *dungy earth* alike
"Feeds beaſt as man." STEEVENS.

1. LORD. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your ſuſpicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

LEON. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful inſtigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counſels; but our natural goodneſs
Imparts this: which,—if you (or ſtupified,
Or ſeeming ſo in ſkill,) cannot, or will not,
Reliſh as truth,[7] like us; inform yourſelves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loſs, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

ANT. And I wiſh, my liege,
You had only in your ſilent judgement tried it,
Without more overture.

LEON. How could that be?
Either thou art moſt ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as groſs as ever touch'd conjecture,

[7] ——*which*,—*if you*——
Reliſh as *truth*,] The old copy reads—*a* truth. Mr. Rowe made the neceſſary correction—*as*. STEEVENS.

Our author is frequently inaccurate in the conſtruction of his ſentences, and the concluſion of them do not always correſpond with the beginning. So before, in this play:

" ——*who*,—if I
" Had ſervants true about me,—
" ——— they would do that," &c.

The late editions read—*as* truth, which is certainly more grammatical; but a wiſh to reduce our author's phraſeology to the modern ſtandard, has been the ſource of much errour in the regulation of his text. MALONE.

That lack'd ſight only, nought for approbation,
But only ſeeing,[8] all other circumſtances
Made up to the deed,) doth puſh on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Moſt piteous to be wild,) I have deſpatch'd in poſt,
To ſacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of ſtuff'd ſufficiency:[9] Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whoſe ſpiritual counſel had,
Shall ſtop, or ſpur me. Have I done well?

1. LORD. Well done, my lord.

LEON. Though I am ſatisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet ſhall the oracle
Give reſt to the minds of others; ſuch as he,
Whoſe ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,
From our free perſon ſhe ſhould be confin'd;
Leſt that the treachery of the two,[2] fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to ſpeak in publick: for this buſineſs
Will raiſe us all.

ANT. [*Aſide.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

[8] —— *nought for approbation,*
But only ſeeing.] *Approbation*, in this place, is put for *proof*. JOHNSON.

[9] —— *ſtuff'd ſufficiency:*] That is, of abilities more than enough. JOHNSON.

[2] *Leſt that the treachery of the two*, &c.] He has before declared, that there is a *plot againſt his life and crown*, and that Hermione is *federary* with Polixenes and Camillo. JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

The ſame. The outer Room of a Priſon.

Enter PAULINA *and Attendants.*

PAUL. The keeper of the priſon,— call to him;
[*Exit an Attendant.*
Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What doſt thou then in priſon?—Now, good ſir,

Re-enter Attendant, *with the* Keeper.

You know me, do you not?
KEEP. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.
PAUL. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.
KEEP. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have expreſs commandment.
PAUL. Here's ado,
To lock up honeſty and honour from
The acceſs of gentle viſitors!—— Is it lawful,
Pray you, to ſee her women? any of them?
Emilia?
KEEP. So pleaſe you, madam, to put
Apart theſe your attendants, I ſhall bring
Emilia forth.
PAUL. I pray you now, call her.
Withdraw yourſelves. [*Exeunt* Attend.
KEEP. And, madam,
I muſt be preſent at your conference.

PAUL. Well, be it ſo, pr'ythee. [*Exit* Keeper.
Here's ſuch ado to make no ſtain a ſtain,
As paſſes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, *with* EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?
EMIL. As well as one ſo great, and ſo forlorn,
May hold together: On her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, ſomething before her time, deliver'd.
PAUL. A boy?
EMIL. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Luſty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't: ſays, *My poor priſoner,*
I am innocent as you.
PAUL. I dare be ſworn:——
Theſe dangerous unſafe lunes o'the king![8] beſhrew them!
He muſt be told on't, and he ſhall: the office
Becomes a woman beſt; I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue bliſter;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more:—Pray you, Emilia,

[8] *Theſe dangerous unſafe* lunes *o' the king!*] I have no where, but in our author, obſerved this word adopted in our tongue, to ſignify, *frenzy, lunacy.* But it is a mode of expreſſion with the French.—*Il y a de la* lune: (i. e. he has got the moon in his head; he is frantick.) Cotgrave. "*Lune*, folie. *Les femmes ont des* lunes *dans la tête.* Richelet." THEOBALD.

A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608: "I know 'twas but ſome peeviſh *moon* in him." Again, in *As you like it*, A&III. ſc. ii: "At which time would I, being but a *mooniſh* youth," &c. STEEVENS.

The old copy has—i' the king. This ſlight correction was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Commend my beſt obedience to the queen;
If ſhe dares truſt me with her little babe,
I'll ſhow't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudeſt: We do not know
How he may ſoften at the ſight o'the child;
The ſilence often of pure innocence
Perſuades, when ſpeaking fails.

EMIL. Moſt worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodneſs, is ſo evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miſs
A thriving iſſue; there is no lady living,
So meet for this great errand: Pleaſe your ladyſhip
To viſit the next room, I'll preſently
Acquaint the queen of your moſt noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this deſign;
But durſt not tempt a miniſter of honour,
Leſt ſhe ſhould be denied.

PAUL. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll uſe that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
As boldneſs from my boſom, let it not be doubted
I ſhall do good.

EMIL. Now be you bleſt for it!
I'll to the queen: Pleaſe you, come ſomething nearer.

KEEP. Madam, if't pleaſe the queen to ſend the babe,
I know not what I ſhall incur, to paſs it,
Having no warrant.

PAUL. You need not fear it, ſir:
The child was priſoner to the womb; and is,
By law and proceſs of great nature, thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd: not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the treſpaſs of the queen.

KEEP. I do believe it.

PAUL. Do not you fear: upon
Mine honour, I will ſtand 'twixt you and danger.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and other* Attendants.

LEON. Nor night, nor day, no reſt: It is but weakneſs
To bear the matter thus; mere weakneſs, if
The cauſe were not in being;—part o'the cauſe,
She, the adultreſs;—for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain,[4] plot-proof: but ſhe
I can hook to me: Say, that ſhe were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my reſt
Might come to me again.——Who's there?
1. ATTEN. My lord? [*advancing.*
LEON. How does the boy?
1. ATTEN. He took good reſt to-night;
'Tis hop'd, his ſickneſs is diſcharg'd.

[4] ——— *out of the* blank
And level *of my brain,*] Beyond the *aim* of any attempt that I can make againſt him. *Blank* and *level* are terms of archery. JOHNSON.

Blank and *level*, mean *mark* and *aim;* but they are terms of gunnery, not of archery. DOUCE.
So, in *King Henry VIII:*
" ——I ſtood i'th' *level*
" Of a *full-charg'd* conſpiracy." RITSON.

LEON. To ſee,
His nobleneſs!
Conceiving the diſhonour of his mother,
He ſtraight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Faſten'd and fix'd the ſhame on't in himſelf;
Threw off his ſpirit, his appetite, his ſleep,
And down-right languiſh'd.—Leave me ſolely:[5] go,
See how he fares. [*Exit* Attend.]—Fie, fie! no thought of him;—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himſelf too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance,[6]—Let him be,
Until a time may ſerve: for preſent vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their paſtime at my ſorrow:
They ſhould not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall ſhe, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, *with a Child.*

1. LORD. You muſt not enter.
PAUL. Nay, rather, good my lords, be ſecond to me:
Fear you his tyrannous paſſion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent ſoul;
More free, than he is jealous.

[5] —— *Leave me ſolely:*] That is, leave me alone. M. MASON.

[6] *The very thought of my* revenges *that way*
Recoil upon me: in himſelf too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance,] So, in *Doraſtus and Fawnia:* "Pandoſto, although he felt that *revenge* was a ſpur to warre, and that envy alwayes proffereth ſteele, yet he ſaw Egiſthus was not only of great puiſſance and proweſſe to withſtand him, but alſo had many kings of his *alliance* to ayd him, if need ſhould ſerve; for he married the Emperor of Ruſſia's daughter." Our author, it is obſervable, whether from forgetfulneſs or deſign, has made this lady the wife (not of Egiſthus, the Polixenes of this play, but) of Leontes. MALONE.

ANT. That's enough.
1. ATTEN. Madam, he hath not ſlept to-night; commanded
None ſhould come at him.
PAUL. Not ſo hot, good ſir;
I come to bring him ſleep. 'Tis ſuch as you,—
That creep like ſhadows by him, and do ſigh
At each his needleſs heavings,—ſuch as you
Nouriſh the cauſe of his awaking: I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true;
Honeſt, as either; to purge him of that humour,
That preſſes him from ſleep.
LEON. What noiſe there, ho?
PAUL. No noiſe, my lord; but needful conference,
About ſome goſſips for your highneſs.
LEON. How?——
Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that ſhe ſhould not come about me;
I knew, ſhe would.
ANT. I told her ſo, my lord,
On your diſpleaſure's peril, and on mine,
She ſhould not viſit you.
LEON. What, canſt not rule her?
PAUL. From all diſhoneſty, he can: in this,
(Unleſs he take the courſe that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) truſt it,
He ſhall not rule me.
ANT. Lo you now; you hear!
When ſhe will take the rein, I let her run;
But ſhe'll not ſtumble.
PAUL. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beſeech you, hear me, who profeſs[7]

[7] ——*who* profeſs—] Old copy—*profeſſes*. STEEVENS.

Myſelf your loyal ſervant, your phyſician,
Your moſt obedient counſellor; yet that dare
Leſs appear ſo, in comforting your evils,[8]
Than ſuch as moſt ſeem yours:—I ſay, I come
From your good queen.

LEON. Good queen!

PAUL. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I ſay, good queen;
And would by combat make her good, ſo were I
A man, the worſt about you.[9]

LEON. Force her hence.

PAUL. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
Firſt hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But, firſt, I'll do my errand—The good queen,
For ſhe is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your bleſſing.

[*Laying down the child.*

LEON. Out!
A mankind witch![2] Hence with her, out o' door:

[8] ——*in* comforting *your evils,*] *Comforting* is here uſed in the legal ſenſe of *comforting* and abetting in a criminal action. M. MASON.

To *comfort*, in old language, is to *aid and encourage*. *Evils* here mean *wicked courſes*. MALONE.

[9] *And would by combat make her good, ſo were I*
A man, the worſt about you.] The *worſt* means only the *loweſt*, Were I the meaneſt of your ſervants, I would yet claim the combat againſt any accuſer. JOHNSON.

The *worſt*, (as Mr. M. Maſon and Mr. Henley obſerve,) rather means the *weakeſt*, or the *leaſt expert in the uſe of arms*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Edwards obſerves, that "The worſt about you" may mean the weakeſt, or leaſt warlike. So, "a *better man*, the *beſt man* in company, frequently refer to ſkill in fighting, not to moral goodneſs." I think he is right. MALONE.

[2] *A* mankind *witch!*] A *mankind* woman is yet uſed in the midland counties, for a woman violent, ferocious, and miſchievous. It has the ſame ſenſe in this paſſage.

A moſt intelligencing bawd!

PAUL. Not ſo:

I am as ignorant in that, as you

Witches are ſuppoſed to be *mankind*, to put off the ſoftneſs and delicacy of women; therefore ſir Hugh, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, ſays of a woman ſuſpected to be a witch, "*that he does not like when a woman has a beard.*" Of this meaning Mr. Theobald has given examples. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"That e'er I ſhould be ſeen to ſtrike a woman."——

"Why ſhe is *mankind*, therefore thou may'ſt ſtrike her."

Again, as Dr. Farmer obſerves to me, in *A. Fraunce's Iviechurch:* He is ſpeaking of the Golden Age:

"Noe man murdring man with teare-fleſh pyke or a poll-ax;

"Tygers were then tame, ſharpe tuſked boare was obeiſſant;

"Stoordy lyons lowted, noe wolf was knowne to be *mankinde.*"

So, in *M. Frobiſher's firſt voyage for the diſcoverie of Cataya*, 4to. bl. l. 1578: p. 48. "He ſaw mightie deere, that ſeemed to be *mankind*, which ranne at him, and hardly he eſcaped with his life," &c. STEEVENS.

I ſhall offer an etymology of the adjective *mankind*, which may perhaps more fully explain it. Dr. Hickes's Anglo-Saxon grammar, p. 119. edit. 1705, obſerves "*Saxonicè man* eſt a *mein* quod *Cimbricè* eſt *nocumentum*, *Francicè* eſt *nefas*, *ſcelus.*" So that *mankind* may ſignify one of a wicked and pernicious nature, from the Saxon *man*, miſchief or wickedneſs, and from *kind*, nature. TOLLET.

Notwithſtanding the many learned notes on this expreſſion, I am confident that *mankind*, in this paſſage, means nothing more than *maſculine*. So, in Maſſinger's *Guardian:*

"I keep no *mankind* ſervant in my houſe,

"For fear my chaſtity may be ſuſpected."

And Jonſon, in one of his Sonnets, ſays

"Pallas now thee I call on, *mankind* maid!"

The ſame phraſe frequently occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher. Thus in *Monſieur Thomas*, when Sebaſtian ſees him in women's clothes, and ſuppoſes him to be a girl, he ſays,

"A plaguy *mankind* girl; how my brains totter!"

And Gondarino in *The Woman-Hater:*

"Are women grown ſo *mankind?*"

In all which places *mankind* means *maſculine*. M. MASON.

In ſo entitling me: and no leſs honeſt
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to paſs for honeſt.

LEON. Traitors!
Will you not puſh her out? Give her the baſtard:—
Thou, dotard, [*To* ANTIGONUS.] thou art woman-tir'd,[3] unrooſted
By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the baſtard;
Take't up, I ſay; give't to thy crone.[4]

PAUL. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'ſt up the princeſs, by that forced baſeneſs[5]
Which he has put upon't!

[3] ——*thou art woman-tir'd*] *Woman-tir'd*, is *peck'd* by a woman; *hen-pecked*. The phraſe is taken from falconry, and is often employed by writers contemporary with Shakſpeare.—So, in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612:

"He has given me a bone to *tire* on."

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

"——the vulture *tires*
"Upon the eagle's heart."

Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

"Muſt with keen fang *tire* upon thy fleſh."

Partlet is the name of the hen in the old ſtory book of *Reynard the Fox*. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*thy crone*] i. e. thy old worn-out woman. A *croan* is an old toothleſs ſheep: thence an old woman. So, in *The Malcontent*, 1606: "There is an old *crone* in the court, her name is Maquerelle." Again, in *Love's Miſtreſs*, by T. Heywood, 1636:

"Witch and hag, *crone* and beldam."

Again, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611: "All the gold in Crete cannot get one of you old *crones* with child." Again, in the ancient enterlude of *The Repentance of Marie Magdalene*, 1567:

"I have knowne peinters, that have made old *crones*,
"To appear as pleaſant as little prety young Jones."

STEEVENS.

[5] *Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou*
Tak'ſt up the princeſs, by that forced baſeneſs—] Leontes had ordered Antigonus to *take up the baſtard;* Paulina forbids him to touch the princeſs under that appellation. *Forced* is *falſe*, uttered with violence to truth. JOHNSON.

LEON. He dreads his wife.
PAUL. So, I would, you did; then, 'twere paſt all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.
LEON. A neſt of traitors!
ANT. I am none, by this good light.
PAUL. Nor I; nor any,
But one, that's here; and that's himſelf: for he
The ſacred honour of himſelf, his queen's,
His hopeful ſon's, his babe's,[6] betrays to ſlander,
Whoſe ſting is ſharper than the ſword's;[7] and will not
(For, as the caſe now ſtands, it is a curſe
He cannot be compell'd to't,) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or ſtone, was ſound.
LEON. A callat,
Of boundleſs tongue; who late hath beat her huſband,
And now baits me!—That brat is none of mine:
It is the iſſue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.
PAUL. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,

A *baſe* ſon was a common term in our author's time. So, in *K. Lear:*

" ——Why brand they us
" With *baſe*? with *baſeneſs*? baſtardy?" MALONE.

[6] —— *his* babe's,] The female infant then on the ſtage. MALONE.

[7] ——*ſlander*,
Whoſe ſting is ſharper than the ſword's;] Again in *Cymbeline:*

" ——ſlander
" Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword, whoſe tongue
" Out-venoms all the worms of Nile." DOUCE.

So like you, 'tis the worſe.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, noſe, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his ſmiles;[7]
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And, thou, good goddeſs nature, which haſt made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haſt
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongſt all colours
No yellow in't;[8] leſt ſhe ſuſpect, as he does,
Her children not her huſband's![9]

[7] —— *his* ſmiles;] Theſe two redundant words might be rejected, eſpecially as the child has already been repreſented as the inheritor of its father's *dimples and frowns*. STEEVENS.

Our author and his contemporaries frequently take the liberty of uſing words of two ſyllables, as monoſyllables. So *eldeſt*, *higheſt*, *lover*, *either*, &c. *Dimples* is, I believe, employed ſo here; and *of his*, when contracted, or ſounded quickly, make but one ſyllable likewiſe. In this view there is no redundancy. MALONE.

How is the word — *dimples*, to be monoſyllabically pronounced? STEEVENS.

[8] *No yellow in't;*] *Yellow* is the colour of jealouſy. JOHNSON.

So, Nym ſays in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:* "I will poſſeſs him with *yellowneſs*." STEEVENS.

[9] —— *leſt ſhe ſuſpect, as he does,*
Her children not her huſband's!] In the ardour of compoſition Shakſpeare ſeems here to have forgotten the difference of ſexes. No ſuſpicion that the babe in queſtion might entertain of her future huſband's *fidelity*, could affect the legitimacy of her offſpring. Unleſs ſhe were *herſelf* a "bed-ſwerver," (which is not ſuppoſed,) ſhe could have no doubt of his being the father of her children. However painful female jealouſy may be to her that feels it, Paulina, therefore, certainly attributes to it, in the preſent inſtance, a pang that it can never give. MALONE.

I regard this circumſtance as a beauty, rather than a defect. The ſeeming abſurdity in the laſt clauſe of Paulina's ardent addreſs to Nature, was undoubtedly deſigned, being an extravagance characteriſtically preferable to languid correctneſs, and chaſtiſed declamation. STEEVENS.

LEON. A groſs hag!—
And, lozel, [2] thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not ſtay her tongue.
ANT. Hang all the huſbands,
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourſelf
Hardly one ſubject.
LEON. Once more, take her hence.
PAUL. A moſt unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
LEON. I'll have thee burn'd.
PAUL. I care not:
It is an heretick, that makes the fire,
Not ſhe, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this moſt cruel uſage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accuſation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy,) ſomething ſavours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, ſcandalous to the world.
LEON. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? ſhe durſt not call me ſo,
If ſhe did know me one. Away with her.
PAUL. I pray you, do not puſh me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove ſend her

[2] *And*, lozel,] "A *Loſel* is one that hath loſt, neglected, or caſt off his owne good and welfare, and ſo is become lewde and careleſſe of credit and honeſty." *Verſtegan's Reſtitution*, 1605, p. 335. REED.

This is a term of contempt, frequently uſed by Spenſer. I likewiſe meet with it in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"To have the *lozel's* company."

A *lozel* is a worthleſs fellow. Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

"Peace, prating *lozel*," &c. STEEVENS.

A better guiding ſpirit!—What need theſe hands?—
You, that are thus ſo tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, ſo:—Farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*

LEON. Thou, traitor, haſt ſet on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with't!—even thou, that haſt
A heart ſo tender o'er it, take it hence,
And ſee it inſtantly conſum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up ſtraight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good teſtimony,) or I'll ſeize thy life,
With what thou elſe call'ſt thine: If thou refuſe,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, ſay ſo;
The baſtard brains with theſe my proper hands
Shall I daſh out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou ſett'ſt on thy wife.

ANT. I did not, ſir:
Theſe lords, my noble fellows, if they pleaſe,
Can clear me in't.

1. LORD. We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

LEON. You are liars all.

1. LORD. 'Beſeech your highneſs, give us better credit:
We have always truly ſerv'd you; and beſeech
So to eſteem of us: And on our knees we beg,
(As recompence of our dear ſervices,
Paſt, and to come,) that you do change this purpoſe;
Which, being ſo horrible, ſo bloody, muſt
Lead on to ſome foul iſſue: We all kneel.

LEON. I am a feather for each wind that blows:—
Shall I live on, to ſee this baſtard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curſe it then. But, be it; let it live:

It ſhall not neither.—You, ſir, come you hither;
[*To* ANTIGONUS.
You, that have been ſo tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To ſave this baſtard's life:—for 'tis a baſtard,
So ſure as this beard's grey,[3]—what will you adventure
To ſave this brat's life?

ANT. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleneſs impoſe: at leaſt, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To ſave the innocent: any thing poſſible.

LEON. It ſhall be poſſible: Swear by this ſword,[4]
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

ANT. I will, my lord.

LEON. Mark, and perform it; (ſeeſt thou?) for the fail
Of any point in't ſhall not only be
Death to thyſelf, but to thy lewd-tongued wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female baſtard hence; and that thou bear it

[3] *So ſure as* this *beard's* grey,] The king muſt mean the beard of Antigonus, which perhaps both here and on a former occaſion, (ſee p. 59, n. 6.) it was intended, he ſhould lay hold of. Leontes has himſelf told us that twenty three years ago he was unbreech'd, in his green velvet coat, his dagger muzzled; and of courſe his age at the opening of this play muſt be under thirty. He cannot therefore mean his own beard. MALONE.

[4] ——— *Swear by this ſword*,] It was anciently the cuſtom to ſwear by the croſs on the handle of a ſword. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act I. ſc. v. STEEVENS.

So, in *The Penance of Arthur*, Sig. S. 2: "And therewith King Marke yielded him unto Sir Gatheris, and then he kneeled downe and made his oath *upon the croſſe of the ſword*," &c.

I remember to have ſeen the name of Jeſus engraved upon the pummel of the ſword of a Cruſader in the Church at Winchelſea. DOUCE.

To ſome remote and deſert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by ſtrange fortune
It came to us, I do in juſtice charge thee —
On thy ſoul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it ſtrangely to ſome place,[5]
Where chance may nurſe, or end it: Take it up.

ANT. I ſwear to do this; though a preſent death
Had been more merciful —Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful ſpirit inſtruct the kites and ravens,
To be thy nurſes! Wolves, and bears, they ſay,
Caſting their ſavageneſs aſide, have done
Like offices of pity —Sir, be proſperous
In more than this deed does require! and bleſſing,[6]
Againſt this cruelty, fight on thy ſide,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loſs![7]

[*Exit, with the child.*

LEON. No, I'll not rear
Another's iſſue.

1. ATTEND. Pleaſe your highneſs, poſts,
From thoſe you ſent to the oracle, are come

[5] —— commend *it* ſtrangely *to ſome place,*] *Commit* it to ſome place, *as a ſtranger*, without more proviſion. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth:*

"I wiſh your horſes ſwift and ſure of foot,
"And ſo I do *commend* you to their backs."

To *commend* is to *commit*. See Minſheu's Dict. in v. MALONE.

[6] —— *and bleſſing,*] i. e. the favour of heaven MALONE.

[7] —— *condemn'd to* loſs!] i. e. to expoſure, ſimilar to that of a child whom its parents have *loſt*. I once thought that *loſs* was here licentiouſly uſed for *deſtruction*; but that this was not the primary ſenſe here intended, appears from a ſubſequent paſſage, Act III. ſc. iii:

"—— Poor wretch,
"That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
"To *loſs*, and what *may follow!*" MALONE.

An hour ſince: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Haſting to the court.

1. LORD. So pleaſe you, ſir, their ſpeed
Hath been beyond account.

LEON. Twenty-three days
They have been abſent: 'Tis good ſpeed; [8] foretels,
The great Apollo ſuddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a ſeſſion, that we may arraign
Our moſt diſloyal lady: for, as ſhe hath
Been publickly accus'd, ſo ſhall ſhe have
A juſt and open trial. While ſhe lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

[8] 'Tis *good ſpeed*; &c.] Surely we ſhould read the paſſage thus: *This* good ſpeed foretels, &c. M. MASON.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The ſame. A Street in ſome town.

Enter CLEOMENES *and* DION.[8]

CLEO. The climate's delicate; the air moſt ſweet;
Fertile the iſle;[9] the temple much ſurpaſſing
The common praiſe it bears.
DION. I ſhall report,
For moſt it caught me,[2] the celeſtial habits,
(Methinks, I ſo ſhould term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the ſacrifice!
How ceremonious, ſolemn, and unearthly
It was i'the offering!
CLEO. But, of all, the burſt
And the ear-deafening voice o'the oracle,

[8] —— *Cleomenes and Dion.*] Theſe two names, and thoſe of *Antigonus* and *Archidamus*, our author found in North's Plutarch. MALONE.

[9] *Fertile the iſle;*] But the temple of Apollo at Delphi was not in an iſland, but in Phocis, on the continent. Either Shakſpeare, or his editors, had their heads running on Delos, an iſland of the Cyclades. If it was the editor's blunder, then Shakſpeare wrote: *Fertile the* ſoil,——which is more elegant too, than the preſent reading. WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare is little careful of geography. There is no need of this emendation in a play of which the whole plot depends upon a geographical error, by which Bohemia is ſuppoſed to be a maritime country. JOHNSON.

In the *Hiſtory of Doraſtus and Faunia*, the queen deſires the king to ſend "ſix of his noblemen, whom he beſt truſted, to the *iſle* of Delphos," &c. STEEVENS.

[2] *For moſt* it *caught me,*] *It* may relate to the whole ſpectacle. JOHNSON.

Kin to Jove's thunder, ſo ſurpriz'd my ſenſe,
That I was nothing.

DION. If the event o'the journey
Prove as ſucceſsful to the queen,—O, be't ſo!—
As it hath been to us, rare, pleaſant, ſpeedy,
The time is worth the uſe on't. [3]

CLEO. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the beſt! Theſe proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

DION. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the buſineſs: When the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine ſeal'd up,)
Shall the contents diſcover, ſomething rare,
Even then will ruſh to knowledge.——Go,—freſh horſes;
And gracious be the iſſue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Court of Juſtice.

LEONTES, Lords, *and* Officers, *appear properly ſeated.*

LEON. This ſeſſions (to our great grief, we pronounce,)

[3] *The* time *is worth the* uſe *on't.*] *The time is worth the uſe on't,* means, the time which we have ſpent in viſiting Delos, has recompenſed us for the trouble of ſo ſpending it. JOHNSON.

If the event prove fortunate to the queen, *the time which we have ſpent in our journey is worth the trouble it hath coſt us.* In other words, the happy iſſue of our journey will compenſate for the time expended in it, and the fatigue we have undergone. We meet with nearly the ſame expreſſion in Florio's tranſlation of Montaigne's *Eſſaies*, 1603: "The common ſaying is, the *time* we live, is *worth the* money *we pay for it.*" MALONE.

Even puſhes 'gainſt our heart: [3] The party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd.— Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, ſince we ſo openly
Proceed in juſtice; which ſhall have due courſe,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation. [4] ——
Produce the priſoner.

OFFI. It is his highneſs' pleaſure, that the queen
Appear in perſon here in court.—Silence!

HERMIONE *is brought in, guarded;* PAULINA *and Ladies, attending.*

LEON. Read the indictment.

OFFI. Hermione, *queen to the worthy* Leontes, *king of* Sicilia, *thou art here accuſed and arraigned of high treaſon, in committing adultery with* Polixenes, *king of* Bohemia; *and conſpiring with* Camillo *to take away the life of our ſovereign lord the king, thy royal huſband: the pretence* [5] *whereof being by circumſtances partly laid open, thou,* Hermione, *contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true ſubject, didſt counſel and aid them, for their better ſafety, to fly away by night.*

HER. Since what I am to ſay, muſt be but that
Which contradicts my accuſation; and
The teſtimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myſelf; it ſhall ſcarce boot me

[3] —— *puſhes 'gainſt our heart:*] So, in *Macbeth:*
" —— every minute of his being *thruſts*
" *Againſt my near'ſt of life.*" STEEVENS.

[4] Even *to the guilt, or the purgation.*] Mr. Roderick obſerves, that the word *even* is not to be underſtood here as an *adverb*, but as an *adjective*, ſignifying *equal* or *indifferent*. STEEVENS.

The epithet *even-handed*, as applied in Macbeth to *Juſtice*, ſeems to unite both ſenſes. HENLEY

[5] —— *pretence* —] Is, in this place, taken for a *ſcheme laid*, a *deſign formed*; to *pretend* means to *deſign*, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. JOHNSON.

To ſay, *Not guilty*: mine integrity,[6]
Being counted falſehood, ſhall, as I expreſs it,
Be ſo receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not then, but innocence ſhall make
Falſe accuſation bluſh, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.'—You, my lord, beſt know,
(Who leaſt[8] will ſeem to do ſo,) my paſt life
Hath been as continent, as chaſte, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which[9] is more
Than hiſtory can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take ſpectators: For behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here ſtanding,
To prate and talk for life, and honor, 'fore
Who pleaſe to come and hear. For life, I prize it[a]

[6] —— *mine integrity*, &c.] That is, my *virtue* being accounted *wickedneſs*, my aſſertion of it will paſs but for a *lie*. *Falſehood* means both *treachery* and *lie*. JOHNSON.

It is frequently uſed in the former ſenſe in *Othello*, A& V:

" He ſays, thou told'ſt him that his wife was *falſe*."

Again:

" ——Thou art raſh as fire,
" To ſay that ſhe was *falſe*." MALONE.

[7] —— *If* powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not then but innocence ſhall make
Falſe accuſation bluſh, *and tyranny*
Tremble at patience.] Our author has here cloſely followed the novel of *Doraſtus and Faunia*, 1588: " If the *divine powers* be privie *to human actions*, (*as no doubt they are*,) I hope my *patience* ſhall make fortune *bluſh*, and my unſpotted life ſhall ſtayne ſpiteful diſcredit." MALONE.

[8] Who *leaſt* ——] Old Copy—*Whom* leaſt. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[9] —— *which* ——] That is, which unhappineſs. MALONE.

[a] —— *For life, I prize it*, &c.] *Life* is to me now only *grief*, and as ſuch only is conſidered by me; I would therefore willingly diſmiſs it. JOHNSON.

As I weigh grief, which I would ſpare: [9] for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,[2]
And only that I ſtand for. I appeal
To your own conſcience,[3] ſir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be ſo; ſince he came,
With what encounter ſo uncurrent I
Have ſtrain'd, to appear thus: [4] if one jot beyond

[9] ——*I would ſpare:*] To *ſpare* any thing is to *let it go, to quit the poſſeſſion of it.* JOHNSON.

[2] *'Tis a derivative from me to mine,*] This ſentiment, which is probably borrowed from *Eccleſiaſticus*, iii. 11. cannot be too often impreſſed on the female mind: "The glory of a man is from the honour of his father; and *a mother in diſhonour, is a reproach unto her children.*" STEEVENS.

[3] —— *I appeal*
To your own conſcience, &c.] So, in *Doraſtus and Faunia,* "how I have led my life before Egiſthus' coming, I *appeal*, Pandoſto, to the Gods, and *to thy conſcience.*" MALONE.

[4] —— *ſince he came,*
With what encounter ſo uncurrent I
Have ſtrain'd, to appear thus:] Theſe lines I do not underſtand; with the licence of all editors, what I cannot underſtand I ſuppoſe unintelligible, and therefore propoſe that they may be altered thus:

"—— *Since he came,*
With what encounter ſo uncurrent have I
Been ſtain'd *to appear thus?*

At leaſt I think it might be read:

With what encounter ſo uncurrent have I
Strain'd to appear thus? If one yet beyond— JOHNSON.

The ſenſe ſeems to be this:—*what ſudden ſlip have I made, that I ſhould catch a wrench in my character.* So, in *Timon of Athens:*

"——a noble nature
"May catch a wrench."

An *uncurrent encounter* ſeems to mean an irregular, unjuſtifiable congreſs. Perhaps it may be a metaphor from *tilting*, in which the ſhock of meeting adverſaries was ſo called. Thus, in Drayton's *Legend of T. Cromwell E. of Eſſex:*

"Yet theſe *encounters* thruſt me not *awry.*"

The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts

The ſenſe would then be: —— In what baſe reciprocation of love have I caught this ſtrain? *Uncurrent* is what will not paſs, and is, at preſent, only applied to money.

Mrs. Ford talks of —*ſome* ſtrain *in her character*, and in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Cuſtom of the Country*, the ſame expreſſion occurs:

" —*ſtrain* your loves
" With any baſe, or hir'd perſuaſions."

To *ſtrain*, I believe, means to *go awry*. So, in the 6th ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion:*

" As wantonly ſhe *ſtrains* in her laſcivious courſe."

Drayton is ſpeaking of the irregular courſe of the river Wye.

STEEVENS.

The *bounds of honour*, which are mentioned immediately after, juſtify Mr. Steevens in ſuppoſing the imagery to have been taken from *tilting*. HENLEY.

Johnſon thinks it neceſſary for the ſenſe, to tranſpoſe theſe words and read, " With what encounter ſo uncurrent have I ſtrained to appear thus?" But he could not have propoſed that alteration, had he conſidered, with attention, the conſtruction of the paſſage, which runs thus: " I appeal to your own conſcience, with what encounter," &c. That is, " I appeal to your own conſcience *to declare* with what encounter ſo uncurrent I have ſtrained to appear thus." He was probably miſled by the point of interrogation at the end of the ſentence, which ought not to have been there.

M. MASON.

The preciſe meaning of the word *encounter* in this paſſage may be gathered from our author's uſe of it elſewhere:

" Who hath—
" Confeſs'd the vile *encounters* they have had
" A thouſand times in ſecret." *Much ado about Nothing.*

Hero and Borachio are the perſons ſpoken of. Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*: " We ſhall adviſe this wronged maid to ſtead up your appointment, go in your place: if the *encounter* acknowledge itſelf hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence."

Again, in *Cymbeline:*

" —— found no oppoſition
" But what he look'd for ſhould oppoſe, and ſhe
" Should from *encounter* guard."

As, to paſs or utter money that is not *current*, is contrary to law, I believe our author in the preſent paſſage, with his accuſtomed licence, uſes the word *uncurrent* as ſynonymous to *unlawful*.

I have *ſtrain'd*, may perhaps mean — I have ſwerved or deflected from the ſtrict line of duty. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

Of all that hear me, and my near'ſt of kin
Cry, Fie upon my grave!
LEON. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of theſe bolder vices wanted
Leſs impudence to gainſay what they did,
Than to perform it firſt.[5]
HER. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a ſaying, ſir, not due to me.
LEON. You will not own it.
HER. More than miſtreſs of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I muſt not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confeſs,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;[6]

" Nor aught ſo good, but *ſtrain'd* from that fair uſe,
" Revolts— "

Again, in our author's 140th Sonnet:

" Bear thine eyes ſtraight, though thy proud *heart go wide.*"

A bed-*ſwerver* has already occurred in this play.

" To appear *thus*," is, to appear in ſuch an aſſembly as this; to be put on my trial. MALONE.

[5] *I ne'er heard yet,*
That any of theſe bolder vices wanted
Leſs *impudence to gain-ſay what they did,*
Than to perform it firſt.] It is apparen that according to the proper, at leaſt according to the preſent, uſe of words, *leſs* ſhould be *more*, or *wanted* ſhould be *had*. But Shakſpeare is very uncertain in his uſe of negatives. It may be neceſſary once to obſerve, that in our language, two negatives did not originally affirm, but ſtrengthen the negation. This mode of ſpeech was in time changed, but, as the change was made in oppoſition to long cuſtom, it proceeded gradually, and uniformity was not obtained but through an intermediate confuſion. JOHNSON.

Examples of the ſame phraſeology (as Mr. Malone obſerves,) occur in this play, p. 31; in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV. ſc. xii. and in *King Lear*, Act. II ſc. iv; and as Mr Riſon adds) in *Macbeth*, Act III. ſc. vi. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *For Polixenes,*
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confeſs
I lov'd *him, as in* honour *he requir'd;* &c.] So, in *Doraſtus*

With ſuch a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even ſuch,
So, and no other, as yourſelf commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both diſobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and toward your friend; whoſe love had
ſpoke,
Even ſince it could ſpeak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conſpiracy,
I know not how it taſtes; though it be diſh'd
For me to try how: all I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honeſt man;
And, why he left your court, the gods themſelves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

LEON. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his abſence.

HER. Sir,
You ſpeak a language that I underſtand not:
My life ſtands in the level of your dreams,[7]
Which I'll lay down.

LEON. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a baſtard by Polixenes,

and Faunia: "What hath paſſed between him and me, the Gods only know, and I hope will preſently reveale. That I *lov'd* Egiſthus, I cannot denie; that I *honour'd* him, I ſhame not to confeſs.—But as touching laſcivious luſt, I ſay Egiſthus is honeſt, and hope myſelf to be found without ſpot. For Franion, [Camillo,] I can neither accuſe him nor excuſe him. I was not privie to his departure. And that this is true which I have here rehearſed, I refer myſelfe to the divine oracle." MALONE.

[7] *My life* ſtands in the level *of your dreams,*] To be *in the level* is, by a metaphor from archery; *to be within the reach.* JOHNSON.

This metaphor, (as both Mr. Douce and Mr. Ritſon have already obſerved,) is from *gunnery.* See p. 65, n. 4.

So, in *King Henry VIII:*

"——I *ſtood i'the level*
"Of a full charg'd confederacy." STEEVENS.

And I but dream'd it:—As you were paſt all ſhame,
(Thoſe of your fact are ſo,) ſo paſt all truth:[7]
Which to deny, concerns more than avails:[8]
For as
Thy brat hath been caſt out, like to itſelf,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it,) ſo thou
Shalt feel our juſtice; in whoſe eaſieſt paſſage,
Look for no leſs than death.

HER. Sir, ſpare your threats;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I ſeek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life,[9] your favour,

[7] — *As you were paſt all ſhame,*
(Thoſe of your fact *are ſo,) ſo paſt all truth:*] I do not remember that *fact* is uſed any where abſolutely for *guilt*, which muſt be its ſenſe in this place. Perhaps we ſhould read:
Thoſe of your pack *are ſo.*
Pack is a low coarſe word well ſuited to the reſt of this royal invective. JOHNSON.

I ſhould gueſs *feat* to be the right word. See *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. ſc. iv.

In Middleton's *Mad World, my Maſters*, a Courtezan ſays: "It is the eaſieſt art and cunning for our *feat* to counterfeit ſick, that are always full of fits when we are well." FARMER.

Thus, Falſtaff, ſpeaking of Dol Tearſheet: "So is all her *feat*; if they be once in a calm, they are ſick." *Thoſe of your fact* may, however, mean—thoſe who have done as you do. STEEVENS.

That *fact* is the true reading, is proved deciſively from the words of the novel, which our author had in his mind, both here, and in a former paſſage ["I ne'er heard yet, That any of theſe bolder vices," &c.]: "And as for her [ſaid Pandoſto] it was her part to *deny* ſuch a monſtrous crime, and to be impudent in forſwearing the *fact*, ſince ſhe had *paſſed all ſhame* in committing the fault." MALONE.

[8] *Which to deny* concerns *more than* avails:] It is your *buſineſs* to deny this charge, but the mere denial will be uſeleſs; will prove nothing. MALONE.

[9] *The* crown *and* comfort *of my life,*] The *ſupreme bleſſing* of my life. So, in *Cymbeline:*
"O that huſband!
"My ſupreme *crown* of grief." MALONE.

I do give loſt; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: My ſecond joy,
And firſt-fruits of my body, from his preſence
I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,
Starr'd moſt unluckily,[2] is from my breaſt
The innocent milk in its moſt innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: Myſelf on every poſt
Proclaim'd a ſtrumpet; With immodeſt hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all faſhion;—Laſtly, hurried
Here to this place, i'the open air, before
I have got ſtrength of limit.[3] Now, my liege,
Tell me what bleſſings I have here alive,
That I ſhould fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; miſtake me not;——No! life,
I prize it not a ſtraw:—but for mine honour,
(Which I would free,) if I ſhall be condemn'd
Upon ſurmiſes; all proofs ſleeping elſe,
But what your jealouſies awake; I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.[4]—Your honours all,

[2] *Starr'd moſt unluckily,*] i. e. born under an inauſpicious planet. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"And ſhake the yoke of *inauſpicious ſtars*
"From this world-wearied fleſh." STEEVENS.

[3] *I have got* ſtrength *of* limit.] I know not well how *ſtrength* of *limit* can mean *ſtrength to paſs the limits* of the child-bed chamber; which yet it muſt mean in this place, unleſs we read in a more eaſy phraſe, *ſtrength of* limb. *And* now, &c. JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Maſon judiciouſly conceives *ſtrength of limit* to mean, *the limited degree of ſtrength which it is cuſtomary for women to acquire, before they are ſuffered to go abroad after child-bearing.* STEEVENS.

[4] ——*I tell you,*
'Tis rigour, and not law.] This alſo is from the novel: "Bellaria, no whit diſmaid with this rough reply, told her huſband Pandoſto, that he ſpake upon choller, and not conſcience; for her virtuous life had been ſuch as no ſpot of ſuſpicion could ever ſtayne. And if ſhe had borne a friendly countenance to Egiſthus, it was in reſpect he was his friend, and not for any luſting affection: therefore *if ſhe were condemned without any farther proofe, it was rigour, and not law.*" MALONE.

I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my Judge.

1. LORD. This your requeſt
Is altogether juſt: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain* Officers.

HER. The emperor of Ruſſia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but ſee
The flatneſs of my miſery;[5] yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES *and* DION.

OFFI. You here ſhall ſwear upon this ſword of juſtice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This ſeal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's prieſt; and that, ſince then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy ſeal,
Nor read the ſecrets in't.

CLEO. DION. All this we ſwear.

LEON. Break up the ſeals, and read.

OFFI. [*reads.*] Hermione *is chaſte*,[6] Polixenes

[5] *The* flatneſs *of my miſery;*] That is, how low, how *flat* I am laid by my calamity. JOHNSON.
So, Milton, *Paradiſe Loſt*, B. II:
" —— Thus repuls'd, our final hope
" Is *flat* deſpair." MALONE.

[6] *Hermione* is chaſte, *&c.*] This is almoſt literally from Lodge's Novel:
" *The Oracle.*
" Suſpicion is no proofe; jealouſie is an unequal judge; Bellaria is chaſte; Egiſthus blameleſs; Franion a true ſubject; Pandoſto treacherous; his babe innocent; and the king ſhall dye without an heire, if that which is loſt be not found." MALONE.

blameleſs, Camillo *a true ſubject*, Leontes *a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king ſhall live without an heir, if that, which is loſt, be not found.*

LORDS. Now bleſſed be the great Apollo!

HER. Praiſed!

LEON. Haſt thou read truth?

OFFI. Ay, my lord; even ſo
As it is here ſet down.

LEON. There is no truth at all i'the oracle:
The ſeſſions ſhall proceed; this is mere falſehood.

Enter a Servant, *haſtily.*

SER. My lord the king, the king!

LEON. What is the buſineſs?

SER. O ſir, I ſhall be hated to report it:
The prince your ſon, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's ſpeed,[7] is gone.

LEON. How! gone?

SER. Is dead.

LEON. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themſelves
Do ſtrike at my injuſtice. [HERMIONE *faints.*] How now there;

PAUL. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look down,
And ſee what death is doing.

LEON. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; ſhe will recover.—

[7] *Of the queen's* ſpeed,] Of the *event* of the queen's trial: ſo we ſtill ſay, he *ſped* well or ill. JOHNSON.

I have too much believ'd mine own ſuſpicion: —
'Beſeech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. — Apollo, pardon
[*Exeunt* PAULINA *and ladies, with* HERMIONE.
My great profaneneſs 'gainſt thine oracle! —
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:
For, being tranſported by my jealouſies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I choſe
Camillo for the miniſter, to poiſon
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My ſwift command,[8] though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, moſt humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly gueſt
Unclaſp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himſelf commended,[9]

[8] *But that* the good mind *of Camillo tardied*
My ſwift command,] Here likewiſe our author has cloſely followed Greene: "— promiſing not only to ſhew himſelf a loyal and a loving huſband; but alſo to reconcile himſelfe to Egiſthus and Franion; revealing then before them all the cauſe of their ſecret flight, and how treacherouſly he thought to have practiſed his death, if that *the good mind* of his cup-bearer had not prevented his purpoſe." MALONE.

[9] —— *and to the* certain *hazard*
Of all incertainties himſelf commended,] In the original copy ſome word probably of two ſyllables, was inadvertently omitted in the firſt of theſe lines. I believe the word omitted was either *doubtful*, or *fearful*. The editor of the ſecond folio endeavoured to cure the defect by reading — the *certain* hazard; the moſt improper word that could have been choſen. How little attention the alterations made in that copy are entitled to, has been ſhown in my preface. *Commended* is *committed*. See p. 76. MALONE.

I am of a contrary opinion, and therefore retain the emendation of the ſecond folio.

No richer than his honour:—How he gliſters
Thorough my ruſt! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker![2]

Re-enter PAULINA.

PAUL. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace; leſt my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

1. LORD. What fit is this, good lady?

PAUL. What ſtudied torments, tyrant, haſt for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling,
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
Muſt I receive; whoſe every word deſerves
To taſte of thy moſt worſt? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealouſies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; ſtark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but ſpices of it.
That thou betray'dſt Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but ſhow thee, of a fool, inconſtant,
And damnable ungrateful:[3] nor was't much,

Certain hazard, &c. is quite in our author's manner. So in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act II. ſc. ii:

"Until I know this *ſure uncertainty*." STEEVENS.

[2] *Does my deeds make the blacker!*] This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confeſſion of more crimes than he was ſuſpected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the viciſſitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppreſſed with guilt. JOHNSON.

[3] *That thou betray'dſt Polixenes, 'twas nothing;*
That did but ſhow thee, of a fool, *inconſtant,*
And damnable *ungrateful:*] I have ventured at a ſlight alteration here, againſt the authority of all the copies, and for *fool* read—*ſoul*. It is certainly too groſs and blunt in Paulina, though ſhe might impeach the king of fooleries in ſome of his paſt actions and conduct, to call him downright a fool. And it is much more par-

Thou would'ſt have poiſon'd good Camillo's honour,[4]
To have him kill a king; poor treſpaſſes,
More monſtrous ſtanding by: whereof I reckon
The caſting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have ſhed water out of fire, ere don't:[5]
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince; whoſe honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one ſo tender,) cleft the heart
That could conceive, a groſs and fooliſh fire
Blemiſh'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy anſwer: But the laſt,—O, lords,
When I have ſaid, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,
The ſweeteſt, deareſt, creature's dead; and vengeance for't

donable in her to arraign his morals, and the qualities of his mind, than rudely to call him *idiot* to his face. THEOBALD.

—— *ſhow thee* of *a fool*,] So all the copies. We ſhould read:

—— *ſhow thee* off, *a fool*. ——

i. e. repreſent thee in thy true colours; a fool, an inconſtant, &c. WARBURTON.

Poor Mr. Theobald's courtly remark cannot be thought to deſerve much notice. Dr. Warburton too might have ſpared his ſagacity, if he had remembered that the preſent reading, by a mode of ſpeech anciently much uſed, means only, *It ſhow'd thee* firſt *a fool*, then *inconſtant and ungrateful*. JOHNSON.

Damnable is here uſed adverbially. See Vol. IX. p. 138. MALONE.

The ſame conſtruction occurs in *The ſecond Book of Phaer's Verſion of the Æneid:*

"When this the yong men heard me ſpeak, *of wild they waxed wood.*" STEEVENS.

[4] *Thou would'ſt have poiſon'd good Camillo's honour*,] How ſhould Paulina know this? No one had charged the king with this crime except himſelf, while Paulina was abſent, attending on Hermione. The poet ſeems to have forgotten this circumſtance. MALONE.

[5] ——— *though a devil*
Would have ſhed water out of fire, ere don't!] i. e. a devil would have ſhed tears of pity o'er the damn'd ere he would have committed ſuch an action. STEEVENS.

Not dropp'd down yet.

1. LORD. The higher powers forbid!

PAUL. I ſay, ſhe's dead; I'll ſwear't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and ſee: if you can bring
Tincture. or luſtre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll ſerve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent theſe things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can ſtir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but deſpair. A thouſand knees
Ten thouſand years together, naked, faſting,
Upon a barren mountain, and ſtill winter
In ſtorm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

LEON. Go on, go on:
Thou canſt not ſpeak too much; I have deſerv'd
All tongues to talk their bittereſt.

1. LORD. Say no more;
Howe'er the buſineſs goes, you have made fault
I'the boldneſs of your ſpeech.

PAUL. I am ſorry for't;[6]
All faults I make, when I ſhall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have ſhow'd too much
The raſhneſs of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's paſt help,
Should be paſt grief:[7] Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beſeech you; rather
Let me be puniſh'd that have minded you

[6] *I am ſorry for't;*) This is another inſtance of the ſudden changes incident to vehement and ungovernable minds. JOHNSON.

[7] —— *what's paſt help,*
Should be paſt grief:] So, in *King Richard II:*
"Things paſt redreſs, are now with me paſt care."
STEEVENS.

Of what you ſhould forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal ſir, forgive a fooliſh woman:
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
I'll ſpeak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is loſt too: Take your patience to you,
And I'll ſay nothing.

LEON. Thou didſt ſpeak but well,
When moſt the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and ſon;
One grave ſhall be for both; upon them ſhall
The cauſes of their death appear, unto
Our ſhame perpetual: Once a day I'll viſit
The chapel where they lie; and tears, ſhed there,
Shall be my recreation: So long as
Nature will bear up with this exerciſe,
So long I daily vow to uſe it. Come,
And lead me to theſe ſorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Bohemia. *A deſert country near the ſea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS, *with the Child; and a* Mariner.

ANT. Thou art perfect then,[7] our ſhip hath touch'd upon
The deſerts of Bohemia?

MAR. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the ſkies look grimly,

[7] *Thou art* perfect *then,*] *Perfect* is often uſed by Shakſpeare for *certain, well aſſured,* or *well informed.* JOHNSON.

It is ſo uſed by almoſt all our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

And threaten preſent bluſters. In my conſcience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

ANT. Their ſacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard:
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

MAR. Make your beſt haſte; and go not
Too far i'the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Beſides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

ANT. Go thou away;
I'll follow inſtantly.

MAR. I am glad at heart
To be ſo rid o'the buſineſs. [*Exit.*

ANT. Come, poor babe:——
I have heard, but not believ'd, the ſpirits of the dead
May walk again: if ſuch thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me laſt night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one ſide, ſome another;
I never ſaw a veſſel of like ſorrow,
So fill'd, and ſo becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very ſanctity, ſhe did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;
And, gaſping to begin ſome ſpeech, her eyes
Became two ſpouts: the fury ſpent, anon
Did this break from her: *Good* Antigonus,
Since fate, againſt thy better diſpoſition,
Hath made thy perſon for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying; and for the babe
Is counted loſt for ever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee, call't: for this ungentle buſineſs,

Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er ſhalt ſee
Thy wife Paulina *more*:—and ſo, with ſhrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myſelf; and thought
This was ſo, and no ſlumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet, for this once, yea, ſuperſtitiouſly,
I will be ſquar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath ſuffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the iſſue
Of king Polixenes, it ſhould here be laid,
Either for life, or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Bloſſom, ſpeed thee well!
[*Laying down the child.*
There lie; and there thy character:[8] there theſe;
[*Laying down a bundle.*
Which may, if fortune pleaſe, both breed thee, pretty,
And ſtill reſt thine.—The ſtorm begins:—Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loſs, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and moſt accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough:[9] I never ſaw
The heavens ſo dim by day. A ſavage clamour?[a]—
Well may I get aboard!——This is the chace;
I am gone for ever, [*Exit, purſued by a bear.*

[8] ——*thy* character:] thy deſcription; i. e. the writing afterwards diſcovered with Perdita. STEEVENS.

[9] *A* lullaby *too rough:*] So, in *Doraſtus and Faunia:* "Shall thy tender mouth, inſtead of ſweet kiſſes, be nipped with bitter ſtormes? Shalt thou have the *whiſtling winds* for thy *lullaby*, and the ſalt ſeaſome, inſtead of ſweet milke?" MALONE.

[a] —*A ſavage clamour?*] This clamour was the cry of the dogs and hunters; then ſeeing the bear, he cries, *this is the chace*, or, the *animal purſued*. JOHNSON.

Enter an old Shepherd.

SHEP. I would, there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty; or that youth would ſleep out the reſt; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, ſtealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—— Would any but theſe boil'd brains of nineteen, and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have ſcared away two of my beſt ſheep; which, I fear, the wolf will ſooner find, than the maſter: if any where I have them, 'tis by the ſea-ſide, browzing on ivy.[3] Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the child.*] Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne![4] A boy, or a child,[5] I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure, ſome ſcape: though I am not bookiſh, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the ſcape. This has been ſome ſtair-work, ſome trunk-work, ſome behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my ſon come; he holla'd but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

[3] ——*if any where I have them, 'tis by the* ſea-ſide, browzing *on* ivy.] This alſo is from the novel: "[The Shepherd] fearing either that the *wolves* or eagles had undone him, (for he was ſo poore as a ſheepe was halfe his ſubſtance,) wand'red downe towards the *ſea-cliffes*, to ſee if perchance the *ſheepe* was *browzing* on the *ſea-ivy*, whereon they doe greatly feed." MALONE.

[4] —— *a* barne; *a very pretty* barne!] i. e. child. So, in R. Broome's *Northern Laſs*, 1633:

"Peace wayward *barne!* O ceaſe thy moan,
"Thy far more wayward daddy's gone."

It is a North Country word. *Barns* for *borns*, things born; ſeeming to anſwer to the Latin *nati*. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *A boy, or* a child,] I am told, that in ſome of our inland counties, a *female infant*, in contradiſtinction to a *male one*, is ſtill termed, among the peaſantry,—*a child*. STEEVENS.

Enter Clown.

CLOWN. Hilloa, loa!

SHEP. What, art ſo near? If thou'lt ſee a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'ſt thou, man?

CLOWN. I have ſeen two ſuch ſights, by ſea, and by land;—but I am not to ſay, it is a ſea, for it is now the ſky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thruſt a bodkin's point.

SHEP. Why, boy, how is it?

CLOWN. I would, you did but ſee how it chaſes, how it rages, how it takes up the ſhore! but that's not to the point: O, the moſt piteous cry of the poor ſouls! ſometimes to ſee 'em, and not to ſee 'em: now the ſhip boring the moon with her main-maſt;[3] and anon ſwallow'd with yeſt and froth, as you'd thruſt a cork into a hogſhead. And then for the land ſervice,—To ſee how the bear tore out his ſhoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and ſaid, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ſhip:—to ſee how the ſea flap-dragon'd it:[4]—but, firſt, how the poor ſouls roar'd, and the ſea mock'd them;—and how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the ſea, or weather.

SHEP. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

CLOWN. Now, now; I have not winked ſince I ſaw theſe ſights: the men are not yet cold under

[3] ——*now the ſhip boring the moon with her main-maſt;*] So, in *Pericles:* "But ſea-room, and the brine and cloudy *billow kiſs the moon*, I care not." MALONE.

[4] ——flap-dragon'd *it:*] i. e. ſwallowed it, as our ancient topers ſwallowed *flap-dragons.* So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:* "Thou art eaſier ſwallowed than a *flap-dragon.*" See note on *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

SHEP. Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man![5]

CLOWN. I would you had been by the ſhip ſide, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing. [*Aſide.*

SHEP. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bleſs thyſelf; thou met'ſt with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a ſight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth[6] for a ſquire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's ſee;—It was told me, I ſhould be rich by the fairies: this is ſome changeling:[7] — open't: What's within, boy?

[5] Shep. *Would I had been by, to have help'd the* old *man.*] Though all the printed copies concur in this reading, I am perſuaded, we ought to reſtore, *nobleman.* The Shepherd knew nothing of Antigonus's age; beſides, the Clown hath juſt told his father, that he ſaid his name was Antigonus, a *nobleman;* and no leſs than three times in this ſhort ſcene, the Clown, ſpeaking of him, calls him the *gentleman.* THEOBALD.

I ſuppoſe the Shepherd infers the age of Antigonus from his inability to defend himſelf; or perhaps Shakſpeare, who was conſcious that he himſelf deſigned Antigonus for an *old* man, has inadvertently given this knowledge to the Shepherd who had never ſeen him. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the word *old* was inadvertently omitted in the preceding ſpeech: "— nor the bear half dined on the *old* gentleman;" Mr. Steevens's ſecond conjecture, however, is, I believe, the true one. MALONE.

[6] —— *a bearing-cloth* —] *A bearing-cloth* is the fine mantle or cloth with which a child is uſually covered, when it is carried to the church to be baptized. PERCY.

[7] —— *ſome changeling:*] i. e. ſome child left behind by the fairies, in the room of one which they had ſtolen.

So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

"A lovely boy, ſtol'n from an Indian king;
"She never had ſo ſweet a *changeling.*" STEEVENS.

CLOWN. You're a made old man;[7] if the ſins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

SHEP. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove ſo: up with it, keep it cloſe; home, home, the next way.[8] We are lucky, boy; and to be ſo ſtill, requires nothing but ſecrecy.—Let my ſheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

CLOWN. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go ſee if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curſt, but when they are hungry:[9] if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

SHEP. That's a good deed: If thou may'ſt diſcern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the ſight of him.

CLOWN. Marry, will I; and you ſhall help to put him i'the ground.

SHEP. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

[7] *You're a* made *old man;*] In former copies: —*You're a* mad *old man; if the ſins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live, Gold! all gold:* — This the Clown ſays upon his opening his fardel, and diſcovering the wealth in it. But this is no reaſon why he ſhould call his father a *mad* old *man*. I have ventured to correct in the text—— *You're a* made *old man;* i. e. your fortune's made by this adventitious treaſure. So our poet, in a number of other paſſages. THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton did not accept this emendation, but it is certainly right. The word is borrowed from the novel: "The good man deſired his wife to be quiet: if ſhe would hold peace, they were *made* for ever." FARMER.

[8] —— *the* next *way.*] i. e. the neareſt way. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I: "'Tis the *next* way to turn tailor, or be red-breaſt teacher." STEEVENS.

[9] *They are never* curſt, *but when they are hungry:*] Curſt, ſignifies *miſchievous*. Thus the adage: *Curſt* cows have ſhort horns. HENLEY.

ACT IV.

Enter Time, *as Chorus.*

TIME. I,—that pleaſe ſome, try all; both joy, and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error,[2]—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To uſe my wings. Impute it not a crime,
To me, or my ſwift paſſage, that I ſlide
O'er ſixteen years,[3] and leave the growth untried

[2] ——*that make, and unfold error,*] This does not, in my opinion, take in the poet's thought. Time does not *make* miſtakes, and *diſcover them*, at different conjunctures; but the poet means, that Time often for a ſeaſon *covers* errors, which he afterwards *diſplays* and *brings to light*. I chuſe therefore to read:

——*that* maſk *and* unfold *error*,—— THEOBALD.

Theobald's emendation is ſurely unneceſſary. *Departed time* renders many facts obſcure, and in that ſenſe is the cauſe of error. *Time to come* brings diſcoveries with it.

"Theſe very comments on Shakſpeare (ſays Mr. M. Maſon) prove that time can both make and unfold error." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*that I ſlide*
O'er ſixteen years,] This treſpaſs, in reſpect of dramatic unity, will appear venial to thoſe who have read the once famous *Lyly's Endymion*, or (as he himſelf calls it in the prologue) his *Man in the Moon*. This author was applauded and very liberally paid by queen Elizabeth. Two acts of his piece comprize the ſpace of forty years, Endymion lying down to ſleep at the end of the ſecond, and waking in the firſt ſcene of the fifth, after a nap of that unconſcionable length. Lyly has likewiſe been guilty of much greater abſurdities than ever Shakſpeare committed; for he ſuppoſes that Endymion's hair, features, and perſon, were changed by age during his ſleep, while all the other perſonages of the drama remained without alteration.

George Whetſtone, in the epiſtle dedicatory, before his *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578, (on the plan of which *Meaſure for Meaſure* is formed) had pointed out many of theſe abſurdities and offences

Of that wide gap;[4] ſince it is in my power
To o'erthrow law,[5] and in one ſelf-born hour

againſt the laws of the Drama. It muſt be owned therefore that Shakſpeare has not fallen into them through ignorance of what they were. "For at this daye, the Italian is ſo laſcivious in his comedies, that honeſt hearts are grieved at his actions. The Frenchman and Spaniard follow the Italian's humour. The German is too holy; for he preſents on everye common ſtage, what preachers ſhould pronounce in pulpits. The Engliſhman in this quallitie, is moſt vaine, indiſcreete, and out of order. He firſt grounds his worke on impoſſibilities: then in three houres ronnes he throwe the worlde: marryes, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder monſters, and bringeth goddes from heaven, and fetcheth devils from hell," &c. This quotation will ſerve to ſhow that our poet might have enjoyed the benefit of literary laws, but, like Achilles, denied that laws were deſigned to operate on beings confident of their own powers, and ſecure of graces beyond the reach of art. STEEVENS.

In *The Pleaſant Comedie of Patient Griſſel*, 1603, written by Thomas Dekker, Henry Chettle, and William Haughton, Griſſel is in the firſt act married, and ſoon afterwards brought to bed of twins, a ſon and a daughter; and the daughter in the fifth act is produced on the ſcene as a woman old enough to be married. MALONE.

[4] —— *and leave the* growth *untried*
Of that wide gap:] Our author attends more to his ideas than to his words. *The growth of the wide gap*, is ſomewhat irregular; but he means, *the growth*, or progreſſion of the time which filled up the *gap* of the ſtory between Perdita's birth and her ſixteenth year. *To leave this growth untried*, is *to leave the paſſages of the intermediate years unnoted and unexamined*. *Untried* is not, perhaps, the word which he would have choſen, but which his rhyme required. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation of *growth* is confirmed by a ſubſequent paſſage:

"I turn my glaſs; and give my ſcene ſuch *growing*,
"As you had ſlept between."

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre:*

"Whom our faſt *growing* ſcene muſt find
"At Tharſus."

Gap, the reading of the original copy, which Dr. Warburton changed to *gulph*, is likewiſe ſupported by the ſame play, in which old Gower, who appears as Chorus, ſays,

To plant and o'erwhelm cuſtom: Let me paſs
The ſame I am, ere ancient'ſt order was,
Or what is now received: I witneſs to
The times that brought them in; ſo ſhall I do
To the freſheſt things now reigning; and make ſtale
The gliſtering of this preſent, as my tale
Now ſeems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glaſs; and give my ſcene ſuch growing,
As you had ſlept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealouſies; ſo grieving,
That he ſhuts up himſelf; imagine me,
Gentle ſpectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia;[6] and remember well,
I mentioned a ſon o'the king's, which Florizel

" —learn of me, who ſtand i'the *gaps* to teach you
" The ſtages of our ſtory." MALONE.

[5] ———*ſince it is my power*, &c.] The reaſoning of *Time* is not very clear; he ſeems to mean, that he who has broke ſo many laws may now break another; that he who introduced every thing, may introduce Perdita in her ſixteenth year; and he intreats that he may paſs as of old, before any *order* or ſucceſſion of objects, ancient or modern, diſtinguiſhed his periods. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *imagine* me,
Gentle ſpectators, that I *now may be*
In fair Bohemia;] *Time* is every where alike. I know not whether both ſenſe and grammar may not dictate:
—— *imagine* we,
Gentle ſpectators, that you *now may be*, &c.
Let *us* imagine that *you*, who behold theſe ſcenes, are now in Bohemia. JOHNSON.

Imagine *me*, means imagine *with me*, or imagine *for me;* and is a common mode of expreſſion. Thus we ſay " do *me* ſuch a thing," " ſpell *me* ſuch a word." In *Henry IV.* Falſtaff ſays, ſpeaking of ſack,
" It aſcends *me* into the brain, dries *me* there," &c.
Again, in *King Lear*, Gloſter ſays to Edmund, ſpeaking of Edgar:
" Wind *me* into him," &c. M. MASON.

I now name to you; and with ſpeed ſo pace
To ſpeak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring: What of her enſues,
I liſt not prophecy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—a ſhepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of time:[6] Of this allow,[7]
If ever you have ſpent time worſe ere now;
If never yet, that Time himſelf doth ſay,
He wiſhes earneſtly, you never may. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

The ſame. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes *and* Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a ſickneſs, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years,[8] ſince I ſaw my country: though I have, for the moſt part, been aired abroad, I deſire to lay my bones there. Beſides, the

[6] *Is the argument of time:*] *Argument* is the ſame with *ſubject.* Johnson.

[7] ——*Of this* allow,] To *allow* in our author's time ſignified to *approve.* Malone.

[8] *It is* fifteen *years,*] We ſhould read——*ſixteen. Time* has juſt ſaid:

——*that I ſlide*
O'er fixteen *years*——

Again, Act V. ſc. iii: "Which lets go by ſome *ſixteen* years."—Again, *ibid.* "———Which *ſixteen* winters cannot blow away." Steevens.

penitent king, my maſter, hath ſent for me: to whoſe feeling ſorrows I might be ſome allay, or I o'erween to think ſo; which is another ſpur to my departure.

POL. As thou loveſt me, Camillo, wipe not out the reſt of thy ſervices, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodneſs hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made me buſineſſes, which none, without thee, can ſufficiently manage, muſt either ſtay to execute them thyſelf, or take away with thee the very ſervices thou haſt done: which if I have not enough conſider'd, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee, ſhall be my ſtudy; and my profit therein, the heaping friendſhips.[9] Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee ſpeak no more: whoſe very naming puniſhes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'ſt him, and reconciled king, my brother; whoſe loſs of his moſt precious queen, and children, are even now to be afreſh lamented. Say to me, when ſaw'ſt thou the prince Florizel my ſon? Kings are no leſs unhappy, their iſſue not being gracious, than they are in loſing them, when they have approved their virtues.

CAM. Sir, it is three days, ſince I ſaw the prince:

[9] —— *and my profit therein, the* heaping friendſhips.] The ſenſe of *heaping friendſhips*, though like many other of our author's, unuſual, at leaſt unuſual to modern ears, is not very obſcure. *To be more thankful ſhall be my ſtudy; and my profit therein the heaping friendſhips.* That is, *I will for the future be more liberal of recompence, from which I ſhall receive this advantage, that as I heap benefits I ſhall heap friendſhips, as I confer favours on thee I ſhall increaſe the friendſhip between us.* JOHNSON.

Friendſhips is, I believe, here uſed, with ſufficient licence, merely for *friendly offices*. MALONE.

What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, miſſingly, noted,[2] he is of late much retired from court; and is leſs frequent to his princely exerciſes, than formerly he hath appeared.

POL. I have conſider'd ſo much, Camillo; and with ſome care; ſo far, that I have eyes under my ſervice, which look upon his removedneſs: from whom I have this intelligence; That he is ſeldom from the houſe of a moſt homely ſhepherd; a man, they ſay, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unſpeakable eſtate.

CAM. I have heard, ſir, of ſuch a man, who hath a daughter of moſt rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from ſuch a cottage.

POL. That's likewiſe part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle[3] that plucks our ſon thither. Thou ſhalt accompany us to the place: where we

[2] —— *but I have*, miſſingly, *noted*,] *Miſſingly* noted means, I have obſerved him at *intervals*, not conſtantly or regularly, but occaſionally. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *But, I fear the* angle —] Mr. Theobald reads, —— *and* I fear the *engle*. JOHNSON.

Angle in this place means a *fiſhing-rod*, which he repreſents as drawing his ſon, like a fiſh, away. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

" —— he did win
" The hearts of all that he did *angle* for."

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well:*

" She knew her diſtance, and did *angle* for me."

STEEVENS.

So, in Lyly's *Sapho and Phao*, 1591:

" Thine *angle* is ready, when thine oar is idle; and as ſweet is the fiſh which thou getteſt in the river, as the fowl which other buy in the market." MALONE.

will, not appearing what we are, have ſome queſtion [4] with the ſhepherd; from whoſe ſimplicity, I think it not uneaſy to get the cauſe of my ſon's reſort thither. Pr'ythee, be my preſent partner in this buſineſs, and lay aſide the thoughts of Sicilia.

CAM. I willingly obey your command.

POL. My beſt Camillo!—We muſt diſguiſe ourſelves. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, [5] *ſinging.*

When daffodils begin to peer, [6]——
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,—
Why, then comes in the ſweet o'the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale. [6]

[4] —— *ſome* queſtion ——] i. e. ſome talk. See Vol. VI. p. 89, n. 8. MALONE.

[5] —— *Autolycus,*] *Autolycus* was the ſon of Mercury, and as famous for all the arts of fraud and thievery as his father;

"*Non fuit Autolyci tam piceata manus.*" Martial.

STEEVENS.

[6] *When daffodils begin to peer,*——
and

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,] "Two *monſenſical* ſongs, by the rogue Autolycus," ſays Dr. Burney.—But could not the many compliments paid by Shakſpeare to muſical ſcience, intercede for a better epithet than *nonſenſical?*

The Dr. ſubſequently obſerves, that "This Autolycus is the true *ancient* Minſtrel, as deſcribed in the old Fabliaux."

The white ſheet bleaching on the hedge,[7]—
With, hey! the ſweet birds, O, how they ſing!—
Doth ſet my pugging tooth[8] *on edge;*
For a quart of ale is a diſh for a king.

I believe that many of our readers will puſh the compariſon a little further, and concur with me in thinking that our *modern* minſtrels of the opera, like their predeceſſor Autolycus, are *pick-pockets* as well as ſingers of *nonſenſical* ballads. STEEVENS.

[6] *For the red blood* reigns *in the* winter's *pale.*] This line has ſuffered a great variety of alterations, but I am perſuaded the old reading is the true one. The firſt folio has "the *winter's pale;*" and the meaning is, the red, the *ſpring* blood now *reigns o'er* the parts lately under the *dominion of winter.* The *Engliſh pale*, the *Iriſh pale*, were frequent expreſſions in Shakſpeare's time; and the words *red* and *pale* were choſen for the ſake of the *antitheſis.*
FARMER.

Dr. Farmer is certainly right. I had offered this explanation to Dr. Johnſon, who rejected it. In *K. Henry V.* our author ſays:

"—— the Engliſh beach
"*Pales* in the flood," &c.

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"Whate'er the ocean *pales*, or ſky inclips."

Holinſhed, p. 528, calls Sir Richard Aſton, "Lieutenant of the Engliſh *pale*, for the earle of Summerſet." Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

"How are we park'd, and bounded in a *pale.*"
STEEVENS.

[7] *The white ſheet* bleaching, &c.] So, in the ſong at the end of *Love's Labour's Loſt*, SPRING mentions as deſcriptive of that ſeaſon, that then "—— maidens *bleach* their ſummer *ſmocks.*"
MALONE.

[8] —— *pugging tooth* ——] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—*progging tooth.* It is certain that *pugging* is not now underſtood. But Dr. Thirlby obſerves, that it is the cant of gypſies. JOHNSON.

The word *pugging* is uſed by Greene in one of his pieces; and a *puggard* was a cant name for ſome particular kind of thief. So, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

"Of cheaters, lifters, nips, foiſts, *puggards*, curbers."

See to *prigge* in *Minſheu.* STEEVENS.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants. [9]—
With, hey! with, hey! the thruſh and the jay:—
Are ſummer ſongs for me and my aunts, [2]
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have ſerv'd prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile; [3] but now I am out of ſervice:

[9] *The lark, that* tirra-lirra *chants.*]

— — — — — — —

La gentille alouette avec ſon *tire-lire*
Tire lire a lire & tire-lirant tire
Vers la voute du Ciel, puis ſon vol vers ce lieu
Vire & deſire dire adieu Dieu, adieu Dieu.
Du Bartas. Liv. 5. de ſa première ſemaine.

Ecce ſuum *tirile tirile:* ſuum *tirile* tractat.
Linnæi Fauna Suecica.
HOLT WHITE.

So, in an ancient poem entitled, *The Silke Worms and their Flies*, 1599:

"Let Philomela ſing, let Progne chide,
"Let *Tyry-tyry-leerers* upward flie—."

In the margin the author explains *Tyryleerers* by its ſynonyme, *larks*. MALONE.

[2] —— *my aunts,*] *Aunt* appears to have been at this time a cant word for a *bawd*. In Middleton's comedy, called, *A Trick to catch the Old one*, 1616, is the following confirmation of its being uſed in that ſenſe:—"It was better beſtow'd upon his uncle than one of his *aunts*, I need not ſay *bawd*, for every one knows what *aunt* ſtands for in the laſt tranſlation." Again, in *Ram-alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"I never knew
"What ſleeking, glazing, or what preſſing meant,
"Till you preferr'd me to your *aunt* the lady:
"I knew no ivory teeth, no caps of hair,
"No mercury, water, fucus, or perfumes
"To help a lady's breath, until your *aunt*
"Learn'd me the common trick."

Again, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635: "I'll call you one of my *aunts*, ſiſter, that were as good as to call you arrant *whore*."
STEEVENS.

[3] —— *wore* three-pile;] i. e. rich velvet. So, in *Ram-alley* or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

But ſhall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon ſhines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do moſt go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the ſow-ſkin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the ſtocks avouch it.

My traffick is ſheets; [3] when the kite builds, look

" —— and line them
" With black, crimſon, and tawny *three-pil'd velvet.*"

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" Maſter *Tree-pile*, the mercer." STEEVENS.

[3] *My traffick is ſheets;* &c.] So, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

" Our fingers are lime twigs, and barbers we be,
" To catch *ſheets* from hedges moſt pleaſant to ſee."

Again, in *Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment in Suffolke and Norfolke*, &c. by Thomas Churchyard, 4to. no date, *Riotte* ſays

" If any heere three ydle people needes,
" Call us in time, for we are fine for *ſheetes:*
" Yea, for a ſhift, to ſteale them from the hedge,
" And lay both *ſheetes* and linnen all to gage.
" We are beſt be gone, leaſt ſome do heare alledge
" We are but roages, and clappe us in the cage."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggars Buſh:*

" To ſteal from the hedge both the ſhirt and the *ſheet.*"

STEEVENS.

Autolycus means, that his practice was to ſteal ſheets and large pieces of linen, leaving the ſmaller pieces for the kites to build with. M. MASON.

When the kite builds, look to leſſer linen.] *Leſſer linen* is an ancient term, for which our modern laundreſſes have ſubſtituted—*ſmall clothes.* STEEVENS.

This paſſage, I find, is not generally underſtood. When the good women, in ſolitary cottages near the woods where kites build, miſs any of their *leſſer linen*, as it hangs to dry on the hedge in ſpring, they conclude that the kite has been marauding for a lining to her neſt; and there adventurous boys often find it employed for that purpoſe. HOLT WHITE.

to leſſer linen. My father named me, Autolycus;[4] who, being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewiſe a ſnapper-up of unconſidered trifles: With die, and drab, I purchaſed this capariſon;[5] and my revenue is the filly cheat:[6] Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway:[7] beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I ſleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

[4] —— *My father nam'd me, Autolycus:* &c.] Mr. Theobald ſays, *the alluſion is unqueſtionably to Ovid.* He is miſtaken. Not only the alluſion, but the whole ſpeech is taken from Lucian; who appears to have been one of our poet's favourite authors, as may be collected from ſeveral places of his works. It is from *his diſcourſe on judicial aſtrology*, where Autolycus talks much in the ſame manner; and 'tis on this account that he is called the ſon of Mercury by the ancients, namely becauſe he was born under that planet. And as the infant was ſuppoſed by the aſtrologers to communicate of the nature of the ſtar which predominated, ſo Autolycus was a thief. WARBURTON.

This piece of Lucian, to which Dr. Warburton refers, was tranſlated long before the time of Shakſpeare, I have ſeen it, but it had no date. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *With die, and drab, I purchaſed this capariſon;*] i. e. with gaming and whoring, I brought myſelf to this ſhabby dreſs. PERCY.

[6] —— *my revenue is the* filly *cheat:*] *Silly* is uſed by the writers of our author's time, for ſimple, low, mean; and in this the humour of the ſpeech conſiſts. I don't aſpire to arduous and high things, as Bridewell or the gallows: I am contented with this humble and low way of life, as a *ſnapper-up of unconſidered trifles.* But the Oxford editor, who, by his emendations, ſeems to have declared war againſt all Shakſpeare's humour, alters it to,—*the ſly cheat.* WARBURTON.

The *ſilly cheat* is one of the *technical* terms belonging to the art of *conycatching* or *thievery*, which Greene has mentioned among the reſt, in his treatiſe on that ancient and honourable ſcience. I think it means *picking pockets.* STEEVENS.

[7] *Gallows, and knock*, &c.] The reſiſtance which a highwayman encounters in the fact, and the puniſhment which he ſuffers on detection, withhold me from daring robbery, and determine me to the filly cheat and petty theft. JOHNSON.

Enter Clown.

CLOWN. Let me ſee:—Every 'leven wether tods;[7] every tod yields—pound and odd ſhilling: fifteen hundred ſhorn,—What comes the wool to?

AUT. If the ſpringe hold, the cock's mine.

[*Aſide.*

CLOWN. I cannot do't without counters.[8]—Let

[7] —— *tods;*] A *tod* is twenty-eight pounds of wool. PERCY.

I was led into an errour concerning this paſſage by the word *tods*, which I conceived to be a ſubſtantive, but which is uſed ungrammatically as the third perſon ſingular of the verb to *tod*, in concord with the preceding words—*every 'leven wether*. The ſame diſregard of grammar is found in almoſt every page of the old copies, and has been properly corrected, but here is in character, and ſhould be preſerved.

Dr. Farmer obſerves to me, that to *tod* is uſed as a verb by dealers in wool; thus, they ſay, "Twenty ſheep ought to *tod* fifty pounds of wool," &c. The meaning therefore of the clown's words is, "Every eleven whether *tods;* i. e. *will produce a tod*, or twenty-eight pounds of wool; every tod yields a pound and ſome odd ſhillings; what then will the wool of fifteen hundred yield?"

The occupation of his father furniſhed our poet with accurate knowledge on this ſubject; for two pounds and a half of wool is, I am told, a very good produce from a ſheep at the time of ſhearing. About thirty ſhillings a tod is a high price at this day. It is ſingular, as Sir Henry Engleſield remarks to me, that there ſhould be ſo little variation between the price of wool in Shakſpeare's time and the preſent.—In 1425, as I learn from Kennet's *Parochial Antiquities*, a tod of wool ſold for nine ſhillings and ſix pence. MALONE.

Every 'leven wether tods;] This has been rightly expounded to mean that the wool of *eleven ſheep* would weigh a *tod*, or 28 *lb.* Each fleece would, therefore, be 2 *lb.* 8 oz. 11 1/2 *dr.* and the whole produce of *fifteen hundred ſhorn* 136 *tod* 9*lb.* 6*oz.* 2*dr.* which *at pound and odd ſhilling per* tod would yield *L.* 143 3 0. Our author was too familiar with the ſubject to be ſuſpected of inaccuracy. RITSON.

[8] —— *without* counters.] By the help of ſmall circular pieces of baſe metal, all reckonings were anciently adjuſted among the illiterate and vulgar. Thus Iago, in contempt of Caſſio, calls him—*counter-caſter*. See my note on *Othello*, Act I. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

me ſee; what am I to buy for our ſheep-ſhearing feaſt?[9] *Three pound of ſugar; five pound of currants; rice*——What will this ſiſter of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her miſtreſs of the feaſt, and ſhe lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty noſegays for the ſhearers: three-man ſong-men all,[2] and very good ones; but they are moſt of them means and baſes:[3] but one Puritan amongſt them, and he ſings pſalms to hornpipes. I muſt have *ſaffron*, to colour the warden pies,[4] *mace*,—*dates*,

[9] ——*ſheep-ſhearing feaſt?*] The expence attending theſe feſtivities, appears to have afforded matter of complaint. Thus in *Queſtions of Profitable and Pleaſant Concernings*, &c. 1594: "If it be a *ſheep-ſhearing feaſt*, maiſter Baily can entertaine you with his bill of reckonings to his maiſter of three ſheapheard's wages, ſpent on freſh cates, beſides *ſpices* and *ſaffron* pottage." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*three-man ſong-men all*,] i. e. ſingers of catches in three parts. *A ſix-man ſong* occurs in *The Tournament of Tottenham*. See *The Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 24. PERCY.

So, in Heywood's *King Edward IV.* 1626: "— call Dudgeon and his fellows, we'll have a *three-man* ſong." Before the comedy of *The Gentle Craft, or the Shoemaker's Holiday*, 1600, ſome of theſe *three-man ſongs* are printed. STEEVENS.

[3] —— means *and baſes: Means* are tenors.
So in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*
"————he can ſing
"A *mean* moſt meanly." STEEVENS.

[4] —— warden *pies;*] *Wardens* are a ſpecies of large pears. I believe the name is diſuſed at preſent. It however afforded Ben Jonſon room for a quibble in his maſque of *Gypſies Metamorphoſed:*
"A deputy tart, a church-*warden* pye."
It appears from a paſſage in *Cupid's Revenge*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, that theſe pears were uſually eaten roaſted:
"I would have had him *roaſted like a warden*,
"In brown paper."
The French call this pear the *poire de garde*. STEEVENS.

Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, voce *Warden Tree*, [*Volemum*] ſays, *Volema* autem *pyra* ſunt prægrandia, ita quod impleant volam.
REED.

—none; that's out of my note: *nutmegs, ſeven; a race, or two, of ginger;*—but that I may beg;—*four pound of prunes, and as many of raiſins o'the ſun.*

AUT. O, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*

CLOWN. I'the name of me,[5]——

AUT. O, help me, help me! pluck but off theſe rags; and then, death, death!

CLOWN. Alack, poor ſoul; thou haſt need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have theſe off.

AUT. O, ſir, the loathſomeneſs of them offends me more than the ſtripes I have receiv'd; which are mighty ones, and millions.

CLOWN. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

AUT. I am robb'd, ſir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and theſe deteſtable things put upon me.

CLOWN. What, by a horſe-man, or a foot-man?

AUT. A foot-man, ſweet ſir, a foot-man.

CLOWN. Indeed, he ſhould be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this he a horſe-man's coat, it hath ſeen very hot ſervice. Lend my thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*

AUT. O! good ſir, tenderly, oh!

CLOWN. Alas, poor ſoul.

[5] *I' the name of me,*] This is a vulgar exclamation, which I have often heard uſed. So, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek:—"Before me, ſhe's a good wench." STEEVENS.

AUT. O, good ſir, ſoftly, good ſir: I fear, ſir, my ſhoulder-blade is out.

CLOWN. How now? canſt ſtand?

AUT. Softly, dear ſir; [*picks his pocket.*] good ſir, ſoftly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

CLOWN. Doſt lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

AUT. No, good ſweet ſir; no, I beſeech you, ſir: I have a kinſman not paſt three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I ſhall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.[6]

CLOWN. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

AUT. A fellow, ſir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames:[7] I knew him once a

[6] ——*that* kills my heart.] So, in *K. Henry V.* Dame Quickly, ſpeaking of Falſtaff, ſays—" the king hath *kill'd his heart.* STEEVENS.

See Vol. VIII. p. 260, n. 3. MALONE.

[7] ——*with* trol-my-dames:] *Trou-Madame*, French. The game of nine-holes. WARBURTON.

In Dr. Jones's old treatiſe on *Buckſtone Bathes*, he ſays: " The ladyes, gentle woomen, wyves, maydes, if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche, eleven holes made, intoo the which to troule pummits, either wyolent or ſofte, after their own diſcretion: the paſtyme *troule in madame* is termed." FARMER.

The old Engliſh title of this game was *pigeon-holes;* as the arches in the machine through which the balls are rolled, reſemble the cavities made for *pigeons* in a *dove-houſe.* So, in *The Antipodes*, 1638:

" Three-pence I loſt at nine-pins; but I got
" Six tokens towards that at *pigeon-holes.*"

Again, in *A wonder, or a Woman never vex'd*, 1632: " What quickſands he finds out, as dice, cards, *pigeon-holes.*" STEEVENS.

ſervant of the prince; I cannot tell, good ſir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

CLOWN. His vices, you would ſay; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court: they cheriſh it, to make it ſtay there; and yet it will no more but abide.[8]

AUT. Vices I would ſay, ſir. I know this man well: he hath been ſince an ape-bearer; then a proceſs ſerver, a bailiff; then he compaſs'd a motion of the prodigal ſon,[9] and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knaviſh profeſſions, he ſettled only in rogue: ſome call him Autolycus.

CLOWN. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig:[a] he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Mr. Steevens is perfectly accurate in his deſcription of the game of *Trou-madame*, or *pigeon holes*. *Nine holes* is quite another thing; Thus:

o o o being ſo many holes made in the ground, into which
o o o they are to bowl a pellet. I have ſeen both played
o o o at. RITSON.

This game is mentioned by Drayton in the 14th ſong of his *Polyolbion:*

"At *nine-holes* on the heath while they together play."
STEEVENS.

[8] ——*abide.*] To *abide*, here, muſt ſignify to *ſojourn*, to live for a time without a ſettled habitation. JOHNSON.

To *abide* is again uſed in *Macbeth*, in the ſenſe of *tarrying for a while:*

"I'll call upon you ſtraight; *abide* within." MALONE.

[9] —— motion *of the prodigal ſon.*] i. e. the *puppet-ſhew*, then called *motions*. A term frequently occurring in our author.
WARBURTON.

[a] —Prig, *for my life, prig:*] To *prig* is to *filch*. MALONE.

In the canting language *Prig* is a thief or pick-pocket; and therefore in *The Beggars Buſh*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, *Prig* is the name of a knaviſh beggar. WHALLEY.

AUT. Very true, ſir; he ſir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

CLOWN. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but look'd big, and ſpit at him, he'd have run.

AUT. I muſt confeſs to you, ſir, I am no fighter: I am falſe of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

CLOWN. How do you now?

AUT. Sweet ſir, much better than I was; I can ſtand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace ſoftly towards my kinſman's.

CLOWN. Shall I bring thee on the way?

AUT. No, good-faced ſir; no, ſweet ſir.

CLOWN. Then fare thee well; I muſt go buy ſpices for our ſheep-ſhearing.

AUT. Proſper you, ſweet ſir!—[*Exit* Clown.] Your purſe is not hot enough to purchaſe your ſpice. I'll be with you at your ſheep-ſhearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the ſhearers prove ſheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue![3]

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,[4]
And merrily hent the ſtile-a:[5]
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your ſad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

[3] ——*let me be* unroll'd, *and my name put in the book of virtue!*] Begging gypſies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had ſomething of the ſhow of an incorporated body. From this noble ſociety he wiſhes he may be unrolled, if he does not ſo and ſo. WARBURTON.

[4] *Jog on, jog on,* &c.] Theſe lines are part of a catch printed in "*an Antidote againſt Melancholy, made up in Pills compounded of witty ballads, Jovial Songs, and merry catches,* 1661," 4to. p. 69. REED.

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

FLO. Theſe your unuſual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no ſhepherdeſs; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your ſheep-ſhearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

PER. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes,[6] it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high ſelf,
The gracious mark o'the land,[7] you have obſcur'd

[5] *And merrily* hent *the ſtile-a:*] To *hent* the ſtile, is to take hold of it. I was miſtaken when I ſaid in a note on *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act IV. ſc. ult. that the verb was—to *hend*. It is to *hent*, and comes from the Saxon *wentan*. So, in the old romance of *Guy Earl of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:

"Some by the armes *hent* good Guy."

Again:

"And ſome by the brydle him *hent*."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. vii:

"Great labour fondly haſt thou *hent* in hand."

STEEVENS.

[6] ——*your* extremes,] This is, your *exceſſes*, the *extravagance* of your praiſes. JOHNSON.

By his *extremes*, Perdita does not mean his *extravagant praiſes*, as Johnſon ſuppoſes; but the *extravagance of his conduct*, in obſcuring himſelf "in a ſwain's wearing," while he "prank'd her up moſt goddeſs-like." The following words, *O pardon that I name them*, prove this to be her meaning. M. MASON.

[7] *The gracious* mark *o' the land,*] The *object* of all men's *notice* and expectation. JOHNSON.

With a ſwain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Moſt goddeſslike prank'd up:[8] But that our feaſts
In every meſs have folly, and the feeders
Digeſt it[9] with a cuſtom, I ſhould bluſh
To ſee you ſo attired; ſworn, I think,
To ſhow myſelf a glaſs.[2]

So in *King Henry IV.* P. II:
" He was the *mark* and glaſs, copy and book,
" That faſhion'd others." MALONE.

[8] —— prank'd *up:*] To *prank* is to dreſs with oſtentation. So, in *Coriolanus:*
" For they do *prank* them in authority."
Again, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661:
I pray you go *prank* you." STEEVENS.

[9] *Digeſt* it——.] The word *it* was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[2] ——*ſworn, I think,*
To ſhow myſelf a glaſs.] i. e: one would think that in putting on this habit of a ſhepherd, you had ſworn to put me out of countenance; for in this, as in a glaſs, you ſhew me how much below yourſelf you muſt deſcend before you can get upon a level with me. The ſentiment is fine, and expreſſes all the delicacy, as well as humble modeſty of the character. WARBURTON.

Dr. Thirlby inclines rather to Sir T. Hanmer's emendation, which certainly makes an eaſy ſenſe, and is, in my opinion, preferable to the preſent reading. But concerning this paſſage I know not what to decide. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton has well enough explained this paſſage according to the old reading. Though I cannot help offering a tranſpoſition, which I would explain thus:

——*But that our feaſts*
In every meſs have folly, and the feeders
Digeſt it with a cuſtom,. (ſworn I think,)
To ſee you ſo attired, I ſhould bluſh
To ſhow myſelf a glaſs.

i. e.—But that our ruſtick feaſts are in every part accompanied with abſurdity of the ſame kind, which cuſtom has authorized, (cuſtom which one would think the gueſts had ſworn to obſerve,) I ſhould bluſh to preſent myſelf before a glaſs, which would ſhow me my own perſon adorned in a manner ſo foreign to my humble ſtate, or ſo much better habited than even that of my prince. STEEVENS.

FLO. I bleſs the time,
When my good falcon made her flight acroſs
Thy father's ground.[2]

PER. Now Jove afford you cauſe!
To me, the difference forges dread ;[3] your greatneſs
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by ſome accident,
Should paſs this way, as you did: O, the fates!

I think ſhe means only to ſay, that the prince, by the *ruſtick* habit that he wears, ſeems as if he had ſworn to ſhow her a glaſs, in which ſhe might behold how ſhe *ought* to be attired, inſtead of being "moſt goddeſs-like prank'd up." The paſſage quoted in p. 119, from *King Henry IV.* P. II. confirms this interpretation. In *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Vol. VII. p. 244, a foreſter having given the princeſs a true repreſentation of herſelf, ſhe addreſſes him,—"Here, good my *glaſs*."

Again, in *Julius Cæſar:*

"——I, your *glaſs*,
"Will modeſtly diſcover to yourſelf,
"That of yourſelf," &c.

Again, more appoſitely, in *Hamlet:*

"——he was indeed the *glaſs*,
"Wherein the noble youth did *dreſs* themſelves."

Florizel is here Perdita's glaſs. Sir T. Hanmer reads—*ſwoon*, inſtead of *ſworn*. There is, in my opinion, no need of change; and the words "to *ſhew* myſelf" appear to me inconſiſtent with that reading.

Sir Thomas Hanmer probably thought the ſimilitude of the words *ſworn* and *ſwoon* favourable to his emendation; but he forgot that *ſwoon* in the old copies of theſe plays is always written *ſound* or *ſwound*. MALONE.

[2] *When my good* falcon *made her flight acroſs*
Thy father's ground.] This circumſtance is likewiſe taken from the novel: —And at they returned, it fortuned that Doraſtus (who all that day had been *hawking*, and killed ſtore of game,) incountered by the way theſe two maides." MALONE.

[3] *To me, the* difference *forges dread,*] Meaning the difference between his rank and hers. So in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

"The courſe of true love never did run ſmooth,
"But either it was *different* in blood—." M. MASON.

How would he look, to ſee his work, ſo noble,
Vilely bound up?[4] What would he ſay? Or how
Should I, in theſe my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The ſternneſs of his preſence?

FLO. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themſelves,
Humbling their deities to love,[5] have taken
The ſhapes of beaſts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble ſwain,
As I ſeem now: Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way[6] ſo chaſte: ſince my deſires

[4] —— *his work, ſo noble,*
Vilely bound up?] It is impoſſible for any man to rid his mind of his profeſſion. The authorſhip of Shakſpeare has ſupplied him with a metaphor, which rather than he would loſe it, he has put with no great propriety into the mouth of a country maid. Thinking of his own works, his mind paſſed naturally to the binder. I am glad that he has no hint at an editor. JOHNSON.

The alluſion occurs more than once in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" This precious *book of love*, this *unbound lover*,
" To beautify him only lacks a *cover*."

Again:

" That book in many eyes doth ſhare the glory,
" That in *gold claſps* locks in the golden ſtory."

STEEVENS.

[5] —— *The gods themſelves,*
Humbling their deities to love,] This is taken almoſt literally from the novel: " The Gods above diſdaine not to love women beneath. Phœbus liked Daphne; Jupiter Io; and why not I then Fawnia? One ſomething inferior to theſe in birth, but far ſuperior to them in beauty; born to be a ſhepherdeſſe, but worthy to be a goddeſſe." Again: " And yet, Doraſtus, ſhame not thy ſhepherd's weed.—The heavenly gods have ſometime earthly thought; Neptune became a ram, Jupiter a bull, Apollo, a ſhepherd: they gods, and yet in love;—thou a man, appointed to love." MALONE.

[6] *Nor* in a *way* —— Read:—Nor *any* way. RITSON.

Nor in a way ſo chaſte:] It muſt be remembered that the tranſformations of Gods were generally for illicit amours; and conſe-

Run not before mine honour; nor my luſts
Burn hotter than my faith.
PER. O but, dear ſir,[7]
Your reſolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it muſt be, by the power o'the king:
One of theſe two muſt be neceſſities,
Which then will ſpeak; that you muſt change this purpoſe,
Or I my life.
FLO. Thou deareſt Perdita,
With theſe forc'd thoughts,[8] I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o'the feaſt: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am moſt conſtant,
Though deſtiny ſay, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle ſuch thoughts as theſe, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your gueſts are coming:
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have ſworn ſhall come.
PER. O lady fortune.
Stand you auſpicious!

quently were not "in a way ſo chaſte" as that of Florizel, whoſe object was to marry Perdita. A. C.

[7] *O but*, dear *ſir*,] In the oldeſt copy the word — *dear*, is wanting. STEEVENS.

The editor of the ſecond folio reads — O but, *dear* ſir; to complete the metre. But the addition is unneceſſary; *burn* in the preceding hemiſtich being uſed as a diſſyllable. Perdita in a former part of this ſcene addreſſes Florizel in the ſame reſpectful manner as here: "*Sir*, my precious lord," &c. I formerly, not adverting to what has been now ſtated, propoſed to take the word *your* from the ſubſequent line: but no change is neceſſary. MALONE.

I follow the ſecond folio, confeſſing my inability to read — *burn*, as a word of more than one ſyllable. STEEVENS.

[8] *With theſe* forc'd *thoughts*,] That is, thoughts far-fetched, and not ariſing from the preſent objects. M. MASON.

Enter Shepherd, *with* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO, *diſguiſed;* Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, *and others.*

FLO. See, your gueſts approach:
Addreſs yourſelf to entertain them ſprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

SHEP. Fye, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, ſhe was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and ſervant: welcom'd all; ſerv'd all:
Would ſing her ſong, and dance her turn: now here,
At upper end o'the table, now, i'the middle;
On his ſhoulder, and his: her face o'fire
With labour; and the thing, ſhe took to quench it,
She would to each one ſip: You are retir'd,
As if you were a feaſted one, and not
The hoſteſs of the meeting: Pray you, bid
Theſe unknown friends to us welcome: for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your bluſhes; and preſent yourſelf
That which you are, miſtreſs o'the feaſt:[9] Come on,
And bid us welcome to your ſheep-ſhearing,
As your good flock ſhall proſper.

PER. Welcome, ſir! [*To* POL.
It is my father's will, I ſhould take on me
The hoſteſsſhip o'the day:—You're welcome, ſir!
[*To* CAMILLO.
Give me thoſe flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend ſirs,
For you there's roſemary, and rue; theſe keep

[9] *That which you are, miſtreſs o' the feaſt:*] From the novel: "It happened not long after this, that there was a meeting of all the farmers' daughters of Sicilia, whither Fawnia was alſo bidden as *miſtreſs of the feaſt.*" MALONE.

Seeming, and ſavour, all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,[9]
And welcome to our ſhearing!

POL. Shepherdeſs,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

PER. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on ſummer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the faireſt flowers o'the ſeaſon
Are our carnations, and ſtreak'd gillyflowers,
Which ſome call, nature's baſtards: of that kind
Our ruſtick garden's barren; and I care not
To get ſlips of them.

POL. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

PER. For I have heard it ſaid,[a]

[9] *For you there's* roſemary, *and* rue; *theſe keep*
Seeming, *and* ſavour, *all the winter long:*
Grace, *and* remembrance, *be to you both,*] Ophelia diſtributes the ſame plants. and accompanies them with the ſame documents. "There's *roſemary*, that's for *remembrance*. There's *rue* for you: we may call it herb of *grace*." The qualities of retaining *ſeeming* and *ſavour*, appear to be the reaſon why theſe plants were conſidered as emblematical of *grace* and *remembrance*. The noſegay diſtributed by Perdita with the ſignifications annexed to each flower, reminds one of the ænigmatical letter from a Turkiſh lover, deſcribed by lady M. W. Montagu. HENLEY.

Grace, and remembrance,] *Rue* was called *herb of Grace*. *Roſemary* was the emblem of remembrance; I know not why, unleſs becauſe it was carried at funerals. JOHNSON.

Roſemary was anciently ſuppoſed to ſtrengthen the memory, and is preſcribed for that purpoſe in the books of ancient phyſick. STEEVENS.

[a] For *I have heard it ſaid,*] *For*, in this place, ſignifies—*becauſe that*. So, in Chaucer's *Clerkes Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 8092:
"She dranke, and *for* ſhe wolde vertue pleſe.
"She knew wel labour, but non idel eſe." STEEVENS.

There is an art, which, in their piedneſs, ſhares
With great creating nature.[3]

POL. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: ſo, o'er that art,
Which, you ſay, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You ſee, ſweet maid, we marry
A gentler ſcion to the wildeſt ſtock;
And make conceive a bark of baſer kind
By bud of nobler race: This is an art
Which does mend nature,— change it rather: but
The art itſelf is nature.

PER. So it is.

POL. Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers,[4]
And do not call them baſtards.

[3] *There is an art, which, in their piedneſs, ſhares*
With great creating nature.] That is, as Mr. T. Warton obſerves, "There is an art which can produce flowers, with *as great a variety of colours* as nature herſelf."

This art is pretended to be taught at the ends of ſome of the old books that treat of cookery, &c. but, being utterly impracticable, is not worth exemplification. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *in* gillyflowers,] There is ſome further conceit relative to *gillyflowers* than has yet been diſcovered. The old copy, (in both inſtances where this word occurs,) reads—*Gilly'vors*, a term ſtill uſed by low people in Suſſex, to denote a harlot. In *A Wonder, or a Woman never vex'd*, 1632, is the following paſſage: A lover is behaving with freedom to his miſtreſs as they are going into a garden, and after ſhe has alluded to the quality of many herbs, he adds: "You have fair roſes, have you not?" "Yes, ſir, (ſays ſhe,) but no *gillyflowers*." Meaning, perhaps, that ſhe would not be treated like a *gill-flirt*, i. e. wanton, a word often met with in the old plays, but written *flirt-gill* in *Romeo and Juliet*. I ſuppoſe *gill-flirt* to be derived, or rather corrupted, from *gilly-flower* or carnation, which, though beautiful in its appearance, is apt, in the gardener's phraſe, to *run* from its colours, and change as often as a licentious female.

Prior, in his *Solomon*, has taken notice of the ſame variability in this ſpecies of flowers:

PER. I'll not put
The dibble[5] in earth to ſet one ſlip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wiſh
This youth ſhould ſay, 'twere well; and only therefore
Deſire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, ſavory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the ſun,
And with him riſes weeping: theſe are flowers
Of middle ſummer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age: You are very welcome.

CAM. I ſhould leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

PER. Out, alas!
You'd be ſo lean, that blaſts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my faireſt friend,
I would, I had ſome flowers o'the ſpring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O Proſerpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'ſt fall

" —— the fond carnation loves to ſhoot
" Two various colours from one parent root."

In Lyte's *Herbal*, 1578, ſome ſorts of *gilliflowers* are called *ſmall honeſlies*, *cuckoo gilloſers*, &c. And in *A. W's. Commendation of Gaſcoigne and his Poſies*, is the following remark on this ſpecies of flower:

" Some thinke that *gilliflowers do yield a gelous ſmell.*"

See Gaſcoigne's Works, 1587. STEEVENS.

The following line in *The Paradiſe of Daintie Deviſes*, 1578, may add ſome ſupport to the firſt part of Mr. Steevens's note:

" Some jolly youth the *gilly-flower* eſteemeth for his joy."

MALONE.

[5] —— *dibble* ——] An inſtrument uſed by gardeners to make holes in the earth for the reception of young plants. See it in *Minſheu*. STEEVENS.

From Dis's waggon! [6] daffodils,
That come before the ſwallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But ſweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes, [7]

[6] ——— *O Proſerpina,*
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'ſt fall
From Dis's waggon!] So, in *Ovid's Metam.* B. V:
" —— *ut ſumma veſtem laxavit ab ora,*
" *Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remiſſis.*" STEEVENS.

The whole paſſage is thus tranſlated by Golding, 1587:
" While in this garden *Proſerpine* was taking her paſtime,
" In gathering either *violets* blew, or *lillies* white as lime,—
" *Dis* ſpide her, lou'd her, caught hir up, and all at once well neere.—
" The ladie with a wailing voice *afright* did often call
" Hir mother—
" And as ſhe from the upper part hir garment would have rent,
" By chance ſhe let her lap ſlip downe, and out her *flowers* went."
RITSON.

[7] ——— *violets dim,*
But ſweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,] I ſuſpect that our author miſtakes Juno for Pallas, who was the *goddeſs of blue eyes.* Sweeter than an *eye-lid* is an odd image: but perhaps he uſes *ſweet* in the general ſenſe, for *delightful.* JOHNSON.

It was formerly the faſhion to kiſs the eyes, as a mark of extraordinary tenderneſs. I have ſomewhere met with an account of the firſt reception one of our kings gave to his new queen, where he is ſaid to have *kiſſed her fayre eyes.* So, in Chaucer's *Troilus and Creſſeide*, v. 1358:
" This Troilus full oft her *eyin two*
" Gan for to kiſſe," &c.
Again, in an ancient MS. play of *Timon of Athens*, in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Strutt the engraver:
" O Juno, be not angry with thy Jove,
" But let me kiſſe thine *eyes*, my ſweete delight." p. 6. b.
The eyes of Juno were as remarkable as thoſe of Pallas.
———βοώπις πότνια Ἥρη, *Homer.*
But (as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves) " we are not told that Pallas was the goddeſs of blue eye-*lids*; beſides, as Shakſpeare joins in the compariſon, the breath of Cytherea with the eye-lids of Juno, it is evident that he does not allude to the colour, but to the fragrance of violets." STEEVENS.

Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroſes,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold [8]
Bright Phœbus in his ſtrength, a malady
Moſt incident to maids; bold oxlips, [9] and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,

So, in Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1613:

" —— That *eye* was *Juno's*,
" Thoſe lips were hers that won the golden ball,
" That virgin bluſh, Diana's."

Spenſer, as well as our author, has attributed beauty to the *eye-lid*:

" Upon her eye-*lids* many graces ſate,
" Under the ſhadow of her even brows."

Faery Queen, B. II. c. iii. ſt. 25.

Again, in his 40th *Sonnet*:

" When on each eye-*lid* ſweetly do appear
" An hundred graces, as in ſhade they ſit." MALONE.

[8] —— *pale primroſes*,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold, &c.] So, in *Pimlyco, or Runne Red-Cap*, 1609:

" The pretty Dazie (eye of day)
" The *Prime-Roſe* which doth firſt diſplay
" Her youthful colours, and *firſt dies*:
" Beauty and Death are enemies."

Again, in Milton's *Lycidas*:

" —— the rathe *primroſe* that *forſaken dies*."

Mr. Warton, in a note on my laſt quotation, aſks " But why does the Primroſe die *unmarried*? Not becauſe it blooms and decays before the appearance of other flowers; as in a ſtate of ſolitude, and without ſociety. Shakſpeare's reaſon, why it dies *unmarried*, is unintelligible, or rather is ſuch as I do not wiſh to underſtand. The true reaſon is, becauſe is grows in the ſhade, uncheriſhed or unſeen by the ſun, who was ſuppoſed to be in love with ſome ſorts of flowers." STEEVENS.

[9] —— bold *oxlips*,] *Gold* is the reading of Sir T. Hanmer; the former editions have *bold*. JOHNSON.

The *old reading* is certainly the *true one*. The *oxlip* has not a weak flexible ſtalk like the *cowſlip*, but erects itſelf *boldly* in the face of the ſun. Wallis, in his *Hiſt of Northumberland*, ſays, that the *great oxlip* grows a foot and a half high. It ſhould be confeſſed, however, that the colour of the *oxlip* is taken notice of by other writers. So, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

" —— yellow *oxlips* bright as burniſhed *gold*."

See Vol. VII. p. 61, n. 2. STEEVENS.

The flower-de luce being one! O theſe, I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my ſweet friend,
To ſtrew him o'er and o'er.

FLO. What? like a corſe?

PER. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corſe: or if,— not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms.[2] Come, take your flowers:
Methinks, I play as I have ſeen them do
In Whitſun' paſtorals: ſure, this robe of mine
Does change my diſpoſition.

FLO. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you ſpeak, ſweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you ſing,
I'd have you buy and ſell ſo; ſo give alms;
Pray ſo; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To ſing them too: When you do dance, I wiſh you
A wave o'the ſea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move ſtill, ſtill ſo, and own
No other function: Each your doing,[3]
So ſingular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the preſent deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

PER. O Doricles,

[2] —— *not to be buried,*
But quick, and in mine arms.] So, Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1613:

"*Iſab.* Heigh ho, you,'ll *bury me*, I ſee.
"*Rob.* In the ſwan's down, and *tomb thee in my arms.*"

Again in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"—— O come, be *buried*
"A ſecond time *within theſe arms.*" MALONE.

[3] —— *Each your doing*, &c.] That is, your manner in each act crowns the act. JOHNSON.

Your praiſes are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood, which fairly peeps through it,[4]
Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd ſhepherd;
With wiſdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the falſe way.

FLO. I think, you have
As little ſkill to fear,[5] as I have purpoſe
To put you to't. — But, come; our dance, I pray;
Your hand, my Perdita: ſo turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

[4] —— *but that your youth.*
And the true blood *which fairly* peeps *through it,*] So Marlowe, in his *Hero and Leander*:

"Through whoſe white ſkin, ſofter than ſoundeſt ſleep,
"With damaſke eyes *the* ruby *blood doth peep.*"

The part of the poem that was written by Marlowe, was publiſhed, I believe in 1593, but certainly before 1598, a Second Part or Continuation of it by H. Petowe having been printed in that year. It was entered at Stationers' Hall in September 1593, and is often quoted in a Collection of verſes entitled *England's Parnaſſus*, printed in 1600. From that collection it appears, that Marlowe wrote only the firſt two Seſtiads, and about a hundred lines of the third, and that the remainder was written by Chapman. MALONE.

[5] *I think, you have*
As little ſkill to fear,] *To have ſkill to do a thing* was a phraſe then in uſe equivalent to our *to have a reaſon to do a thing.* The Oxford editor, ignorant of this, alters it to:

As little ſkill in *fear.*

which has no kin oſd ſenſe in this place. WARBURTON.

I cannot approve of Warburton's explanation of this paſſage, or believe that *to have a ſkill* to do a thing, ever meant, to *have reaſon* to do it; of which, when he aſſerted it, he ought to have produced one example at leaſt.

The fears of women, on ſuch occaſions, are generally owing to their experience. They fear, as they bluſh, becauſe they underſtand. It is to this that Florizel alludes when he ſays, that Perdita had *little ſkill to fear.* — So Juliet ſays to Romeo:

"But truſt me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
"Than thoſe who have more *cunning* to be ſtrange."

M. MASON.

You as little *know* how to fear that I am falſe, as, &c. MALONE.

PER. I'll ſwear for 'em.[6]

POL. This is the prettieſt low-born laſs, that ever
Ran on the green-ſward; nothing ſhe does, or ſeems,
But ſmacks of ſomething greater than herſelf;
Too noble for this place.

CAM. He tells her ſomething,
That makes her blood look out:[7] Good ſooth, ſhe is
The queen of curds and cream.

CLOWN. Come on, ſtrike up.

DOR. Mopſa muſt be your miſtreſs; marry, garlick,
To mend her kiſſing with.—

MOP. Now in good time!

CLOWN. Not a word, a word; we ſtand[8] upon our manners.—
Come, ſtrike up. [*Muſick.*

[6] Per. *I'll ſwear for 'em*] I fancy this half line is placed to a wrong perſon. And that the king begins his ſpeech aſide:

Pol. *I'll ſwear for 'em,*
This is the prettieſt, &c. JOHNSON.

We ſhould doubtleſs read thus:

I'll ſwear for *one*.

i. e. I will anſwer or engage for myſelf. Some alteration is abſolutely neceſſary. This ſeems the eaſieſt, and the reply will then be perfectly becoming her character. RITSON.

[7] *He tells her ſomething*
That makes her blood look out:] The meaning muſt be this. The prince tells her ſomething *that calls the blood up into her cheeks, and makes her bluſh.* She, but a little before, uſes a like expreſſion to deſcribe the prince's ſincerity:

——*your youth*
And the true blood, *which fairly* peeps through it,
Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd ſhepherd. THEOBALD.

The old copy reads—look *on't.* STEEVENS.

[8] —— *we ſtand*, &c.] That is, we are now on our behaviour. JOHNSON.

So, in *Every Man in his Humour*, Maſter Stephens ſays—
" Nay, we do not *ſtand* much on our gentility, friend."
STEEVENS.

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

POL. Pray, good ſhepherd, what
Fair ſwain is this, which dances with your daughter?

SHEP. They call him Doricles; and he boaſts himſelf [9]
To have a worthy feeding: [2] but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like ſooth: [3] He ſays, he loves my daughter;
I think ſo too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll ſtand, and read,
As 'twere my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiſs to chooſe,
Who loves another beſt. [4]

[9] ——and *he, boaſts himſelf* —] The old copy reads — *and* boaſts himſelf; which cannot, I think, be right. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote — a boaſts himſelf. MALONE.

[2] ——*a worthy* feeding:] I conceive *feeding* to be a *paſture*, and a *worthy feeding* to be a tract of paſturage not inconſiderable, not unworthy of my daughter's fortune. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation is juſt. So, in Drayton's *Moon-calf*:

"Finding the *feeding* for which he had toil'd
"To have kept ſafe, by theſe vile cattle ſpoil'd."

Again, in the ſixth ſong of the *Polyolbion*:

"—— ſo much that do rely
"Upon their *feedings*, flocks, and their fertility."

"*A worthy* feeding (ſays Mr. M. Maſon) Is a *valuable*, a *ſubſtantial* one. Thus Antonio, in *Twelfth Night*:

"But were my *worth*, as is my conſcience, firm,
"You ſhould find better dealing."

Worth here means *fortune* or *ſubſtance*. STEEVENS.

[3] *He looks like* ſooth:] *Sooth* is truth. Obſolete. So, in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

"Then doſt diſſemble, but I mean good *ſooth*."

STEEVENS.

[4] *Who loves* another *beſt*.] Surely we ſhould read — Who loves *the other* beſt. M. MASON.

POL. She dances featly.

SHEP. So ſhe does any thing; though I report it. That ſhould be ſilent: if young Doricles Do light upon her, ſhe ſhall bring him that Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

SER. O maſter, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he ſings ſeveral tunes, faſter than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

CLOWN. He could never come better: he ſhall come in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily ſet down, [5] or a very pleaſant thing indeed, and ſung lamentably.

SER. He hath ſongs, for man, or woman, of all ſizes; no milliner can ſo fit his cuſtomers with gloves: [6] he has the prettieſt love-ſongs for maids; ſo without bawdry; which is ſtrange; with ſuch delicate burdens of *dildo's* [7] and *fadings:* [8] *jump her*

[5] —— doleful *matter*, merrily *ſet down*,] This ſeems to be atnother ſtroke aimed at the title-page of Preſton's *Cambiſes*, " *A lamentable* Tragedy, mixed full of pleaſant *Mirth*, " &c. STEEVENS.

[6] —*no milliner can ſo fit* his *cuſtomers with gloves:*] In the time of our author, and leng afterwards, the trade of a milliner was carried on by men. MALONE.

[7] —— *of* dildo's —] " With a hie *dildo* dill." is the burthen of the *Batchelors Feaſt*, an ancient ballad, and is likewiſe called the *Tune* of it. STEEVENS.

See alſo *Choice Drollery*, 1656, p. 31:

" A ſtory ſtrange I will you tell,
" But not ſo ſtrange as true,
" Of a woman that danc'd upon the rope,
" And ſo did her huſband too;

and thump her; and where ſome ſtretch-mouth'd raſcal would, as it were, mean miſchief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to anſwer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man;* puts him off, ſlights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*[9]

POL. This is a brave fellow.

CLOWN. Believe me, thou talkeſt of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?[a]

"With a *dildo, dildo, dildo,*
"With a *dildo, dildo,* dee." MALONE.

[8] —— *fadings*;] An Iriſh dance of this name is mentioned by Ben Jonſon, in *The Iriſh Maſque at Court.*

"—— and daunſh a *fading* at te wedding."

Again in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Peſtle:*

"I will have him dance *fading; fading* is a fine jigg."
TYRWHITT.

So, in *The Bird in a Cage*, by Shirley, 1633:

"But under her coats the ball be found.——
"With a *fading.*"

Again, in Ben Jonſon's 97th epigram:

"See you yond motion? not the old *fading.*" STEEVENS.

[9] —— *Whoop, do me no harm good man*] This was the name of an old ſong. In the famous hiſtory of *Fryar Bacon* we have a ballad *to the tune of*, "*Oh! do me no harme, good man.*" FARMER.

This tune is preſerved in a collection intitled "Ayres, to ſing and play to the Lvte and Baſſe Violl. with Pauins, Galliards, Almaines, and Corantos, for the Lyra Violl. By William Corbine:" 1610. fol. RITSON.

[a] —— *unbraided wares?*] Surely we muſt read *braided*, for ſuch are all the *wares* mentioned in the anſwer. JOHNSON.

I believe by *unbraided wares*, the Clown means, has he any thing beſides *laces* which are *braided*, and are the principal commodity ſold by ballad-ſinging pedlers. Yes, replies the ſervant, *he has ribands*, &c. which are things *not braided*, but *woven*. The drift of the Clown's queſtion, is either to know whether Autolycus has any thing better than is commonly ſold by ſuch vagrants; any thing worthy to be preſented to his miſtreſs: or, as probably, by enquiring for ſomething which pedlars uſually have not, to eſcape laying out his money at all. The following paſſage in *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, however, leads me to ſuppoſe that there is here ſome

SER. He hath ribands of all the colours i'the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle,[2] though they come to him by the groſs; inkles, caddiſſes,[3] cambricks, lawns: why, he ſings them over, as they were gods or goddeſſes; you would think, a ſmock were a ſhe-angel; he ſo chants to the ſleeve-hand, and the work about the ſquare on't.[4]

alluſion which I cannot explain: "—— She ſays that you ſent ware which is not warrantable, *braided* ware, and that you give not London meaſure." STEEVENS.

Unbraided wares may be wares of the beſt manufacture. *Braided* in Shakſpeare's *All's Well*, &c. Act IV. ſc. ii. ſignifies deceitful. *Braided* in Bailey's Dict. means *faded*, or having loſt its color; and why then may not *unbraided* import whatever is undamaged, or what is of the better ſort? Several old ſtatutes forbid the importation of ribands, laces, &c. as "falſely and deceitfully wrought." TOLLET.

Probably *unbraided* wares means, "wares *not ornamented with braid*." M. MASON.

The clown is perhaps inquiring not for ſomething better than common, but for ſmooth and plain goods. Has he any plain wares not twiſted into braids? Ribands, cambricks, and lawns, all anſwer to this deſcription. MALONE.

[2] ——points *more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle*,] The *points* that afford Autolicus a ſubject for this quibble were laces with metal tags to them. *Aiguilettes*. Fr. MALONE.

[3] —— *Caddiſſes*, I do not exactly know what *caddiſſes* are. In Shirley's *Witty Fair one*. 1633, one of the characters ſays: —— "I will have eight velvet pages, and ſix footmen in *caddis*."

In *The Firſt Part of K. Henry IV.* I have ſuppoſed *caddis* to be *ferret*. Perhaps by *ſix footmen in caddis*, is meant ſix footmen with their liveries laced with ſuch a kind of worſted ſtuff. As this worſted lace was particoloured, it might have received its title from *cadeſſe*, the ancient name for a *Daw*. STEEVENS.

Caddis is, I believe, a narrow worſted galloon. I remember when very young to have heard it enumerated by a pedler among the articles of his pack. There is a very narrow ſlight ſerge of this name now made in France. *Inkle* is a kind of tape alſo. MALONE.

[4] —— *the ſleeve*-hand, *and the work about the* ſquare *on't.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—ſleeve-*band*. JOHNSON.

CLOWN. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach ſinging.

PER. Forewarn him, that he uſe no ſcurrilous words in his tunes.

CLOWN. You have of theſe pedlers, that have more in 'em than you'd think, ſiſter.

PER. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

The old reading is right, or we muſt alter ſome paſſages in other authors. The word *ſleeve-hand* occurs in Leland's *Collectanea* 1770, Vol IV. p. 323: "A ſurcoat [of crimſon velvet] furred with mynever pure, the coller, ſkirts, and *ſleeve-hands* garniſhed with ribbons of gold." So, in Cotgrave's Dict. "*Poignet de la chemiſe.*" is Engliſhed, "the wriſtband, or gathering at the *ſleeve-band* of a ſhirt." Again, in Leland's *Collectanea*, Vol. IV. p. 293, king James's "ſhurt was broded with thred of gold," and in p. 341, the word *ſleeve-band* occurs, and ſeems to ſignify the cuffs of a ſurcoat, as here it may mean the cuffs of a ſmock. I conceive, that the *word above the ſquare on't*, ſignifies the work or embroidery about the boſom part of a ſhift, which might then have been of a ſquare form, or might have a ſquare tucker, as Anne Bolen and Jane Seymour have in Houbraken's engravings of the heads of illuſtrious perſons. So, in Fairfax's tranſlation of *Taſſo*, B. XII. ſt. 64:

"Between her breaſts the cruel weapon rives,
"Her curious *ſquare*, emboſs'd with ſwelling gold."

I ſhould have taken the *ſquare* for a gorget or ſtomacher, but for this paſſage in Shakſpeare. TOLLET.

The following paſſage in *John Grange's Garden*, 1577, may likewiſe tend to the ſupport of the ancient reading—ſleeve-*hand*. In a poem called *The Paynting of a Curtizan*, he ſays:

"Their ſmockes are all bewrought about the necke and *hande*." STEEVENS.

The word *ſleeve-hand* is likewiſe uſed by P. Holland, in his Tranſlation of Suetonius, 1606. p. 19: "— in his apparel he was noted for ſingularity, as who uſed to goe in his ſenatour's purple ſtudded robe, trimmed with a jagge or frindge at the *ſleeve-hand*."
MALONE.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *ſinging.*

Lawn, as white as driven ſnow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as ſweet as damaſk roſes;
Maſks for faces, and for noſes;
Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber, [5]
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and ſtomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking-ſticks of ſteel, [6]
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or elſe your laſſes cry:
Come, buy, &c.

[5] ——*necklace-amber,*] Place only a comma after *amber.* "Autolycus is puffing his female wares, and ſays that he has got among his other rare articles for ladies, ſome *necklace-amber*, an amber of which necklaces are made, commonly called *bead-amber*, fit to perfume a lady's chamber. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. ſc. iii. Petruchio mentions *amber-bracelets*, beads," &c. Milton alludes to the fragrance of *amber.* See *Sams. Agon.* v. 720:

"An *amber* ſcent of odorous perfume,
"Her harbinger." T. WARTON.

[6] ——*poking-ſticks of ſteel,*] Theſe *poking-ſticks* were heated in the fire, and made uſe of to adjuſt the plaits of ruffs. In Marſton's *Malcontent*, 1604, is the following inſtance: —— "There is ſuch a deale of pinning theſe ruffes, when the fine clean fall is worth them all:" and, again, "if you ſhould chance to take a nap in an afternoon, your falling band requires no *poking-ſtick* to recover his form," &c. Again, in Middleton's comedy of *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, 1602: "Your ruff muſt ſtand in print, and for that purpoſe get *poking-ſticks* with fair long handles, leſt they ſcorch your hands."

Theſe *poking-ſticks* are ſeveral times mentioned in Heywood's *If you know not me you know Nobody*, 1633, ſecond part; and in the *Yorkſhire Tragedy*, 1619, which has been attributed to Shakſpeare. In the books of the Stationers' Company, July 1590, was entered "A ballat entitled Blewe Starche and *Poking-ſticks.* Allowed under the hand of the Biſhop of London."

CLOWN. If I were not in love with Mopſa, thou ſhould'ſt take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will alſo be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

MOP. I was promiſed them againſt the feaſt; but they come not too late now.

DOR. He hath promiſed you more than that, or there be liars.

MOP. He hath paid you all he promiſed you: may be, he has paid you more; which will ſhame you to give him again.

CLOWN. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they ſhould bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole,[7] to whiſtle off theſe ſecrets; but you muſt be tittle-tattling before all our gueſts? 'Tis well they are whiſpering: Clamour your tongues,[8] and not a word more.

Stowe informs us, that "about the ſixteenth yeare of the queene [Elizabeth] began the making of ſteele *poking-ſticks;* and until that time all lawndreſſes uſed ſetting ſtickes made of wood or bone." See Vol. VI. p. 312. STEEVENS.

[7] —— kiln-*hole,*] The mouth of the oven. The word is ſpelt in the old copy *kill*-hole, and I ſhould have ſuppoſed it an intentional blunder, but that Mrs. Ford in *The Merry Wives of Windſor* deſires Falſtaff to "creep into the *kiln-hole;*" and there the ſame falſe ſpelling is found. Mrs. Ford was certainly not intended for a blunderer. MALONE.

Kiln-hole is the place into which coals are put under a ſtove, a copper, or a *kiln* in which lime, &c. are to be dried or burned. To watch the *kiln-hole*, or *ſtoking-hole*, is part of the office of female ſervants in farm-houſes. *Kiln*, at leaſt in England, is not a ſynonyme to *oven*. STEEVENS.

[8] —— Clamour *your tongues,*] The phraſe is taken from ringing. When bells are at the height, in order to ceaſe them, the repetition of the ſtrokes becomes much quicker than before: this is called *clamouring* them. The alluſion is humourous. WARBURTON

MOP. I have done. Come, you promiſed me a tawdry lace, and a pair of ſweet gloves.[9]

The word *clamour*, when applied to bells, does not ſignify in Shakſpeare a ceaſing, but a continued ringing. Thus uſed in *Much ado about Nothing*, Act V ſc. ii:

Ben. —— "*If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb e'er he dies, he ſhall live no longer in monument, than the* bell rings *and the widow weeps.*

Beat. "*And how long is that, think you?*

Ben. "*Queſtion? why an hour in* clamour, *and a quarter in rheum.*" GREY.

Perhaps the meaning is, *Give one grand peal, and then have done.* "A good *Clam*" (as I learn from Mr. Nichols) in ſome villages is uſed in this ſenſe, ſignifying a grand peal of all the bells at once. I ſuſpect that Dr Warburton's is a mere *gratis dictum.*

In a note on *Othello*, Dr. Johnſon ſays, that "to *clam* a bell is to cover the clapper with felt, which drowns the blow, and hinders the ſound." If this be ſo, it affords an eaſy interpretation of the paſſage before us. MALONE.

Admitting this to be the ſenſe, the diſputed phraſe may anſwer to the modern one of —*ringing a dumb peal*, i. e. with *muffled* bells. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *you promiſed me a* tawdry lace,] *Tawdry lace* is thus deſcribed in *Skinner*, by his friend Dr. Henſhawe: "*Tawdrie lace*, aſtrigmenta, timbriæ, ſeu faſciolæ, emtæ Nundinis Sæ. Etheldredæ celebratis: Ut rectè monet Doc. Thomas Henſhawe." Etymol. in *voce*. We find it in Spenſer's *Paſtorals*, Aprill:

"And gird in your waſt,
"For more fineneſſe, with a *tawdrie lace.*" T. WARTON.

So, in *The life and Death of Jack Straw*, a comedy, 1593:

"Will you in faith, and I'll give you a *tawdrie lace.*"

Tom, the miller, offers this preſent to the queen, if ſhe will procure his pardon.

It may be worth while to obſerve, that theſe *tawdry laces* were not the ſtrings with which the ladies faſten their ſtays, but were worn about their heads, and their waiſts. So, in *The Four P's.* 1569:

"Brooches and rings, and all manner of beads,
"*Laces round and flat for women's heads.*"

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, ſong the ſecond:

"Of which the Naides and the blew Nereides make
"Them *tawdries* for their necks."

CLOWN. Have I not told thee, how I was cozen'd by the way, and loſt all my money?

AUT. And, indeed, ſir, there are cozeners abroad: therefore it behoves men to be wary.

CLOWN. Fear not thou, man, thou ſhalt loſe nothing here.

AUT. I hope ſo, ſir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

In a marginal note it is obſerved that *tawdries* are a kind of necklaces worn by country wenches.

Again, in the fourth ſong:

" ——not the ſmalleſt beck,
" But with white pebbles makes her *tawdries* for her neck."

STEEVENS.

[9] ——*a pair of ſweet gloves.*] Sweet, or perfumed gloves, are frequently mentioned by Shakſpeare, and were very faſhionable in the age of Elizabeth, and long afterwards. Thus Autolycus, in the ſong juſt preceding this paſſage, offers to ſale:

" *Gloves as ſweet as damaſk roſes.*"

Stowe's *Continuator*, Edmund Howes, informs us, that the Engliſh could not " make any coſtly waſh or perfume, until about the fourteenth or fifteenth of the queene [Elizabeth,] the right honourable Edward Vere earle of Oxford came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, ſweet bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleaſant thinges: and that yeare the queene had a payre of *perfumed gloves* trimmed onlie with foure tuftes, or roſes, of cullered ſilke. The queene took ſuch pleaſure in thoſe gloves, that ſhee was pictured with thoſe gloves upon her hands: and for many yeers after it was called *the erle of Oxfordes perfume.*" *Stowe's Annals* by Howes, edit. 1614, p. 868. col. 2.

In the *computus* of the burſars of Trinity college, Oxford, for the year 1631, the following article occurs: " *Solut. pro fumigandis chirothecis.*" Gloves makes a conſtant and conſiderable article of expence in the earlier accompt-books of the college here mentioned; and without doubt in thoſe of many other ſocieties. They were annually given (a cuſtom ſtill ſubſiſting) to the college-tenants, and often preſented to gueſts of diſtinction. But it appears (at leaſt, from accompts of the ſaid college in preceding years) that the practice of *perfuming* gloves for this purpoſe was fallen into diſuſe ſoon after the reign of Charles the Firſt. T. WARTON.

CLOWN. What haſt here? ballads?

MOP. Pray now, buy ſome: I love a ballad in print, a'-life;[2] for then we are ſure they are true.

AUT. Here's one, to a very doleful tune, How a uſurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how ſhe long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

MOP. Is it true, think you?

AUT. Very true; and but a month old.

DOR. Bleſs me from marrying a uſurer!

AUT. Here's the midwife's name to't, one miſtreſs Taleporter; and five or ſix honeſt wives' that were preſent: Why ſhould I carry lies abroad?[3]

MOP. 'Pray you now, buy it.

CLOWN. Come on, lay it by: And let's firſt ſee more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

[2] *I love a ballad in print*, a'-life;] Theobald reads, as it has been hitherto printed, —— *or* a life. The text, however, is right; only it ſhould be printed thus: —— *a'-life*. So, it is in Ben Jonſon:

" —— thou *loveſt a'-life*
" Their perfum'd judgment."

It is the abbreviation, I ſuppoſe, of — *at life*; as *a'-work* is, of *at work*. TYRWHITT.

This reſtoration is certainly proper. So, in *The Iſle of Gulls*, 1606: " Now in good deed I love them *a'-life* too." Again, in a *Trick to catch the Old One*, 1619: " I love that ſport *a'-life*, i'faith." *A-life* is the reading of the eldeſt copies of *The Winter's Tale*, viz. fol. 1623, and 1632. STEEVENS.

[3] — *Why ſhould I carry lies abroad?*] Perhaps Shakſpeare remembered the following lines, which are found in Golding's Tranſlation of Ovid, 1587, in the ſame page in which he read the ſtory of Baucis and Philemon, to which he has alluded in *Much ado about Nothing*. They conclude the tale:

" Theſe things did ancient men report of credite very good,
" *For why, there was no cauſe that they ſhould lie.* As I there ſtood," &c. MALONE.

AUT. Here's another ballad, Of a fiſh,[3] that appear'd upon the coaſt, on Wedneſday the fourſcore of April, forty thouſand fathom above water, and ſung this ballad againſt the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, ſhe was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fiſh, for ſhe would not exchange fleſh[4] with one that lov'd her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

DOR. Is it true too, think you?

AUT. Five juſtices' hands at it; and witneſſes, more than my pack will hold.

CLOWN. Lay it by too: Another.

AUT. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

MOP. Let's have ſome merry ones.

AUT. Why, this is a paſſing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man:* there's ſcarce a maid weſtward, but ſhe ſings it; 'tis in requeſt, I can tell you.

[3] ——*a ballad. Of a fiſh*, &c.] Perhaps in later times proſe has obtained a triumph over poetry, though in one of its meaneſt departments; for all dying ſpeeches, confeſſions, narratives of murders, executions, &c ſeem anciently to have been written in verſe. Whoever was hanged or burnt, a merry, or a lamentable ballad (for both epithets are occaſionally beſtowed on theſe compoſitions,) was immediately entered on the books of the Company of Stationers. Thus, in a ſubſequent ſcene of this play:—— "Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that *ballad-makers* cannot be able to expreſs it." STEEVENS.

— *Of a* fiſh, *that appeared upon the coaſt*, — *it was thought, ſhe was a* woman,] In 1604 was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, "A ſtrange reporte of a monſtrous *fiſh* that appeared in the form or a *woman*, from her waiſt upward, ſeene in the ſea." To this it is highly probable that Shakſpeare alludes. MALONE.

See *The Tempeſt*, Vol. IV. p. 77, n. 3. STEEVENS.

[4] —— for *ſhe would not exchange fleſh* —] i. e. becauſe. REED. So, in *Othello:* "Haply, *for* I am black." MALONE.

MOP. We can both ſing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou ſhalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

DOR. We had the tune on't a month ago.

AUT. I can bear my part; you muſt know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. *Get you hence, for I muſt go:*
Where, it fits not you to know.
D. *Whither?* M. *O, whither?* D. *Whither?*
M. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy ſecrets tell:
D. *Me too, let me go thither.*

M. *Or thou go'ſt to the grange, or mill:*
D. *If to either, thou doſt ill.*
A. *Neither.* D. *What, neither?* A. *Neither.*
D. *Thou haſt ſworn my love to be;*
M. *Thou haſt ſworn it more to me:*
Then, whither go'ſt? ſay, whither?

CLOWN. We'll have this ſong out anon by ourſelves: My father and the gentlemen are in ſad[5] talk, and we'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both:—Pedler, let's have the firſt choice.—Follow me, girls.

[5] —*ſad*—] For *ſerious*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Much ado about nothing*:—"hand in hand, in *ſad* conference." STEEVENS.

AUT. And you ſhall pay well for 'em. [*Aſide.*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any ſilk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'ſt, and fin'ſt, fin'ſt wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.[6]

[*Exeunt* Clown, AUTOLYCUS, DORCAS, *and* MOPSA.]

Enter a Servant.

SER. Maſter, there is three carters, three ſhepherds; three neat-herds, three ſwine-herds,[7] that have

[6] *That doth* utter *all men's ware-a.*] To *utter.* To *bring out*, or *produce.* JOHNSON.

To *utter* is a legal phraſe often made uſe of in law proceedings and acts of Parliament, and ſignifies to vend by retail. From many inſtances I ſhall ſelect the firſt which occurs. Stat. 21 Jac. I. c. 3, declares that the proviſions therein contained ſhall not prejudice certain letters patent or commiſſion granted to a corporation "concerning the licenſing of the keeping of any tavern or taverns, or ſelling, *uttering*, or retailing of wines to be drunk or ſpent in the manſion-houſe of the party ſo ſelling or *uttering* the ſame." REED.

See Minſheu's DICT. 1617: "An *utterance*, or ſale." MALONE.

[7] *Maſter, there are three* carters, *three ſhepherds, three neat-herds, and three ſwine-herds,*] Thus all the printed copies hitherto. Now, in two ſpeeches after this, theſe are called *four* threes of *herdſmen.* But could the *carters* properly be called *herdſmen?* At leaſt, they have not the final ſyllable, *herd*, in their names; which, I believe, Shakſpeare intended all the *four threes* ſhould have. I therefore gueſs he wrote: —— *Maſter, there are three* goat-herds, *&c.* And ſo, I think, we take in the *four* ſpecies of cattle uſually tended by *herdſmen.* THEOBALD.

made themſelves all men of hair; [8] they call them-

[8] ——*all men of hair;*] *Men of hair*, are *hairy men* or *ſatyrs*. A dance of ſatyrs was no unuſual entertainment in the middle ages. At a great feſtival celebrated in France, the king and ſome of the nobles perſonated ſatyrs dreſſed in cloſe habits, tufted or ſhagged all over, to imitate hair. They began a wild dance, and in the tumult of their merriment one of them went too near a candle and ſet fire to his ſatyr's garb, the flame ran inſtantly over the looſe tufts, and ſpread itſelf to the dreſs of thoſe that were next him; a great number of the dancers were cruelly ſcorched, being neither able to throw off their coats nor extinguiſh them. The king had ſet himſelf in the lap of the dutcheſs of Burgundy, who threw her robe over him and ſaved him. JOHNSON.

Melvil's Memoirs, p. 152, edit. 1735, bear additional teſtimony to the prevalence of this ſpecies of mummery:

"During their abode [that of the embaſſadors who aſſembled to congratulate Marry Queen of Scots on the birth of her ſon] at Stirling, there was daily banqueting, dancing, and triumph. And at the principal banquet there fell out a great grudge among the Engliſhmen: For a Frenchman called Baſtian deviſed a number of men formed like *ſatyrs*, with long tails, and whips in their hands, running before the meat, which was brought through the great hall upon a machine or engine, marching as appeared alone, with muſicians clothed like maids, ſinging, and playing upon all ſorts of inſtruments. But the *ſatyrs* were not content only to make way or room, but put their hands behind them to their tails, which they wagged with their hands in ſuch ſort, as the Engliſhmen ſuppoſed it had been deviſed and done in deriſion of them; weakly apprehending that which they ſhould not have appeared to underſtand. For, Mr. Hatton, Mr. Ligniſh and the moſt part of the gentlemen deſired to ſup before the queen and great banquet, that they might ſee the better the order and ceremonies of the triumph: but ſo ſoon as they perceived the *ſatyrs* wagging their tails, they all ſat down upon the bare floor behind the back of the table, that they might not ſee themſelves derided, as they thought. Mr. Hatton ſaid unto me, if it were not in the queen's preſence, he would put a dagger to the heart of that French knave Baſtian, who he alledged had done it out of deſpight that the queen made more of them than of the Frenchmen." REED.

The following copy of an illumination in a fine Mſ. of Froiſſart's Chronicle preſerved in the Britiſh Muſeum, will ſerve to illuſtrate Dr. Johnſon's note, and to convey ſome idea, not only of the manner in which theſe *hairy men* were habited, but alſo of the rude ſimplicity of an ancient Ball-room and Maſquerade. See the ſtory at large in Froiſſart, B. IV. chap. lii. edit. 1559. DOUCE.

ſelves ſaltiers :[8] and they have a dance which the wenches ſay is a gallimaufry[9] of gambols, becauſe they are not in't; but they themſelves are o'the mind, (if it be not too rough for ſome, that know little but bowling,[2]) it will pleaſe plentifully.

SHEP. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already:—I know, ſir, we weary you.

POL. You weary thoſe that refreſh us: Pray, let's ſee theſe four threes of herdſmen.

SER. One three of them, by their own report, ſir, hath danced before the king; and not the worſt of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the ſquire.[3]

SHEP. Leave your prating; ſince theſe good men are pleaſed, let them come in but quickly now.

SER. Why, they ſtay at door, ſir. [*Exit.*

[8] ——*they call themſelves* ſaltiers:] He means *Satyrs*. Their dreſs was perhaps made of goat's ſkin. Cervantes mentions in the preface to his plays that in the time of an early Spaniſh writer, Lope de Rueda, "all the furniture and utenſils of the actors conſiſted of four ſhepherds' jerkins, made of the ſkins of ſheep with the wool on, and adorned with gilt leather trimming: four beards and periwigs, and four paſtoral crooks;—little more or leſs." Probably a ſimilar ſhepherd's jerkin was uſed in our author's theatre. MALONE.

[9] —— *gallimaufry* ——] Cockeram, in his *Dictionarie of hard words*, 12mo. 1622, ſays, a *gallimaufry* is "a confuſed heape of things together." STEEVENS.

[2] ———— *bowling*,] *Bowling*, I believe, is here a term for a dance of ſmooth motion, without great exertion of agility. JOHNSON.

The alluſion is not to a ſmooth dance, as Johnſon ſuppoſes, but to the ſmoothneſs of a bowling green. M. MASON.

[3] — *by the* ſquire.] i. e. by the foot-rule: *Eſquierre*, Fr. See *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Vol. VII. p. 344, n. 9. MALONE.

Re-enter Servant, *with twelve ruſticks habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.*

POL. O, father, you'll know more of that here-
after.[2]—
Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—
He's ſimple, and tells much. [*Aſide.*]—How now,
fair ſhepherd?
Your heart is full of ſomething, that does take
Your mind from feaſting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my ſhe with knacks: I would have ranſack'd
The pedler's ſilken treaſury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him: If your laſs
Interpretation ſhould abuſe; and call this,
Your lack of love, or bounty, you were ſtraited[3]
For a reply, at leaſt, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

FLO. Old ſir, I know
She prizes not ſuch trifles as theſe are:
The gifts, ſhe looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient ſir, who, it ſhould ſeem,[4]
Hath ſometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,

[2] Pol. *O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.*] This is replied by the king in anſwer to the ſhepherd's ſaying, *ſince theſe good men are pleaſed.* WARBURTON.

The dance which has intervened would take up too much time to preſerve any connection between the two ſpeeches. The line ſpoken by the king ſeems to be in reply to ſome unexpreſſed queſtion from the old ſhepherd RITSON.

This is an anſwer to ſomething which the Shepherd is ſuppoſed to have ſaid to Polixenes during the dance. M. MASON.

[3] ——*ſtraited*—] i. e. put to difficulties. STEEVENS.

[4] —— who, *it ſhould ſeem*,] Old Copy—*whom*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

As ſoft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd ſnow,[5]
That's bolted by the northern blaſts twice o'er.
POL. What follows this?—
How prettily the young ſwain ſeems to waſh
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out:—
But, to your proteſtation; let me hear
What you profeſs.
FLO. Do, and be witneſs to't.
POL. And this my neighbour too?
FLO. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
That,—were I crown'd the moſt imperial monarch,
Thereof moſt worthy; were I the faireſt youth
That ever made eye ſwerve; had force, and knowledge,
More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her ſervice,
Or to their own perdition.
POL. Fairly offer'd.
CAM. This ſhows a ſound affection.
SHEP. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
PER. I cannot ſpeak
So well, nothing ſo well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

[5] ——— *or the fann'd ſnow,*] So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*

"That pure congealed white, high Taurus' ſnow,
"*Fann'd* by the eaſtern wind, turns to a crow,
"When thou hold'ſt up thy hand." STEEVENS.

SHEP. Take hands, a bargain;—
And, friends unknown, you ſhall bear witneſs to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
FLO. O, that muſt be
I'the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I ſhall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,
Contract us 'fore theſe witneſſes.
SHEP. Come, your hand;—
And, daughter, yours.
POL. Soft, ſwain, a while, 'beſeech you;
Have you a father?
FLO. I have: But what of him?
POL. Knows he of this?
FLO. He neither does, nor ſhall.
POL. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his ſon, a gueſt
That beſt becomes the table. Pray you, once more;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reaſonable affairs? is he not ſtupid
With age, and altering rheums?[6] Can he ſpeak? hear?
Know man from man? diſpute his own eſtate?[7]

[6] —— *altering rheums?*] Rowe has tranſplanted this phraſe into his *Jane Shore*, Act II. ſc. i.

" —— when *altering rheums*
" Have ſtain'd the luſtre of thy ſtarry eyes,"——

STEEVENS.

[7] ——*diſpute his own eſtate?*] Perhaps for *diſpute* we might read *compute*; but *diſpute his eſtate* may be the ſame with *talk over his affairs*. JOHNSON.

The ſame phraſe occurs again in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Let me *diſpute* with thee of thy *eſtate*." STEEVENS.

Does not this allude to the next heir ſuing for the eſtate in caſes of imbecillity, lunacy, *&c.*? CHAMIER.

Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childiſh?

FLO. No, good ſir;
He has his health, and ampler ſtrength, indeed,
Than moſt have of his age.

POL. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be ſo, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reaſon, my ſon
Should chooſe himſelf a wife; but as good reaſon,
The father, (all whoſe joy is nothing elſe
But fair poſterity,) ſhould hold ſome counſel
In ſuch a buſineſs.

FLO. I yield all this;
But, for ſome other reaſons, my grave ſir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this buſineſs.

POL. Let him know't.

FLO. He ſhall not.

POL. Pr'ythee, let him.

FLO. No, he muſt not.

SHEP. Let him, my ſon; he ſhall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

FLO. Come, come he muſt not:—
Mark our contract.

POL. Mark your divorce, young ſir,
[*Diſcovering himſelf.*
Whom ſon I dare not call; thou art too baſe
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a ſcepter's heir,
That thus affect'ſt a ſheep-hook!—Thou old traitor,
I am ſorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but

It probably means—"Can he aſſert and vindicate his right to his own property?" M. MASON.

Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, freſh piece
Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force,[5] muſt know
The royal fool thou cop'ſt with;——
SHEP. O, my heart!
POL. I'll have thy beauty ſcratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy ſtate.—For thee, fond boy,—
If I may ever know, thou doſt but ſigh,
That thou no more ſhalt ſee this knack, (as never[6]
I mean thou ſhalt) we'll bar thee from ſucceſſion;
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,
Far than[7] Deucalion off: Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our diſpleaſure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdſman; yea, him too,
That makes himſelf, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
Theſe rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body[8] more with thy embraces,

[5] —— who, *of force*,] Old Copy—*whom*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[6] *That thou no more ſhalt ſee this knack, (as* never—The old copy reads, with abſurd redundancy:

"That thou no more ſhalt *never* ſee," &c. STEEVENS.

[7] *Far than*——] I think for *far than* we ſhould read *far as*. We will not hold thee of our kin even ſo far off as Deucalion the common anceſtor of all. JOHNSON.

The old reading *farre*, i. e. *further*, is the true one. The ancient comparative of *fer* was *ferrer*. See the *Gloſſaries* to Robert of Glocester and Robert of Brunne. This, in the time of Chaucer, was ſoftened into *ferre*,

"But er I bere thee moch *ferre*." *H. of Fa.* B. II. v. 92.
"Thus was it peinted, I can ſay no *ferre*."
Knight's Tale, 2062. TYRWHITT.

[8] *Or* hoop *his body*—] The old copy has—*hope*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

I will deviſe a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to't. [*Exit.*

PER. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard: [9] for once, or twice,
I was about to ſpeak; and tell him plainly,
The ſelfſame ſun, that ſhines upon his court,
Hides not his viſage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.[2]—Wilt pleaſe you, ſir, be gone?
[*To* FLORIZEL.

[9] *I was not much afeard:* &c.] The character is here finely ſuſtained. To have made her quite aſtoniſhed at the king's diſcovery of himſelf had not become her birth; and to have given her preſence of mind to have made this reply to the king, had not become her education. WARBURTON.

[2] *I was about to ſpeak; and tell him plainly,*
The ſelfſame ſun, *that ſhines upon his* court,
Hides not his viſage from our cottage, *but*
Looks on alike.] So, in *Noſce Teipſum*, a poem by Sir John Davies, 1599:

"Thou, like *the ſunne*, doſt with indifferent ray,
"Into the *palace* and the *cottage* ſhine."

Again, in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1597:

"The ſunne on rich and poor alike doth ſhine."

Looks on alike is ſenſe, and is ſupported by a paſſage in *King Henry VIII*:

"——No, my lord,
"You know no more than others, but you blame
"Things that are known *alike.*"

i. e. that are known alike *by all.*

To *look upon*, without any ſubſtantive annexed, is a mode of expreſſion, which, though now unuſual, appears to have been legitimate in Shakſpeare's time. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"He is my prize; I will not *look upon.*"

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

"Why ſtand we here—
"And *look upon*, as if the tragedy
"Were play'd in jeſt by counterfeited actors." MALONE.

To look *upon*, in more modern phraſe, is to look *on*, i. e. to be a mere idle ſpectator. In this ſenſe it is employed in the two preceding inſtances. STEEVENS.

——*the ſelfſame ſun*, &c.] "For he maketh his ſun to riſe on the evil and the good." St. Matthew, v. 45. DOUCE.

I told you, what would come of this: 'Beſeech you,
Of your own ſtate take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

CAM. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou dieſt.

SHEP. I cannot ſpeak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, ſir,
[*To* FLORIZEL.
You have undone a man of fourſcore three,[2]
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie cloſe by his honeſt bones: but now
Some hangman muſt put on my ſhroud, and lay me
Where no prieſt ſhovels-in duſt.[3]—O curſed wretch!
[*To* PERDITA.
That knew'ſt this was the prince, and would'ſt adventure
To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I deſire.[4] [*Exit.*

FLO. Why look you ſo upon me?[5]

[2] *You have undone a man of fourſcore three*, &c.] Theſe ſentiments, which the poet has heighten'd by a ſtrain of ridicule that runs through them, admirably characterize the ſpeaker; whoſe ſelfiſhneſs is ſeen in concealing the adventure of Perdita; and here ſupported, by ſhowing no regard for his ſon or her, but being taken up entirely with himſelf, though *fourſcore three*. WARBURTON.

[3] *Where no prieſt ſhovels-in duſt.*] This part of the *prieſt's* office might be remembered in Shakſpeare's time: it was not left off till the reign of Edward VI. FARMER.

That is—in pronouncing the words *earth to earth*, &c. HENLEY.

[4] *If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd*
To die when I deſire.] So, in *Macbeth*:
"Had I but died an hour before this chance,
"I had liv'd a bleſſed time." STEEVENS.

[5] *Why look you ſo* upon me?] Perhaps the two laſt words ſhould be omitted. STEEVENS.

I am but ſorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More ſtraining on, for plucking back; not following
My leaſh unwillingly.

CAM. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper:[6] at this time
He will allow no ſpeech,—which, I do gueſs,
You do not purpoſe to him;—and as hardly
Will he endure your ſight as yet, I fear:
Then, 'till the fury of his highneſs ſettle,
Come not before him.

FLO. I not purpoſe it.
I think, Camillo.

CAM. Even he, my lord.

PER. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
How often ſaid, my dignity would laſt
But till 'twere known?

FLO. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; And then
Let nature cruſh the ſides o'the earth together,
And mar the ſeeds within![7]—Lift up thy looks:[8]—
From my ſucceſſion wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

CAM. Be advis'd.

FLO. I am; and by my fancy:[9] if my reaſon
Will thereto be obedient, I have reaſon;

[6] *You know* your *father's temper:*] The old copy reads—*my* father's. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[7] *And mar the ſeeds within!*] So, in *Macbeth:*

"And nature's *germins* tumble all together." STEEVENS.

[8] ——Lift up *thy looks:*] "*Lift up* the light of thy countenance." Pſalm, iv. 6. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *and by my* fancy:] It muſt be remembered that *fancy* in our author very often, as in this place, means *love.* JOHNSON.

So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*

"Fair Helena in *fancy* following me."

See Vol. VII. p. 132, n. 6. STEEVENS.

If not, my ſenſes, better pleas'd with madneſs,
Do bid it welcome.

CAM. This is deſperate, ſir.

FLO. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs muſt think it honeſty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the ſun ſees, or
The cloſe earth wombs, or the profound ſeas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have e'er been my father's honour'd friend,
When he ſhall miſs me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To ſee him any more,) caſt your good counſels
Upon his paſſion; Let myſelf, and fortune,
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And ſo deliver,—I am put to ſea
With her, whom here[7] I cannot hold on ſhore;
And, moſt opportune to our need,[8] I have
A veſſel rides faſt by, but not prepar'd
For this deſign. What courſe I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

CAM. O, my lord,
I would your ſpirit were eaſier for advice,
Or ſtronger for your need.

FLO. Hark, Perdita.——[*Takes her aſide.*
I'll hear you by and by. [*To* CAMILLO.

CAM. He's irremovable,
Reſolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to ſerve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;

[7] ——whom *here*—] Old Copy—*who*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[8] *And, moſt opportune to* our *need*,] The old copy has—*her* need. This neceſſary emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Purchaſe the ſight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my maſter, whom
I ſo much thirſt to ſee.

FLO. Now, good Camillo,
I am ſo fraught with curious buſineſs, that
I leave out ceremony. [*Going.*

CAM. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor ſervices, i'the love
That I have borne your father?

FLO. Very nobly
Have you deſerv'd: it is my father's muſick,
To ſpeak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

CAM. Well, my lord,
If you may pleaſe to think I love the king;
And, through him, what is neareſt to him, which is
Your gracious ſelf; embrace but my direction.
(If your more ponderous and ſettled project
May ſuffer alteration,) on mine honour
I'll point you where you ſhall have ſuch receiving
As ſhall become your highneſs; where you may
Enjoy your miſtreſs; (from the whom, I ſee,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens foreſend! your ruin:) marry her;
And (with my beſt endeavours, in your abſence,)
Your diſcontenting father ſtrive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.[9]

FLO. How, Camillo,

[9] *And (with my beſt endeavours in your abſence,)*
Your diſcontenting *father ſtrive to qualify,*
And bring him up to liking.] And where you may, by letters, intreaties, &c. endeavour to ſoften your incenſed father, and reconcile him to the match; to effect which, my beſt ſervices ſhall not be wanting during your abſence. Mr. Pope, without either authority or neceſſity, reads—*I'll* ſtrive to qualify;—which has been followed by all the ſubſequent editors.

Diſcontenting is in our author's language the ſame as *diſcontented.* MALONE.

May this, almoſt a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee ſomething more than man,
And, after that, truſt to thee.

CAM. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?

FLO. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do; [9] ſo we profeſs
Ourſelves to be the ſlaves of chance,[2] and flies
Of every wind that blows.

CAM. Then liſt to me:
This follows,—if you will not change your purpoſe,
But undergo this flight;—Make for Sicilia;
And there preſent yourſelf, and your fair princeſs,
(For ſo, I ſee, ſhe muſt be,) 'fore Leontes;
She ſhall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I ſee
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: aſks thee, the ſon,[3] forgiveneſs,
As 'twere i'the father's perſon: kiſſes the hands
Of your freſh princeſs: o'er and o'er divides him

[9] *But as the* unthought on accident *is* guilty
To *what we wildly do;*] *Guilty to*, though it ſounds harſh to our ears, was the phraſeology of the time, or at leaſt of Shakſpeare: and this is one of thoſe paſſages that ſhould caution us not to diſturb his text merely becauſe the language appears different from that now in uſe. See *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. ſc. ii:

"But leſt myſelf be *guilty to* ſelf-wrong,
"I'll ſtop mine ears againſt the mermaid's ſong."

MALONE.

The *unthought-on accident* is the unexpected diſcovery made by Polixenes. M. MASON.

[2] *Ourſelves to be the ſlaves of* chance,] As *chance* has driven me to theſe extremities, ſo I commit myſelf to *chance*, to be conducted through them. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*aſks thee*, the *ſon*,] The old copy reads—thee *there* ſon. Corrected by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

Perhaps we ſhould read—(as Mr. Ritſon obſerves)

"Aſks *there* the ſon forgiveneſs,"— STEEVENS.

'Twixt his unkindneſs and his kindneſs; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
Faſter than thought, or time.

FLO. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my viſitation ſhall I
Hold up before him?

CAM. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, ſhall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which ſhall point you forth, at every ſitting,
What you muſt ſay; [4] that he ſhall not perceive,
But that you have your father's boſom there,
And ſpeak his very heart.

FLO. I am bound to you:
There is ſome ſap in this.[5]

CAM. A courſe more promiſing
Than a wild dedication of yourſelves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd ſhores; moſt certain,
To miſeries enough: no hope to help you;
But, as you ſhake off one, to take another:[6]

[4] *Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:*
The which ſhall point you forth, at every ſitting,
What you muſt ſay;] *Every ſitting*, ſays Mr. Theobald, *methinks, gives but a very poor idea.* But a poor idea is better than none; which it comes to, when he has alter'd it to *every ſitting*. The truth is, the common reading is very expreſſive; and means, at every audience you ſhall have of the king and council. The council-days being, in our author's time, called, in common ſpeech, *the ſittings*. WARBURTON.

Howel, in one of his letters, ſays: "My lord preſident hopes to be at the next *ſitting* in York." FARMER.

[5] *There is ſome* ſap in this.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"There's *ſap in't* yet." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*miſeries*——
But, as you ſhake off one, to take another:] So, in *Cymbeline*:
"—— to ſhift his being,
"Is to exchange one miſery with another." STEEVENS.

Nothing ſo certain, as your anchors; who
Do their beſt office, if they can but ſtay you
Where you'll be loth to be: Beſides, you know,
Proſperity's the very bond of love;
Whoſe freſh complexion and whoſe heart together
Affliction alters.

PER. One of theſe is true:
I think, affliction may ſubdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.[5]

CAM. Yea, ſay you ſo?
There ſhall not, at your father's houſe, theſe ſeven years,
Be born another ſuch.

FLO. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
I'the rear of birth.[6]

CAM. I cannot ſay, 'tis pity
She lacks inſtructions; for ſhe ſeems a miſtreſs
To moſt that teach.

PER. Your pardon, ſir, for this;
I'll bluſh you thanks.[7]

[5] *But not* take in *the mind.*] To *take in* anciently meant to *conquer*, to *get the better of.* So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"He could ſo quickly cut th' Ionian ſeas,
"And *take in* Toryne."

Mr. Henley, however, ſuppoſes that to *take in*, in the preſent inſtance, is ſimply to *include* or *comprehend.* STEEVENS.

[6] ——*i'the rear* of *birth.*] Old copy—i'th'rear *our* birth. Corrected by Sir Thomas Hanmer. The two redundant words in this line, *She is*, ought perhaps to be omitted. I ſuſpect that they were introduced by the compoſitor's eye glancing on the preceding line. MALONE.

Theſe unneceſſary words are here omitted. STEEVENS.

[7] *Your pardon, ſir, for this;*
I'll bluſh you thanks.] Perhaps this paſſage ſhould be rather pointed thus:

Your pardon, ſir; for this
I'll bluſh you thanks. MALONE.

FLO. My prettieſt Perdita.——
But, O, the thorns we ſtand upon!—Camillo,—
Preſerver of my father, now of me;
The medicin of our houſe!—how ſhall we do?
We are not furniſh'd like Bohemia's ſon;
Nor ſhall appear in Sicily——
CAM. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there: it ſhall be ſo my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The ſcene you play, were mine. For inſtance, ſir,
That you may know you ſhall not want,—one word.
[*They talk aſide.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

AUT. Ha, ha! what a fool honeſty is! and truſt, his ſworn brother, a very ſimple gentleman! I have ſold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit ſtone, not a riband, glaſs, pomander,[8] brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, ſhoe-tye, bracelet, horn-

[8] ——— pomander] A *pomander* was a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague. In a tract, intituled, *Certain neceſſary Directions, as well for curing the Plague, as for preventing infection*, printed 1636, there are directions for making two ſorts of *pomanders*, one for the rich, and another for the poor. GREY.

In *Lingua*, or *a Combat of the Tongue*, &c. 1607, is the following receipt given, Act IV. ſc. iii:

"Your only way to make a good *pomander* is this. Take an ounce of the pureſt garden mould, cleans'd and ſteep'd ſeven days in change of motherleſs roſe-water. Then take the beſt labdanum, benjoin, both ſtoraxes, amber-gris and civet and muſk. Incorporate them together, and work them into what form you pleaſe. This, if your breath be not too valiant, will make you ſmell as ſweet as my lady's dog."

The ſpeaker repreſents Odor. STEEVENS.

ring, to keep my pack from faſting: they throng who ſhould buy firſt; as if my trinkets had been hallowed,[9] and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I ſaw whoſe purſe was beſt in picture; and, what I ſaw, to my good uſe, I remember'd. My clown (who wants but ſomething to be a reaſonable man,) grew ſo in love with the wenches' ſong, that he would not ſtir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and words; which ſo drew the reſt of the herd to me, that all their other ſenſes ſtuck in ears:[2] you might have pinch'd a placket,[3] it was ſenſeleſs; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a purſe; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my ſir's ſong, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut moſt of their feſtival purſes: and had not the old man come in with a hubbub againſt his daughter and the king's ſon, and ſcared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purſe alive in the whole army.

Other receipts for making *pomander* may be found in "Plat's Delightes for ladies to adorne their perſons, &c. 1611," and in "The accompliſht Lady's Delight, 1675." They all differ. DOUCE.

[9] —— *as if my trinkets had been* hallowed,] This alludes to beads often ſold by the Romaniſts, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of ſome relick. JOHNSON.

[2] —— *all their other ſenſes ſtuck* in ears:] Read—"ſtuck in *their* ears." M. MASON.

[3] —— *a* placket,] *Placket* is properly the opening in a woman's petticoat. It is here figuratively uſed, as perhaps in *King Lear*: "Keep thy hand out of *plackets*." This ſubject, however, may receive further illuſtration from *Skialetheia*; a collection of epigrams, &c. 1598. Epig. 32:

"Wanton young Lais hath a pretty note
"Whoſe burthen is—*Pinch not my petticoate:*
"Not that ſhe feares cloſe nips, for by the rood,
"A privy pleaſing nip will cheare her blood:
"But ſhe which longs to taſt of pleaſure's cup,
"In nipping would her petticoate weare up." STEEVENS.

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, *and* PERDITA, *come forward.*

CAM. Nay, but my letters by this means being there
So ſoon as you arrive, ſhall clear that doubt.

FLO. And thoſe that you'll procure from king Leontes,——

CAM. Shall ſatisfy your father.

PER. Happy be you!
All, that you ſpeak, ſhows fair.

CAM. Who have we here?—— [*Seeing* AUTOLYCUS.
We'll make an inſtrument of this; omit
Nothing, may give us aid.

AUT. If they have overheard me now,——why hanging. [*Aſide.*

CAM. How now, good fellow? Why ſhakeſt thou ſo? Fear not man; here's no harm intended to thee.

AUT. I am a poor fellow, ſir.

CAM. Why, be ſo ſtill; here's nobody will ſteal that from thee: Yet, for the outſide of thy poverty, we muſt make an exchange: therefore, diſcaſe thee inſtantly, (thou muſt think, there's neceſſity in't,) and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his ſide, be the worſt, yet hold thee, there's ſome boot.[4]

AUT. I am a poor fellow, ſir:—I know ye well enough. [*Aſide.*

CAM. Nay, pr'ythee, deſpatch: the gentleman is half flay'd already.[5]

[4] —— *boot.*] That is, *ſomething over and above*, or, as we now ſay, *ſomething to boot.* JOHNSON.

[5] —— *it half* flay'd *already.*] I ſuppoſe Camillo means to ſay no more, than that Florizel is half *ſtripped* already. MALONE.

AUT. Are you in earneſt, ſir? —I ſmell the trick of it.— [*Aſide.*

FLO. Deſpatch, I pr'ythee.

AUT. Indeed, I have had earneſt; but I cannot with conſcience take it.

CAM. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[FLO. *and* AUTOL. *exchange garments.*

Fortunate miſtreſs,—let my prophecy
Come home to you!—you muſt retire yourſelf
Into ſome covert: take your ſweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Diſmantle you; and as you can, diſliken
The truth of your own ſeeming; that you may,
(For I do fear eyes over you,[4]) to ſhipboard
Get undeſcried.

PER. I ſee, the play ſo lies,
That I muſt bear a part.

CAM. No remedy.—
Have you done there?

FLO. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me ſon.

CAM. Nay, you ſhall have
No hat:—Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

AUT. Adieu, ſir.

FLO. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word. [*They converſe apart.*

CAM. What I do next, ſhall be, to tell the king [*Aſide.*
Of this eſcape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I ſhall ſo prevail,
To force him after: in whoſe company
I ſhall review Sicilia; for whoſe ſight

[4] —— *over* you,] *You*, which ſeems to have been accidentally omitted in the old copy, was added by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

I have a woman's longing.

FLO. Fortune ſpeed us!—
Thus we ſet on, Camillo, to the ſea-ſide.

CAM. The ſwifter ſpeed, the better.

[*Exeunt* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, *and* CAMILLO.

AUT. I underſtand the buſineſs, I hear it: To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is neceſſary for a cut-purſe; a good noſe is requiſite alſo, to ſmell out work for the other ſenſes. I ſee, this is the time that the unjuſt man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himſelf is about a piece of iniquity, ſtealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought it were not a piece of honeſty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't:[5] I hold it the more knavery to

[5] —— *If I thought it were* not *a piece of honeſty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't:*] The old copy reads—If I thought it *were* a piece of honeſty to acquaint the king withal, I would *not* do't. See the following note. STEEVENS.

The reaſoning of Autolycus is obſcure, becauſe ſomething is ſuppreſſed. The prince, ſays he, is about a bad action, he is ſtealing away from his father: If I thought it were a piece of honeſty to acquaint the king, I would not do it, becauſe that would be inconſiſtent with my profeſſion of a knave; *but I know that the betraying the prince to the king would be a piece of knavery with reſpect to the* prince, *and therefore I might, conſiſtently with my character, reveal that matter to the king*, though a *piece of honeſty to him*: however, I hold it a *greater* knavery to conceal the prince's ſcheme from the king, than to betray the prince; and therefore, in concealing it, I am ſtill conſtant to my profeſſion.—Sir T. Hanmer and all the ſubſequent editors read—If I thought it were *not* a piece of honeſty, &c. I *would* do it: but words ſeldom ſtray from their places in ſo extraordinary a manner at the preſs: nor indeed do I perceive any need of change. MALONE.

I have left Sir T. Hanmer's reading in the text, becauſe, in my opinion, our author, who wrote merely for the ſtage, muſt have

conceal it; and therein am I conſtant to my profeſſion.

Enter Clown *and* Shepherd.

Aſide, aſide;—here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every ſhop, church, ſeſſion, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clown. See, ſee; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king ſhe's a changeling, and none of your fleſh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clown. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clown. She being none of your fleſh and blood, your fleſh and blood has not offended the king; and, ſo, your fleſh and blood is not to be puniſh'd by him. Show thoſe things you found about her; thoſe ſecret things, all but what ſhe has with her: This being done, let the law go whiſtle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his ſon's pranks too; who, I may ſay, is no honeſt man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clown. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furtheſt off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.[6]

deſigned to render himſelf intelligible without the aid of ſo long an explanatory clauſe as Mr. Malone's interpretation demands. Steevens.

[6] —— *and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.*] I ſuſpect that a word was omitted at the preſs. We might, I think, ſafely read—by I know *not* how much an ounce. Sir T. Hanmer, I find, had made the ſame emendation. Malone.

AUT. Very wiſely; puppies! [*Aſide.*

SHEP. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel, will make him ſcratch his beard.

AUT. I know not, what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my maſter.

CLOWN. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

AUT. Though I am not naturally honeſt, I am ſo ſometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement. [7]—[*Takes off his falſe beard.*] How now, ruſticks? whither are you bound?

SHEP. To the palace, an it like your worſhip.

AUT. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having,[8] breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, diſcover.

CLOWN. We are but plain fellows, ſir.

AUT. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradeſmen, and they often give us ſoldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with ſtamped coin, not ſtabbing ſteel; therefore they do not give us the lie. [9]

[7] —— *pedler's* excrement.] Is pedler's beard. JOHNSON.

So, in the old tragedy of *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599:

"Whoſe chin bears no impreſſion of manhood,
"Not a hair, not an *excrement.*"

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

"—— dally with my *excrement*, with my muſtachio."

Again, in *The Comedy of Errors:* "Why is Time ſuch a niggard of his hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an *excrement?*"

STEEVENS.

[8] —— *of what* having,] i. e. eſtate, property. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:* "The gentleman is of no *having.*" STEEVENS.

[9] —— *therefore they do not* give *us the lie.*] The meaning is, they are *paid* for lying, therefore they do not *give* us the lie, they *ſell* it us. JOHNSON.

CLOWN. Your worſhip had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourſelf with the manner.[9]

SHEP. Are you a courtier, an't like you, ſir?

AUT. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier, See'ſt thou not the air of the court, in theſe enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the meaſure of the court? [2] receives not thy noſe court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baſeneſs, court-contempt? Think'ſt thou, for that I inſinuate, or toze [3] from

[9] —— *with the manner.*] In the fact. See Vol. VII. p. 193, n. 7. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *hath not my gait in it, the* meaſure *of the court?*] i. e. the ſtately tread of courtiers. See *Much ado about nothing*, Vol. VI. p. 252: "— the wedding mannerly modeſt, as a *meaſure*, full of *ſtate* and ancientry." MALONE.

[3] —— *inſinuate*, or toze ——] The firſt folio reads — *at toaze*; the ſecond—*or* toaze; Mr. Malone—*and* toze.

To *teaze*, or *toze*, is to diſentangle wool or flax. Autolycus adopts a phraſeology which he ſuppoſes to be intelligible to the Clown, who would not have underſtood the word *inſinuate*, without ſuch a comment on it. STEEVENS.

To *inſinuate*, I believe, means here, to cajole, to talk with condeſcenſion and humility. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

"With death ſhe humbly doth *inſinuate*,
"Tells him of trophies, ſtatues, tombs, and ſtories,
"His victories, his triumphs, and his glories."

The word *toaze* is uſed in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, in the ſame ſenſe as here:

"—— We'll *toaze* you joint by joint,
"But we will know this purpoſe."

To *touſe*, ſays Minſhieu, is, to *pull*, to *tug*. MALONE.

To *inſinuate*, and to *teaſe*, or *toaze*, are oppoſites. The former ſignifies to introduce itſelf obliquely into a thing, and the latter to get ſomething out that was knotted up in it. Milton has uſed each word in its proper ſenſe:

"—— cloſe the ſerpent fly
"*Inſinuating*, wove with Gordian twine
"His braided train, and of his fatal guile
"Gave proof unheeded." — *Par. Loſt*, B. IV. l. 347.

thee thy buſineſs, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pè; and one that will either puſh on, or pluck back thy buſineſs there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

SHEP. My buſineſs, ſir, is to the king.

AUT. What advocate haſt thou to him?

SHEP. I know not, an't like you.

CLOWN. Advocate's the court-word for a pheaſant;[4] ſay, you have none.

SHEP. None, ſir; I have no pheaſant, cock, nor hen.

AUT. How bleſs'd are we, that are not ſimple men!
Yet nature might have made me as theſe are;
Therefore I'll not diſdain.

CLOWN. This cannot be but a great courtier.

SHEP. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handſomely.

CLOWN. He ſeems to be the more noble in being fantaſtical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.[5]

AUT. The fardel there? what's i'the fardel?
Wherefore that box?

" —— coarſe complexions,
" And cheeks of ſorry grain, will ſerve to ply
" The ſampler, and to *teaze* the houſewife's wool."
Comus, l. 749. HENLEY.

[4] Advocate's *the court-word for a* pheaſant;] As he was a ſuitor from the country, the Clown ſuppoſes his father ſhould have brought a preſent of *game*, and therefore imagines, when Autolycus aſks him what *advocate* he has, that by the word *advocate* he means a *pheaſant*. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *a great man,—by the picking on's teeth.*] It ſeems, that to pick the teeth was, at this time, a mark of ſome pretenſion to greatneſs or elegance. So, the Baſtard, in *King John*, ſpeaking of the traveller, ſays:

" He and *his pick-tooth* at my worſhip's meſs." JOHNSON.

SHEP. Sir, there lies ſuch ſecrets in this ſardel, and box, which none muſt know but the king; and which he ſhall know within this hour, if I may come to the ſpeech of him.

AUT. Age, thou haſt loſt thy labour.

SHEP. Why, ſir?

AUT. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ſhip to purge melancholy, and air himſelf: For, if thou be'ſt capable of things ſerious, thou muſt know, the king is full of grief.

SHEP. So 'tis ſaid, ſir; about his ſon, that ſhould have married a ſhepherd's daughter.

AUT. If that ſhepherd be not in hand-faſt, let him fly; the curſes he ſhall have, the tortures he ſhall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monſter.

CLOWN. Think you ſo, ſir?

AUT. Not he alone ſhall ſuffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but thoſe that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, ſhall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is neceſſary. An old ſheep-whiſtling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some ſay, he ſhall be ſtoned; but that death is too ſoft for him, ſay I: Draw our throne into a ſheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the ſharpeſt too eaſy.

CLOWN. Has the old man e'er a ſon, ſir, do you hear, an't like you, ſir?

AUT. He has a ſon, who ſhall be flay'd alive; then, 'nointed over with honey,[5] ſet on the head

[5] —— *then, 'nointed over with honey*, &c.] A puniſhment of this ſort is recorded in a book which Shakſpeare might have ſeen:— "he cauſed a cage of yron to be made, and ſet it in the ſunne: and, after annointing the pore Prince over with hony, forced him

of a waſp's neſt; then ſtand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or ſome other hot infuſion: then, raw as he is, and in the hotteſt day prognoſtication proclaims,[6] ſhall he be ſet againſt a brick-wall, the ſun looking with a ſouthward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of theſe traitorly raſcals, whoſe miſeries are to be ſmil'd, at, their offences being ſo capital? Tell me, (for you ſeem to be honeſt plain men,) what you have to the king: being ſomething gently conſidered,[7] I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your perſons to his preſence, whiſper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, beſides the king, to effect your ſuits, here is man ſhall do it.

CLOWN. He ſeems to be of great authority: cloſe with him, give him gold; and though authority be a ſtubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the noſe

naked to enter into it, where hee long time endured the greateſt languor and torment in the worlde, with ſwarmes of flies that dayly fed on hym; and in this ſorte, with paine and famine, ended his miſerable life." *The Stage of popiſh Toyes*, 1518, p. 33. REED.

[6] ——*the hotteſt day* prognoſtication *proclaims*,] That is, *the hotteſt day foretold in the almanack*. JOHNSON.

Almanacks were in Shakſpeare's time publiſhed under this title. "An Almanack and *Prognoſtication* made for the year of our Lord God, 1595," See Herbert's Typograph. Antiq. II. 1029. MALONE.

[7] —— *being ſomething gently conſidered*,] Means, *I having a gentlemanlike conſideration given me*, i. e. a bribe, *will bring you*, &c. So, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

" ——ſure, ſir, I'll *conſider it* hereafter if I can.
" What, *conſider* me? doſt thou think that I am a *bribe-taker?*"

Again, in *The Iſle of Gulls*, 1633: "Thou ſhalt be well *conſidered*, there's twenty crowns in earneſt." STEEVENS.

with gold: ſhow the inſide of your purſe to the outſide of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, ſtoned, and flay'd alive.

SHEP. An't pleaſe you, ſir, to undertake the buſineſs for us; here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

AUT. After I have done what I promiſed?

SHEP. Ay, ſir.

AUT. Well, give me the moiety: — Are you a party in this buſineſs?

CLOWN. In ſome ſort, ſir: but though my caſe be a pitiful one, I hope I ſhall not be flay'd out of it.

AUT. O, that's the caſe of the ſhepherd's ſon: — Hang him, he'll be made an example.

CLOWN. Comfort, good comfort: We muſt to the king, and ſhow our ſtrange ſights: he muſt know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my ſiſter; we are gone elſe. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the buſineſs if perform'd; and remain, as he ſays, your pawn, till it be brought you.

AUT. I will truſt you. Walk before toward the ſea-ſide; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

CLOWN. We are bleſs'd in this man, as I may ſay, even bleſs'd.

SHEP. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt* Shepherd *and* Clown.

AUT. If I had a mind to be honeſt, I ſee, fortune would not ſuffer me; ſhe drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occaſion; gold, and a means to do the prince my maſter good;

which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring theſe two moles, theſe blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to ſhore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being ſo far officious; for I am proof againſt that title, and what ſhame elſe belongs to't: To him will I preſent them, there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Sicilia. *A Room in the Palace of* Leontes.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, *and Others.*

CLEO. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A ſaint-like ſorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done treſpaſs: At the laſt,
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourſelf.

LEON. Whilſt I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemiſhes in them; and ſo ſtill think of
The wrong I did myſelf: which was ſo much,
That heirleſs it hath made my kingdom; and
Deſtroy'd the ſweet'ſt companion, that e'er man

Bred his hopes out of.

PAUL. True, too true, my lord:[8]
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took ſomething good,[9]
To make a perfect woman; ſhe you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

LEON. I think ſo. Kill'd!
She I kill'd? I did ſo: but thou ſtrikeſt me
Sorely, to ſay I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: Now, good now,
Say ſo but ſeldom.

CLEO. Not at all, good lady:
You might have ſpoken a thouſand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindneſs better.

PAUL. You are one of thoſe,
Would have him wed again.

DION. If you would not ſo,
You pity not the ſtate, nor the remembrance
Of his moſt ſovereign name; conſider little,
What dangers, by his highneſs' fail of iſſue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy,

[8] True, *too true, my lord:*] In former editions:
Deſtroy'd the ſweet'ſt companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of, true.
Paul. *Too true, my lord:*
A very ſlight examination will convince every intelligent reader, that *true*, here has jumped out of its place in all the editions.
THEOBALD.

[9] *Or, from the all that are, took ſomething good,*] This is a favourite thought; it was beſtowed on Miranda and Roſalind before.
JOHNSON.

Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?[a]
What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,
For preſent comfort, and for future good,—
To bleſs the bed of majeſty again
With a ſweet fellow to't?

PAUL. There is none worthy,
Reſpecting her that's gone. Beſides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their ſecret purpoſes:
For has not the divine Apollo ſaid,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes ſhall not have an heir,
Till his loſt child be found? which, that it ſhall,
Is all as monſtrous to our human reaſon,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did periſh with the infant. 'Tis your counſel,
My lord ſhould to the heavens be contrary,
Oppoſe againſt their wills.—Care not for iſſue;
[*To* LEONTES.
The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthieſt; ſo his ſucceſſor
Was like to be the beſt.

LEON. Good Paulina,—
Who haſt the memory of Hermione,

[a] ——*the former queen is* well?] i. e. at reſt; dead. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, this phraſe is ſaid to be peculiarly applicable to the dead:

"*Meſſ.* Firſt, madam, he is *well.*
"*Cleop.* Why there's more gold; but ſirrah, mark;
"We uſe to ſay, *the dead are well;* bring it to that,
"The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour
"Down thy ill-uttering throat."

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Balthazar ſpeaking of Juliet, whom he imagined to be *dead*, ſays:

"Then ſhe is *well*, and nothing can be ill." MALONE.

This phraſe ſeems to have been adopted from Scripture. See 2 Kings, iv. 26. HENLEY.

I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had ſquar'd me to thy counſel! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treaſure from her lips,——

PAUL. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

LEON. Thou ſpeak'ſt truth.
No more ſuch wives; therefore, no wife: one worſe,
And better us'd, would make her ſainted ſpirit
Again poſſeſs her corps; and, on this ſtage,
(Where we offenders now appear,) ſoul-vex'd,
Begin, *And why to me?*[3]

[3] *(Where we offenders now appear,) ſoul-vex'd,*

Begin, And why to me?; The old copy reads—*And begin*, why to me? The tranſpoſition now adopted was propoſed by Mr. Steevens. Mr. Theobald reads:

—— and on this ſtage
(Where we *offend* her now) appear ſoul-vex'd, &c.

Mr. Heath would read—(*Were* we offenders now) appear, &c. "——that is, if we ſhould now at laſt ſo far offend her." Mr. M. Maſon thinks that the ſecond line ſhould be printed thus:

And begin, why? to me,

"that is, begin to call me to account."

There is ſo much harſh and involved conſtruction in this play, that I am not ſure but the old copy, perplexed as the ſentence may appear, is right. Perhaps the author intended to point it thus:

Again poſſeſs her corps, (and on this ſtage
Where we offenders now appear ſoul-vex'd,)
And begin, *why to me?*

Why to me *did you prefer one leſs worthy*, Leontes inſinuates would be the purport of Hermione's ſpeech. There is, I think, ſomething awkward in the phraſe—Where we offenders now *appear*. By removing the parentheſis, which in the old copy is placed after *appear*, to the end of the line, and applying the epithet *ſoul-vex'd* to Leontes and the reſt who mourned the loſs of Hermione, that difficulty is obviated. MALONE.

To countenance my tranſpoſition, be it obſerved, that the blunders occaſioned by the printers of the firſt folio are ſo numerous, that it ſhould ſeem, when a word dropp'd out of their preſs, they were careleſs into which line they inſerted it. STEEVENS.

PAUL. Had ſhe ſuch power,
She had juſt cauſe.[4]
LEON. She had; and would incenſe me[5]
To murder her I married.
PAUL. I ſhould ſo:
Were I the ghoſt that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't
You choſe her: then I'd ſhriek, that even your ears
Shou'd riſt[6] to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, *Remember mine.*
LEON. Stars, very ſtars,[7]

I believe no change is neceſſary. If, inſtead of being repeated, the word *appear* be underſtood, as, by an obvious ellipſis, it may, the ſenſe will be ſufficiently clear. HENLEY.

[4] *She had juſt cauſe.*] The firſt and ſecond folio read—*ſhe had juſt* ſuch *cauſe.* REED.

We ſhould certainly read, "ſhe had juſt cauſe." The inſertion of the word *ſuch*, hurts both the ſenſe and the metre. M. MASON.

There is nothing to which the word *ſuch* can be referred. It was, I have no doubt, inſerted by the compoſitor's eye glancing on the preceding line. The metre is perfect without this word which confirms the obſervation.—Since the foregoing remark was printed in the SECOND APPENDIX to my SUPP. to SHAKSP. 1783, I have obſerved that the editor of the third folio made the ſame correction. MALONE.

[5] —— incenſe *me* ——] i. e. inſtigate, ſet me on. So, in *K. Richard III:*
"Think you, my lord, this little prating York
"Was not *incenſed* by his ſubtle mother?" STEEVENS.

[6] *Should* riſt ——] i. e. ſplit. So, in *The Tempeſt:*
"——*rifted* Jove's ſtout oak." STEEVENS.

[7] *Stars*, very *ſtars*,] The word—*very*, was ſupplied by Sir T. Hanmer, to aſſiſt the metre. So, in *Cymbeline:*
"'Twas *very* Cloten."
Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*
"Eſpecially againſt his *very* friend." STEEVENS.

And all eyes elſe, dead coals!—fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

PAUL. Will you ſwear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

LEON. Never, Paulina; ſo be bleſs'd my ſpirit!

PAUL. Then, good my lords, bear witneſs to his oath.

CLEO. You tempt him over-much.

PAUL. Unleſs another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.[5]

CLEO. Good madam,—

PAUL. I have done.[6]
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, ſir,
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To chooſe you a queen: ſhe ſhall not be ſo young
As was your former; but ſhe ſhall be ſuch,
As, walk'd your firſt queen's ghoſt, it ſhould take joy
To ſee her in your arms.

LEON. My true Paulina,
We ſhall not marry, till thou bidd'ſt us.

PAUL. That
Shall be, when your firſt queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

[5] *Affront his eye.*] To *affront*, is *to meet*. JOHNSON.
So, in *Cymbeline:*
"Your preparation can *affront* no leſs
"Than what you hear of." STEEVENS.

[6] Paul. *I have done.*] Theſe three words in the old copy make part of the preceding ſpeech. The preſent regulation, which is clearly right, was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Enter a Gentleman.

GENT. One that gives out himſelf prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princeſs, (ſhe
The faireſt I have yet beheld,) deſires acceſs
To your high preſence.
LEON. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatneſs: his approach,
So out of circumſtance, and ſudden, tells us,
'Tis not viſitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What train?
GENT. But few,
And thoſe but mean.
LEON. His princeſs, ſay you, with him?
GENT. Ay; the moſt peerleſs piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the ſun ſhone bright on.
PAUL. O Hermione,
As every preſent time doth boaſt itſelf
Above a better, gone; ſo muſt thy grave
Give way to what's ſeen now.[7] Sir, you yourſelf
Have ſaid, and writ ſo,[8] (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,[9]) *She had not been,*
Nor was not to be equall'd;—thus your verſe
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis ſhrewdly ebb'd,

[7] ——*ſo muſt thy* grave
Give way to what's ſeen now.] *Thy grave* here means—thy beauties, which are buried in the grave; the continent for the contents. EDWARDS.

[8] ——*Sir, you yourſelf*
Have ſaid, and writ ſo,] The reader muſt obſerve, that *ſo* relates not to what precedes, but to what follows; that *ſhe had not been ——equall'd.* JOHNSON.

[9] *Is colder than that* theme,] i. e. than the lifeleſs body of Hermione, the *theme* or *ſubject* of your writing. MALONE.

To ſay, you have ſeen a better.

GENT. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almoſt forgot; (your pardon,)
The other, when ſhe has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is ſuch a creature,[9]
Would ſhe begin a ſect, might quench the zeal
Of all profeſſors elſe; make proſelytes
Of who ſhe but bid follow.

PAUL. How? not women?

GENT. Women will love her, that ſhe is a woman
More worth than any man; men that ſhe is
The rareſt of all women.

LEON. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourſelf, aſſiſted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis ſtrange,
[*Exeunt* CLEOMENES, Lords, *and* Gentleman.
He thus ſhould ſteal upon us.

PAUL. Had our prince,
(Jewel of children,) ſeen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

LEON. Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'ſt,[a]
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: ſure,
When I ſhall ſee this gentleman, thy ſpeeches
Will bring me to conſider that, which may
Unfurniſh me of reaſon.—They are come.——

[9] *This is* ſuch *a creature,*] The word *ſuch*, which is wanting in the old copy, was judiciouſly ſupplied by Sir T. Hanmer, for the ſake of metre. STEEVENS.

[a] *Pr'ythee,* no more; *thou know'ſt,*] The old copy redundantly reads—

"Pr'ythee, no more; *ceaſe;* thou know'ſt"—

Ceaſe, I believe, was a mere marginal gloſs or explanation of—*no more*, and, injuriouſly to metre, had crept into the text. STEEVENS.

Re-enter CLEOMENES, *with* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, *and Attendants.*

Your mother was moſt true to wedlock, prince;
For ſhe did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is ſo hit in you,
His very air, that I ſhould call you brother,
As I did him: and ſpeak of ſomething, wildly
By us perform'd before. Moſt dearly welcome!
And your fair princeſs, goddeſs)—O, alas!
I loſt a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have ſtood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! and then I loſt
(All mine own folly,) the ſociety,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing miſery, I deſire my life
Once more to look upon.[3]

FLO. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,[4]

[3] ——whom,
Though bearing miſery, I deſire my life
Once more to look upon.] The old copy reads—
Once more to look *on him.* STEEVENS.

For this incorrectneſs our author muſt anſwer. There are many others of the ſame kind to be found in his writings. See p. 60, n. 7. Mr. Theobald, with more accuracy, but without neceſſity, omitted the word *him*, and to ſupply the metre, reads in the next line—"*Sir*, by his command," &c. in which he has been followed, I think, improperly, by the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

As I ſuppoſe this incorrect phraſeology to be the mere jargon of the old players, I have omitted—*him*, and (for the ſake of metre) inſtead of—*on*, read—*upon*. So, in a former part of the preſent ſcene:

"I might have look'd *upon* my queen's full eyes—."

Again, p. 202:

"Strike all that look *upon* with marvel." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*that a king*, at *friend*,] Thus the old copy; but having

Can ſend his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times,) hath ſomething ſeiz'd
His wiſh'd ability, he had himſelf
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Meaſur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me ſay ſo,) more than all the ſcepters,
And thoſe that bear them, living.

LEON. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee, ſtir
Afreſh within me; and theſe thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand ſlackneſs!—Welcome hither,
As is the ſpring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful uſage
(At leaſt, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much leſs
The adventure of her perſon?

FLO. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

LEON. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

FLO. Moſt royal ſir, from thence; from him, whoſe daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: [4] thence

met with no example of ſuch phraſeology, I ſuſpect our author wrote — *and* friend. *At* has already been printed for *and* in the play before us. MALONE.

At friend, perhaps, means *at friendſhip*. So, in *Hamlet*, we have — "the wind *at* help." We might, however, read, omitting only a ſingle letter — *a* friend. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *whoſe daughter*
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her:] This is very ungrammatical and obſcure. We may better read:
—— *whoſe daughter*
His tears proclaim'd her *parting with her.*

(A proſperous ſouth-wind friendly,) we have croſs'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For viſiting your highneſs: My beſt train
I have from your Sicilian ſhores diſmiſs'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to ſignify
Not only my ſucceſs in Libya, ſir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in ſafety
Here, where we are.

LEON. The bleſſed gods[5]
Purge all infection from our air, whilſt you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman;[6] againſt whoſe perſon,
So ſacred as it is, I have done ſin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me iſſueleſs; and your father's bleſs'd,
(As he from heaven merits it,) with you,
Worthy his goodneſs. What might I have been,
Might I a ſon and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

The prince firſt tells that the lady came from *Libya*; the king, interrupting him, ſays, *from Smalus? from him*, ſays the prince, *whoſe tears, at parting, ſhowed her to be his daughter.* JOHNSON.

The obſcurity ariſes from want of proper punctuation. By placing a *comma* after *his*, I think the ſenſe is clear'd. STEEVENS.

[5] *The bleſſed gods*—] Unleſs both the words *here* and *where* were employed in the preceding line as diſſyllables, the metre is defective. We might read—The *ever*-bleſſed gods—; but whether there was any omiſſion, is very doubtful, for the reaſon already aſſigned. MALONE.

I muſt confeſs that in this preſent diſſyllabic pronunciation I have not the ſmalleſt degree of faith. Such violent attempts to produce metre ſhould at leaſt be countenanced by the ſhadow of examples. Sir T. Hanmer reads—

" Here, where we *happily* are. STEEVENS.

[6] *A* graceful *gentleman;*] i. e. full of grace and virtue. M. MASON.

Enter a Lord.

LORD. Moſt noble ſir,
That, which I ſhall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof ſo nigh. Pleaſe you, great ſir,
Bohemia greets you from himſelf, by me:
Deſires you to attach his ſon; who has
(His dignity and duty both caſt off,)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A ſhepherd's daughter.

LEON. Where's Bohemia? ſpeak.

LORD. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I ſpeak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my meſſage. To your court
Whiles he was haſt'ning, (in the chaſe, it ſeems,
Of this fair couple) meets he on the way
The father of this ſeeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

FLO. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whoſe honour, and whoſe honeſty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

LORD. Lay't ſo, to his charge;
He's with the king your father.

LEON. Who? Camillo?

LORD. Camillo, ſir; I ſpake with him; who now
Has theſe poor men in queſtion.[7] Never ſaw I
Wretches ſo quake: they kneel, they kiſs the earth;
Forſwear themſelves as often as they ſpeak:
Bohemia ſtops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

[7] ——*in* queſtion.] i. e. in converſation. So, in *As you like it:* "I met the Duke yeſterday, and had much *queſtion* with him." STEEVENS.

PER. O, my poor father!—
The heaven ſets ſpies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.
LEON. You are married?
FLO. We are not, ſir, nor are we like to be;
The ſtars, I ſee, will kiſs the valleys firſt:—
The odds for high and low's alike.[7]
LEON. My Lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?
FLO She is,
When once ſhe is my wife.
LEON. That once, I ſee, by your good father's ſpeed,
Will come on very ſlowly. I am ſorry,
Moſt ſorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty: and as ſorry,
Your choice is not ſo rich in worth as beauty,[8]
That you might well enjoy her.
FLO. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, viſible an enemy,
Should chaſe us, with my father; power no jot
Hath ſhe, to change our loves.—'Beſeech you, ſir,
Remember ſince you ow'don more to time[9]

[7] *The odds for* high and low's *alike*,] A quibble upon the falſe dice ſo called. See note in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*. Vol. V. p. 43, n. 4. DOUCE.

[8] *Your choice is not ſo rich in* worth *as beauty*,] *Worth* ſignifies any kind of *worthineſs*, and among others that of high deſcent. The king means that he is ſorry the prince's choice is not in other reſpects as worthy of him as in beauty. JOHNSON.

Our author often uſes *worth* for *wealth*; which may alſo, together with high birth, be here in contemplation. MALONE.

So, in *Twelfth-Night*:

"But were my *worth* as is my conſcience firm," &c.
STEEVENS.

[9] *Remember ſince you ow'd no more to time*, &c.] Recollect the period when you were of my age. MALONE.

Than I do now: with thought of ſuch affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your requeſt,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

LEON. Would he do ſo, I'd beg your precious miſtreſs,
Which he counts but a trifle.

PAUL. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, ſhe was more worth ſuch gazes
Than what you look on now.

LEON. I thought of her.
Even in theſe looks I made.—But your petition
[*To* FLORIZEL.
Is yet unanſwer'd: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrow, by your deſires.
I am friend to them, and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. Before the Palace.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *and a* Gentleman.

AUT. 'Beſeech you, ſir, were you preſent at this relation?

1. GENT. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old ſhepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedneſs, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this,

methought, I heard the ſhepherd ſay, he found the child.

AUT. I would moſt gladly know the iſſue of it.

1. GENT. I make a broken delivery of the buſineſs;—But the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they ſeemed almoſt, with ſtaring on one another, to tear the caſes of their eyes; there was ſpeech in their dumbneſs, language in their very geſture; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ranſom'd, or one deſtroy'd: A notable paſſion of wonder appear'd in them: but the wiſeſt beholder, that knew no more but ſeeing, could not ſay, if the importance were joy, or ſorrow; [2] but in the extremity of the one, it muſt needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more;
The news, Rogero?

2. GENT. Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfill'd; the king's daughter is found: ſuch a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to expreſs it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's ſteward; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, ſir? this news which is call'd true, is ſo like an old tale, that the verity of it is in ſtrong ſuſpicion: Has the king found his heir?

[2] —— *if the* importance *were joy, or ſorrow;*] *Importance* here means, the thing *imported.* M. MASON.

3. GENT. Moſt true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumſtance: that, which you hear, you'll ſwear you ſee, there is ſuch unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione;—her jewel about the neck of it;—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character:—the majeſty of the creature, in reſemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleneſs,[9] which nature ſhows above her breeding,—and many other evidences; proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you ſee the meeting of the two kings?

2. GENT. No.

3. GENT. Then have you loſt a ſight, which was to be ſeen, cannot be ſpoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; ſo, and in ſuch manner,[2] that, it ſeem'd, ſorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was caſting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of ſuch diſtraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour.[3] Our king,

[9] —— *the* affection *of nobleneſs*,] *Affection* here perhaps means *diſpoſition* or *quality*. The word ſeems to be uſed nearly in the ſame ſenſe in the following title: "The firſt ſet of Italian Madigralls engliſhed, not to the ſenſe of the original ditty, but to the *affection* of the noate, " &c. By Thomas Watſon, quarto. 1590. *Affection* is uſed in *Hamlet* for *affectation*, but that can hardly be the meaning here.

Perhaps both here and in *K. Henry IV. affection* is uſed for *propenſity*:

" ——in ſpeech, in gait,
" In diet, in *affections* of delight,
" In military exerciſes, humours of blood,
" He was the mark and glaſs, &c. MALONE.

[2] —— *ſo and in ſuch manner*,] Our author ſeems to have picked up this little piece of tautology in his clerkſhip. It is the technical language of conveyancers. RITSON.

[3] —— *favour*.] i. e. countenance, features. So, in *Othello*:
" Defeat thy *favour* with an uſurped beard." STEEVENS.

being ready to leap out of himſelf for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loſs, cries, O, *thy mother, thy mother!* then aſks Bohemia forgiveneſs; then embraces his ſon-in law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her; [4] now he thanks the old ſhepherd which ſtands by, like a weather-bitten [5] conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of ſuch another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes deſcription to do it. [6]

[4] —— *with* clipping *her:*] i. e. embracing her. So, *Sidney;*

" He, who before ſhun'd her, to ſhun ſuch harms,
" Now runs and takes her in his *clipping* arms."

STEEVENS.

[5] —— *weather*-bitten, &c.] Thus the old copy. The modern editors—*weather*-beaten. *Hamlet* ſays: " The air *bites* ſhrewdly;" and the Duke, in *As you like it:* ——" when it *bites* and blows." *Weather-bitten*, therefore, may mean, *corroded* by the weather. STEEVENS.

The reading of the old copies appears to be right. Antony Mundy, in the preface to *Gerileon of England*, the ſecond part, &c. 1592, has —" winter-*bitten* epitaph." RITSON.

Conduits, repreſenting a human figure, were heretofore not uncommon. One of this kind, a female form, and *weather-beaten*, ſtill exiſts at Hoddeſdon in Herts. Shakſpeare refers again to the ſame ſort of imagery in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" How now? a *conduit*, girl? what ſtill in tears?
" Evermore ſhowering?" HENLEY.

See Vol. VIII. p. 298, n. 7.

Weather-bitten was in the third folio changed to weather-*beaten;* but there does not ſeem to be any neceſſity for the change. MALONE.

[6] —— *I never heard of ſuch another encounter, which* lames report to follow it, *and undoes deſcription to do it.*] We have the ſame ſentiment in *The Tempeſt:*

" For thou wilt find, ſhe will *outſtrip* all praiſe,
" And make it *halt* behind her.

Again, in our author's 103d Sonnet:

" ——————a face
" That *overgoes my blunt invention* quite,
" Dulling my lines, and doing me diſgrace." MALONE.

2. GENT. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3. GENT. Like an old tale ſtill; which will have matter to rehearſe, though credit be aſleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the ſhepherd's ſon; who has not only his innocence (which ſeems much,) to juſtify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1. GENT. What became of his bark, and his followers?

3. GENT. Wreck'd, the ſame inſtant of their maſter's death; and in the view of the ſhepherd: ſo that all the inſtruments, which aided to expoſe the child, were even then loſt, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and ſorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loſs of her huſband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd: She lifted the princeſs from the earth; and ſo locks her in embracing, as if ſhe would pin her to her heart, that ſhe might no more be in danger of loſing.

1. GENT. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by ſuch was it acted.

3. GENT. One of the prettieſt touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fiſh,) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how ſhe came to it, (bravely confeſs'd, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveneſs wounded his daughter: till, from one ſign of dolour to another, ſhe did, with an *alas!* I would fain ſay, bleed tears; for, I am ſure, my heart wept blood. Who was moſt marble there,

? —— *moſt marble there,*] i. e. moſt petrified with wonder.

changed colour; ſome ſwooned, all ſorrowed; if all the world could have ſeen it, the woe had been univerſal.

1. GENT. Are they returned to the court?

3. GENT. No: the princeſs hearing of her mother's ſtatue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian maſter, Julio Romano;[8] who, had he himſelf eternity, and could put breath

So, in Milton's Epitaph on' our author:

" There thou our fancy of itſelf bereaving,
" Doſt make us *marble by too much conceiving.*"

STEEVENS.

It means thoſe who had the hardeſt hearts. It would not be extraordinary that thoſe perſons ſhould change colour who were petrified with wonder, though it was, that hardened hearts ſhould be moved by a ſcene of tenderneſs. M. MASON.

So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

" —Hearts of moſt hard temper
" Melt, and lament for him." MALONE.

Mr. M. Maſon's and Mr. Malone's explanation may be right. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" — now from head to foot
" I am *marble* conſtant." STEEVENS.

[8] *——that rare Italian maſter, Julio Romano;* &c.] This excellent artiſt was born in the year 1492, and died in 1546, Fine and generous, as this tribute of praiſe muſt be owned, yet it was a ſtrange abſurdity, ſure, to thruſt it into a tale, the action of which is ſuppoſed within the period of heatheniſm, and whilſt the oracles of Apollo were conſulted. This, however, was a known and wilful anachroniſm. THEOBALD.

By *eternity* Shakſpeare means only *immortality*, or that part of eternity which is to come; ſo we talk of *eternal* renown and *eternal* infamy. *Immortality* may ſubſiſt without *divinity*, and therefore the meaning only is, that if Julio could always continue his labours, he would mimick nature. JOHNSON.

I wiſh we could underſtand this paſſage, as if *Julio Romano* had only painted the ſtatue carved by another. Ben Jonſon makes Doctor Rut in *The Magnetic Lady*, Act. V. ſc. viii. ſay:

into his work, would beguile nature of her cuſtom,[9] ſo perfectly he is her ape: he ſo near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they ſay, one would ſpeak to her, and ſtand in hope of anſwer: thither with all greedineſs of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to ſup.

2. GENT. I thought, ſhe had ſome great matter there in hand; for ſhe hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever ſince the death of Hermione, viſited that removed houſe. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

" —— all city ſtatues muſt be *painted*,
" Elſe they be worth nought i'their ſubtil judgements."

Sir Henry Wotton, in his *Elements of Architecture*, mentions the faſhion of colouring even regal ſtatues for the ſtronger expreſſion of affection, which he takes leave to call an Engliſh barbariſm. Such, however, was the practice of the time: and unleſs the ſuppoſed ſtatue of Hermione were painted, there could be no ruddineſs upon her lip, nor could the veins *verily ſeem to bear blood*, as the poet expreſſes it afterwards. TOLLET.

Our author expreſsly ſays, in a ſubſequent paſſage, that it was painted; and without doubt meant to attribute *only* the painting to Julio Romano:

" The ruddineſs upon her lip is wet;
" You'll mar it, if you kiſs it; ſtain your own
" With *oily painting*." MALONE.

Sir H. Wotton could not poſſibly know what has been lately proved by Sir William Hamilton in the MS. accounts which accompany ſeveral valuable drawings of the diſcoveries made at *Pompeii*, and preſented by him to our Antiquary Society, *viz.* that it was uſual to colour ſtatues among the ancients. In the chapel of Iſis in the place already mentioned, the image of that goddeſs had been painted over, as her robe is of a purple hue. Mr. Tollet has ſince informed me, that Junius, on the painting of the ancients, obſerves from Pauſanias and Herodotus, that ſometimes the ſtatues of the ancients were coloured after the manner of pictures. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *of her cuſtom*,] That is, *of her trade*,—would draw her cuſtomers from her. JOHNSON.

1. GENT. Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access?[a] every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt* Gentlemen.

AUT. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much seasick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd, *and* Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

SHEP. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

CLOWN. You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no

[a] *Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access?*] It was, I suppose, only to spare his own labour that the poet put this whole scene into narrative, for though part of the transaction was already known to the audience, and therefore could not properly be shewn again, yet the two kings might have met upon the stage, and, after the examination of the old shepherd, the young lady might have been recognised in sight of the spectators. JOHNSON.

gentleman born: See you theſe clothes? ſay, you ſee them not, and think me ſtill no gentleman born: you were beſt ſay, theſe robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

AUT. I know, you are now, ſir, a gentleman born.

CLOWN. Ay, and have been ſo any time theſe four hours.

SHEP. And ſo have I, boy.

CLOWN. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's ſon took me by the hand, and call'd me, brother; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princeſs, my ſiſter, call'd my father, father; and ſo we wept: and there was the firſt gentlemanlike tears that ever we ſhed.

SHEP. We may live, ſon, to ſhed many more.

CLOWN. Ay; or elſe 'twere hard luck, being in ſo prepoſterous eſtate as we are.

AUT. I humbly beſeech you, ſir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worſhip, and to give me your good report to the prince my maſter.

SHEP. 'Pr'ythee, ſon, do; for we muſt be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

CLOWN. Thou wilt amend thy life?

AUT. Ay, an it like your good worſhip.

CLOWN. Give me thy hand: I will ſwear to the prince, thou art as honeſt a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

SHEP. You may ſay it, but not ſwear it.

CLOWN. Not ſwear it, now I am a gentleman?

Let boors and franklins ſay it,[3] I'll ſwear it.

SHEP. How if it be falſe, ſon?

CLOWN. If it be ne'er ſo falſe, a true gentleman may ſwear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll ſwear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands,[4] and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll ſwear it: and I would, thou would'ſt be a tall fellow of thy hands.

AUT. I will prove ſo, ſir, to my power.

CLOWN. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder, how thou dareſt venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, truſt me not.—

[3] ——franklins *ſay it*,] *Franklin* is a *freeholder*, or *yeoman*, a man above a *villain*, but not a *gentleman*. JOHNSON.

[4] ——tall *fellow of thy hands*,] *Tall*, in that time, was the word uſed for *ſtout*. JOHNSON.

Part of this phraſe occurs in Gower *De Confeſſione Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 114:

"A noble knight eke *of his honde*."

A *man of his hands* had anciently two ſignifications. It either meant an *adroit fellow who handled his weapon well*, or a *fellow ſkilful in thievery*. In the firſt of theſe ſenſes it is uſed by the Clown. Phraſeology like this is often met with. So, in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540:

"Thou art *a good man of thyne habite*." STEEVENS.

A tall fellow of thy hands means, a ſtout fellow of your ſize. We meaſure horſes by hands, which contain four inches; and from thence the phraſe is taken. M. MASON.

The following quotation from *Queſtions concernyng Conie-hood*, &c. 1595, will at leaſt aſcertain the ſenſe in which Autolycus would have wiſhed this phraſe to be received: "Conie-hood proceeding from choller, is in him which amongſt mirth having but one croſſe worde given him, ſtraightwaies fals to his weapons, and will hacke peecemeale the quicke and the dead through ſuperfluity of his manhood; and doth this for this purpoſe, that the ſtanders by may ſay that he is *a tall fellow of his hands*, and ſuch a one as will not ſwallow a cantell of cheeſe." STEEVENS.

I think, in old books it generally means *a ſtrong ſtout fellow*.

MALONE.

Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to ſee the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good maſters.[5] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Room in Paulina's *Houſe.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, *Lords, and Attendants.*

LEON. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!
PAUL. What, ſovereign ſir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my ſervices,
You have paid home: but that you have vouchſaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and theſe your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor houſe to viſit,
It is a ſurplus of your grace, which never
My life may laſt to anſwer.
LEON. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: But we came
To ſee the ſtatue of our queen: your gallery
Have we paſs'd through, not without much content
In many ſingularities; but we ſaw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,

[5] ——*Come, follow us: we'll be thy* good maſters.] The Clown conceits himſelf already a man of conſequence at court. It was the faſhion for an inferior, or ſuitor, to beg of the great man, after his humble commendations, that he would be *good maſter* to him. Many letters written at this period run in this ſtyle.

Thus Fiſher, Biſhop of Rocheſter, when in priſon, in a letter to Cromwell to relieve his want of clothing: "Furthermore, I beſeeche you to be *gode maſter* unto one in my neceſſities, for I have neither ſhirt, nor ſute, nor yet other clothes, that are neceſſary for me to wear." WHALLEY.

The ſtatue of her mother.

PAUL. As ſhe liv'd peerleſs,
So her dead likeneſs, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart: [6] But here it is: prepare
To ſee the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still ſleep mock'd death: behold; and ſay, 'tis well.
PAULINA *undraws a curtain, and diſcovers a ſtatue.*
I like your ſilence, it the more ſhows off
Your wonder: But yet ſpeak;—firſt, you, my liege.
Comes it not ſomething near?

LEON. Her natural poſture!—
Chide me, dear ſtone; that I may ſay, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art ſhe,
In thy not chiding; for ſhe was as tender,
As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not ſo much wrinkled; nothing
So aged, as this ſeems.

POL. O, not by much.

PAUL. So much the more our carver's excellence;

[6] ——*therefore I keep it*
Lonely, *apart:*] The old copy—*lovely.* STEEVENS.

Lovely, i. e. charily, with more than ordinary regard and tenderneſs. The Oxford editor reads:

Lonely, *apart:*——

As if it could be *apart* without being *alone.* WARBURTON.

I am yet inclined to *lonely*, which in the old angular writing cannot be diſtinguiſhed from *lovely*. To ſay, that *I keep it alone, ſeparate from the reſt*, is a pleonaſm which ſcarcely any nicety declines. JOHNSON.

The ſame error is found in many other places in the firſt folio. In *King Richard III.* we find this very error:

"Advantaging their *loue* with intereſt
"Often times double."

Here we have *loue* inſtead of *lone*, the old ſpelling of *loan.*

MALONE

Which lets go by ſome ſixteen years, and makes her
As ſhe liv'd now.

LEON. As now ſhe might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my ſoul. O, thus ſhe ſtood,
Even with ſuch life of majeſty, (warm life,
As now it coldly ſtands,) when firſt I woo'd her!
I am aſham'd: Does not the ſtone rebuke me,
For being more ſtone than it?—O, royal piece,
There's magick in thy majeſty; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the ſpirits,
Standing like ſtone with thee!

PER. And give me leave;
And do not ſay, 'tis ſuperſtition, that
I kneel, and then implore her bleſſing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiſs.

PAUL. O, patience;[6]
The ſtatue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

CAM. My lord, your ſorrow was too ſore laid on;
Which ſixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many ſummers, dry: ſcarce any joy
Did ever ſo long live; no ſorrow,
But kill'd itſelf much ſooner.

POL. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cauſe of this, have power
To take off ſo much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himſelf.

PAUL. Indeed, my lord.
If I had thought, the ſight of my poor image

[6] *O, patience;*] That is, *ſtay a while, be not ſo eager.* JOHNSON.

Would thus have wrought[7] you, (for the ſtone is mine,)
I'd not have ſhow'd it.[8]

LEON. Do not draw the curtain.

PAUL. No longer ſhall you gaze on't; leſt your fancy
May think anon, it moves.

LEON. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already[9]—
What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that thoſe veins
Did verily bear blood?

[7] ——*wrought*——] i. e. worked, agitated. So, in *Macbeth*:
" ——my dull brain was *wrought*
" With things forgotten." STEEVENS.

[8] *Indeed, my lord,*
If I had thought, the ſight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the ſtone is mine,)
I'd not have ſhow'd it.] I do not know whether we ſhould not read, without a parentheſis:
——for the ſtone i'th' mine
I'd not have ſhew'd it.
A *mine* of *ſtone*, or *marble*, would not perhaps at preſent be eſteemed an accurate expreſſion, but it may ſtill have been uſed by Shakſpeare, as it has been uſed by Holinſhed. *Deſcript. of Engl.* c. ix. p. 235: "Now if you have regard to their ornature, how many *mines of ſundrie kinds of coarſe and fine marble* are there to be had in England?"—And a little lower he uſes the ſame word again for a quarry of ſtone, or plaiſter: "*And ſuch is the mine of it, that the ſtones thereof lie in flakes,*" &c. TYRWHITT.

To change an accurate expreſſion for an expreſſion confeſſedly not accurate, has ſomewhat of retrogradation. JOHNSON.

——(*for the* ſtone *is mine,*)] So afterwards Paulina ſays, "— be *ſtone* no more." So alſo Leontes: "Chide me, dear *ſtone*." MALONE.

[9] *Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already*—] The ſentence compleated is.
——*but that, methinks, already I converſe with the dead.*
But there his paſſion made him break off. WARBURTON.

POL. Maſterly done:
The very life ſeems warm upon her lip.

LEON. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,[2]
As we are mock'd with art.[3]

PAUL. I'll draw the curtain;
My lord's almoſt ſo far tranſported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.

LEON. O ſweet Paulina,
Make me to think ſo twenty years together;
No ſettled ſenſes of the world can match
The pleaſure of that madneſs. Let't alone.

PAUL. I am ſorry, ſir, I have thus far ſtirr'd you: but

[2] *The* fixure *of her eye has* motion *in't,*] So, in our author's 88th Sonnet:

"— Your ſweet hue, which methinks *ſtill doth ſtand,*
"Hath *motion*, and mine eye may be deceived."

MALONE.

The meaning is, though her eye be fixed, [as the eye of a ſtatue always is,] yet it ſeems to have motion in it: that tremulous motion, which is perceptible in the eye of a living perſon, how much ſoever one endeavour to fix it. EDWARDS.

The word *fixure*, which Shakſpeare has uſed both in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, and *Troilus and Creſſida*, is likewiſe employed by Drayton in the firſt canto of *The Barons' Wars:*

"Whoſe glorious *fixure* in ſo clear a ſky." STEEVENS.

[3] As *we are mock'd with art.*] *As* is uſed by our author here, as in ſome other places, for "as *if*." Thus, in *Cymbeline*:

"He ſpake of her, *as* Dian had hot dreams,
"And ſhe alone were cold."

Again, in *Macbeth:*

"*As* they had ſeen me with theſe hangman's hands
"Liſt'ning their fear." MALONE.

As *we* are *mock'd* with *art.*] Mr. M. Maſon and Mr. Malone, very properly obſerve that *as*, in this inſtance is uſed, as in ſome other places, for *as if*. The former of theſe gentlemen would read *were* inſtead of *are*, but unneceſſarily, I think, conſidering the looſe grammar of Shakſpeare's age.—*With*, however, has the force of *by*. A paſſage parallel to that before us, occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*—"And *mock* our eyes *with* air." STEEVENS.

I could afflict you further.

LEON. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taſte as ſweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: What fine chizzel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiſs her.

PAUL. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddineſs upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiſs it; ſtain your own
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?

LEON. No, not theſe twenty years.

PER. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

PAUL. Either forbear,
Quit preſently the chapel; or reſolve you
For more amazement: If you can behold it,
I'll make the ſtatue move indeed; deſcend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,
(Which I proteſt againſt,) I am aſſiſted
By wicked powers.

LEON. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to ſpeak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as eaſy
To make her ſpeak, as move.

PAUL. It is required,
You do awake your faith: Then, all ſtand ſtill;
Or thoſe,[4] that think it is unlawful buſineſs
I am about, let them depart.

LEON. Proceed;
No foot ſhall ſtir.

[4] Or *thoſe*,] The old copy reads—*On:* thoſe, &c. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

PAUL. Muſick; awake her: ſtrike.—
[*Muſick.*
'Tis time; deſcend; be ſtone no more: approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come:
I'll fill your grave up: ſtir; nay come away;
Bequeath to death your numbneſs, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, ſhe ſtirs:
[HERMIONE *comes down from the pedeſtal.*
Start not: her actions ſhall be holy, as,
You hear, my ſpell is lawful: do not ſhun her,
Until you ſee her die again; for then
You kill her double: Nay, preſent your hand:
When ſhe was young, you woo'd her; now, in age,
Is ſhe become the ſuitor.

LEON. O, ſhe's warm! [*Embracing her.*
If this be magick, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

POL. She embraces him.

CAM. She hangs about his neck;
If ſhe pertain to life, let her ſpeak too.

POL. Ay, and make't manifeſt where ſhe has liv'd,
Or, how ſtol'n from the dead?

PAUL. That ſhe is living,
Were it but told you, ſhould be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears, ſhe lives,
Though yet ſhe ſpeak not. Mark a little while.—
Pleaſe you to interpoſe, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's bleſſing.—Turn, good lady:
Our Perdita is found.

Preſenting PERDITA, *who kneels to* HERMIONE.

HER. You gods, look down,[7]

[7] *You gods, look down*, &c.] A ſimilar invocation has already occurred in *The Tempeſt*:

"Look down, ye gods,
"And on this couple drop a bleſſed crown!" STEEVENS.

And from your ſacred vials pour your graces[5]
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where haſt thou been preſerv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou ſhalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou waſt in being,—have preſerv'd myſelf,
To ſee the iſſue.

PAUL. There's time enough for that;
Leſt they deſire, upon this puſh, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all;[6] your exultation
Partake to every one.[7] I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to ſome wither'd bough; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am loſt.[8]

[5] *And from your* ſacred vials *pour your graces*—] The expreſſion ſeems to have been taken from the ſacred writings: "And I heard a great voice out of the temple ſaying to the angels, go your ways, and *pour out the vials* of the wrath of God upon the earth." Rev. xvi. 1. MALONE.

[6] *You precious* winners *all*;] You who by this diſcovery have *gained* what you deſired, may join in feſtivity, in which I, who have loſt what never can be recovered, can have no part. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*your exultation*
Partake *to every one.*] *Partake* here means *participate.* It is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in the old play of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre.* MALONE.

It is alſo thus employed by Spenſer:
"My friend, hight Philemon, I did *partake*
"Of all my love, and all my privity." STEEVENS.

[8] —— *I, an old turtle,*
Will wing me to ſome wither'd *bough; and there*
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am loſt.] So, Orpheus, in the exclamation which Johannes Secundus has written for him, ſpeaking of his grief for the loſs of Eurydice, ſays:

LEON. O peace, Paulina;
Thou ſhould'ſt a huſband take by my conſent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou haſt found mine;
But how, is to be queſtion'd: for I ſaw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, ſaid many
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not ſeek far
(For him, I partly know his mind,) to find thee
An honourable huſband:—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand: whoſe worth, and honeſty,[9]
Is richly noted; and here juſtify'd
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What?—Look upon my brother:—both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill ſuſpicion.—This your ſon-in-law,
And ſon unto the king, (whom heavens directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter.[2]—Good Paulina,

"Sic gemit *arenti* viduatus ab arbore turtur."
So, in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1592:
"A *turtle* ſat upon a *leaveleſs* tree,
"Mourning her abſent *pheere*,
"With ſad and ſorry cheere:
"And whilſt her plumes ſhe rents,
"And for her *love laments*," &c. MALONE.

[9] —— whoſe *worth, and honeſty*,] The word *whoſe*, evidently refers to *Camillo*, though *Paulina* is the immediate antecedent. M. MASON.

[2] —— *This your ſon-in-law,*
And ſon unto the king, (whom *heavens* directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter.] *Whom heavens directing* is here in the abſolute caſe, and has the ſame ſignification as if the poet had written—"*him* heavens directing." So, in *The Tempeſt*:
"Some food we had, and ſome freſh water, that
"A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
"Out of his charity, (*who being* then appointed
"Maſter of the deſign,) did give us."

Lead us from hence; where we may leiſurely
Each one demand, and anſwer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, ſince firſt
We were diſſever'd: Haſtily lead away.

[*Exeunt.*[3]

Again, in *Venus and Adonis:*

"Or as the ſnail (*whoſe* tender horns *being* hurt,)
"Shrinks backward to his ſhelly cave with pain."

Here we ſhould now write—"*his* tender horns."

See alſo a paſſage in *King John*, Act II. ſc. ii. "*Who having* no external thing to loſe," &c. and another in *Coriolanus*, Act III. ſc. ii. which are conſtructed in a ſimilar manner. In the note on the latter paſſage this phraſeology is proved not to be peculiar to Shakſpeare. MALONE.

[3] This play, as Dr. Warburton juſtly obſerves, is, with all its abſurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is naturally conceived, and ſtrongly repreſented. JOHNSON.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.*

* COMEDY OF ERRORS.] Shakſpeare might have taken the general plan of this comedy from a tranſlation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, by W. W. i. e. (according to Wood) William Warner, in 1595, whoſe verſion of the acroſtical argument hereafter quoted, is as follows:

"Two twinne borne ſonnes a Sicill marchant had,
" Menechmus one, and Soſicles the other;
" The firſt his father loſt, a little lad;
" The grandſire namde the latter like his brother:
" This (growne a man) long travell took to ſeeke
" His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
" Where th' other dwelt inricht, and him ſo like,
" That citizens there take him for the ſame:
" Father, wife, neighbours each miſtaking either,
" Much pleaſant error, ere they meet togither."

Perhaps the laſt of theſe lines ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare the title for his piece.

See this tranſlation of the *Menæchmi*, among *ſix old Plays on which Shakſpeare founded*, &c. publiſhed by S. Leacroft, Charing-croſs.

At the beginning of an addreſs *Ad Lectorem*, prefixed to the errata of Dekker's *Satiromaſtix*, &c. 1602, is the following paſſage, which apparently alludes to the title of the comedy before us.

" In ſteed of the Trumpets ſounding thrice before they play begin, it ſhall not be amiſſe (for him that will read) firſt to beholde this ſhort *Comedy of Errors*, and where the greateſt enter, to give them inſtead of a hiſſe, a gentle correction." STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect this and all other plays where much rhime is uſed, and eſpecially long hobbling verſes, to have been among Shakſpeare's more early productions. BLACKSTONE.

I am poſſibly ſingular in thinking that Shakſpeare was not under the ſlighteſt obligation, in forming this comedy, to Warner's tranſlation of the *Menæchmi*. The additions of *Erotes* and *Sereptus*, which do not occur in that tranſlation, and he could never invent, are, alone, a ſufficient inducement to believe that he was no way indebted to it. But a further and more convincing proof is, that he has not a name, line or word, from the old play, nor any one incident but what muſt, of courſe, be common to every tranſlation. Sir William Blackſtone, I obſerve, ſuſpects " this and all other plays where much rhime is uſed, and eſpecially long hobbling verſes, to have been among Shakſpeare's more early productions." But I much doubt whether any of theſe " long hobbling verſes" have the honour of proceeding from his pen; and, in fact, the ſuperior elegance and harmony of his language is no leſs diſtinguiſhable in his earlieſt than his lateſt production. The truth is if any inference

can be drawn from the moſt ſtriking diſſimilarity of ſtile, a tiſſue as different as ſilk and worſted, that this comedy though boaſting the embelliſhments of our author's genius, in additional words, lines, ſpeeches, and ſcenes, was not originally his, but proceeded from ſome inferior playwright, who was capable of reading the *Menæchmi* without the help of a tranſlation, or, at leaſt, did not make uſe of Warner's. And this I take to have been the caſe, not only with the three parts of *K. Henry VI.* as I think a late editor (*O ſi ſic omnia!*) has ſatisfactorily proved, but with *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Love's Labour's Loſt*, and *K. Richard II.* in all which pieces Shakſpeare's new work is as apparent as the brighteſt touches of Titian would be on the pooreſt performance of the verieſt canvaſs-ſpoiler that ever handled a bruſh. The originals of theſe plays (except the *ſecond* and *third parts of K. Henry VI.*) were never printed, and may be thought to have been put into his hands by the manager for the purpoſe of alteration and improvement, which we find to have been an ordinary practice of the theatre in his time. We are therefore no longer to look upon the above "pleaſant and fine conceited comedie," as intitled to a ſituation among the "*ſix plays on which Shakſpeare founded his Meaſure for Meaſure*, &c." of which I ſhould hope to ſee a new and improved edition. RITSON.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1593. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. II. MALONE.

PERSONS represented.

Solinus, *Duke of* Epheſus.
Ægeon, *a Merchant of* Syracuſe.

Antipholus *of* Epheſus,[a] } *Twin Brothers, and Sons*
Antipholus *of* Syracuſe, } *to* Ægeon *and* Æmilia, *but unknown to each other.*

Dromio *of* Epheſus, } *Twin Brothers, and Attendants*
Dromio *of* Syracuſe, } *on the two* Antipholus's.

Balthazar, *a Merchant.*
Angelo, *a Goldſmith,*
A Merchant, Friend to Antipholus *of* Syracuſe.
Pinch, *a Schoolmaſter, and a Conjurer.*
Æmilia, *Wife to* Ægeon, *an Abbeſs at* Epheſus.
Adriana, *Wife to* Antipholus *of* Epheſus.
Luciana, *her Siſter.*
Luce, *her Servant.*
A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Epheſus.

[a] In the old copy, theſe brothers are occaſionally ſtyled, Antipholus *Erotes*, or *Errotis:* and Antipholus *Sereptus;* meaning, perhaps —*erraticus*, and *ſurreptus*. One of theſe twins *wandered* in ſearch of his brother, who had been *forced* from Æmilia by fiſhermen of Corinth. The following acroſtic is the argument to the *Menæchmi* of Plautus: Delph. Edit. p. 654.

Mercator Siculus, cui erant gemini filii;
Ei, ſurrepto altero, mors obtigit.
Nomen ſurreptitii illi indit qui domi e
Avus paternus, facit Menæchmum Soſiclem.
Et is germanum, poſtquam adolevit, quæritat
Circum omnes oras. Poſt Epidamnum devenit:
Hic fuerat auctus ille ſurreptitius.
Menæchmum civem credunt omnes advenam;
Eumque appellant, meretrix, uxor, & ſocer.
Ii je cognoſcunt fratres poſtremò invicem.

The *tranſlator*, W. W. calls the brothers, Menæchmus *Soſicles*, and *Menæchmus* the *traveller*. Whenceſoever *Shakſpeare* adopted *erraticus* and *ſurreptus* (which either he or his editors have miſ-ſpelt) theſe diſtinctions were ſoon dropped, and throughout the reſt of the entries the *twins* are ſtyled of *Syracuſe* or *Epheſus*. STEEVENS.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in the Duke's *Palace,*

Enter Duke, ÆGEON, *Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.*

ÆGE. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.
DUKE. Merchant of Syracuſa, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:
The enmity and diſcord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have ſeal'd his rigorous ſtatutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, ſince the mortal and inteſtine jars
'Twixt thy ſeditious countrymen and us,
It hath in ſolemn ſynods been decreed,
Both by the Syracuſans and ourſelves,
To admit no traffick to our adverſe towns:
Nay, more,
If any, born at Epheſus, be ſeen
At any Syracuſan marts and fairs,
Again, If any Syracuſan born,
Come to the bay of Epheſus, he dies,
His goods confiſcate to the duke's diſpoſe;
Unleſs a thouſand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ranſom him.
Thy ſubſtance, valued at the higheſt rate,

Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

ÆGE. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,
My woes end likewiſe with the evening ſun.

DUKE. Well, Syracuſan, ſay, in brief, the cauſe
Why thou departedſt from thy native home;
And for what cauſe thou cam'ſt to Epheſus.

ÆGE. A heavier taſk could not have been impos'd,
Than I to ſpeak my griefs unſpeakable:
Yet, that the world may witneſs, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,[3]
I'll utter what my ſorrow gives me leave.
In Syracuſa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too,[4] had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,

[3] *Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,*] All his hearers underſtood that the puniſhment he was about to undergo was in conſequence of no private crime, but of the publick enmity between two ſtates, to one of which he belonged: but it was a general ſuperſtition amongſt the ancients, that every great and ſudden misfortune was the vengeance of heaven purſuing men for their ſecret offences. Hence the ſentiment put into the mouth of the ſpeaker was proper. By my paſt life, (ſays he) which I am going to relate, the world may underſtand, that my preſent death is according to the ordinary courſe of Providence [*wrought by nature*] and not the effects of divine vengeance overtaking me for my crimes, [*not by vile offence.*] WARBURTON.

The real meaning of this paſſage is much leſs abſtruſe, than that which Warburton attributes to it. By *nature* is meant *natural affection.* — Ægeon came to Epheſus in ſearch of his ſon, and tells his ſtory, in order to ſhew that his death was in conſequence of natural affection for his child, not of any criminal intention. M. MASON.

[4] *And by me* too,] *Too*, which is not found in the original copy, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio, to complete the meaſure. MALONE.

By proſperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death;
And he, great care of goods at random left,[4]
Drew me from kind embracements of my ſpouſe:
From whom my abſence was not ſix months old,
Before herſelf (almoſt at fainting, under
The pleaſing puniſhment that women bear,)
Had made proviſion for her following me,
And ſoon, and ſafe, arrived where I was.
There ſhe had not been long, but ſhe became
A joyful mother of two goodly ſons;
And, which was ſtrange, the one ſo like the other,
As could not be diſtinguiſh'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the ſelfſame inn,
A poor mean woman[5] was delivered
Of ſuch a burden, male twins, both alike:
Thoſe, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my ſons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two ſuch boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too ſoon.
We came aboard:
A league from Epidamnum had we ſail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic inſtance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obſcured light the heavens did grant

[4] *And* he, *great care of goods at random left,*] Surely we ſhould read:

And *the* great care of goods at random left
Drew me, &c.

The text, as exhibited in the old copy, can ſcarcely be reconciled to grammar. MALONE.

[5] *A* poor *mean woman* —] *Poor* is not in the old copy. It was inſerted for the ſake of the metre by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myſelf would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the inceſſant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what ſhe ſaw muſt come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for faſhion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to ſeek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none.—
The ſailors ſought for ſafety by our boat,
And left the ſhip, then ſinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had faſten'd him unto a ſmall ſpare maſt,
Such as ſea-faring men provide for ſtorms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilſt I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus diſpos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Faſten'd ourſelves at either end the maſt;
And floating ſtraight, obedient to the ſtream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the ſun, gazing upon the earth,
Diſpers'd thoſe vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wiſh'd light,
The ſeas wax'd calm, and we diſcovered
Two ſhips from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,— O, let me ſay no more!
Gather the ſequel by that went before.

DUKE. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off ſo;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

ÆGE. O, had the gods done ſo, I had not now
Worthily term'd them mercileſs to us!
For, ere the ſhips could meet by twice five leagues,

We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,[6]
Our helpful ſhip was ſplitted in the midſt,
So that, in this unjuſt divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to ſorrow for.
Her part, poor ſoul! ſeeming as burdened
With leſſer weight, but not with leſſer woe,
Was carried with more ſpeed before the wind;
And in our ſight they three were taken up
By fiſhermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ſhip had ſeiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to ſave,
Gave helpful welcome[7] to their ſhipwreck'd gueſts;
And would have reft the fiſhers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very ſlow of ſail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their courſe.—
Thus have you heard me ſever'd from my bliſs;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell ſad ſtories of my own miſhaps.

DUKE. And, for the ſake of them thou ſorroweſt for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.[8]

ÆGE. My youngeſt boy, and yet my eldeſt care,[9]

[6] ——*borne* upon,] The original copy reads—borne *up*. The additional ſyllable was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[7] *Gave* helpful *welcome*——] Old copy—*healthful* welcome. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio.—So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

"And gave the tongue a *helpful* welcome." MALONE.

[8] ——*and* thee, *till now.*] The firſt copy erroneouſly reads—and *they*. The correction was made in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[9] *My* youngeſt boy, *and yet my eldeſt care,*] Shakſpeare has here

At eighteen years became inquiſitive
After his brother: and importun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his caſe was like,[2]
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in the queſt of him:
Whom whilſt I labour'd of a love to ſee,
I hazarded the loſs of whom I lov'd.
Five ſummers have I ſpent in furtheſt Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Aſia,[3]
And, coaſting homeward, came to Epheſus:
Hopeleſs to find, yet loth to leave unſought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here muſt end the ſtory of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

DUKE. Hapleſs Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire miſhap!
Now, truſt me, were it not againſt our laws,
Againſt my crown, my oath, my dignity,

been guilty of a little forgetfulneſs. Ægeon had ſaid, page 214, that the *youngeſt ſon* was that which his wife had taken care of:—

"My wife, more careful for the *latter-born*,
"Had faſten'd him unto a ſmall ſpare maſt."

He himſelf did the ſame by the other; and then each, fixing their eyes on whom their care was fixed, faſtened themſelves at either end of the maſt. M. MASON.

[2] — for *his caſe was like*,] The original copy has—*ſo* his. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[3] *Roaming* clean *through the bounds of Aſia*,] In the northern parts of England this word is ſtill uſed inſtead of *quite*, *fully*, *perfectly*, *completely*. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"———This is *clean* kam."

Again, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"*Clean* from the purpoſe of the things themſelves."

The reader will likewiſe find it in the 77th Pſalm. STEEVENS.

Which princes, would they, may not diſannul,
My ſoul ſhould ſue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And paſſed ſentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great diſparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To ſeek thy help [4] by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou haſt in Epheſus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the ſum,
And live; if not, [5] then thou art doom'd to die:—
Gaoler, take him to thy cuſtody.

GAOL. I will, my lord.

ÆGE. Hopeleſs and helpleſs, doth Ægeon wend,[6]
But to procraſtinate his lifeleſs end. [*Exeunt.*

[4] —— *help* ——] Mr. Pope and ſome other modern editors read—To ſeek thy *life*, &c. But the jingle has much of Shakſpeare's manner. MALONE.

To ſeek thy life, can hardly be the true reading, for, in ancient language, it ſignifies *a baſe endeavour to take life away*. Thus, Antonio ſays of Shylock, —

" He *ſeeks my life.*"

I believe, therefore, the word—*help*, was accidentally repeated by the compoſitor, and that our author wrote,—

To ſeek thy help by beneficial *means*. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *if* not,] Old copy—*no*. Corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[6] —— *wend*,] i. e. go. An obſolete word. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

" And back to Athens ſhall the lovers *wend*." STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

A publick Place.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of Syracuſe, and a* Merchant.

MER. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Leſt that your goods too ſoon be confiſcate.
This very day, a Syracuſan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the ſtatute of the town,
Dies ere the weary ſun ſet in the weſt.
There is your money that I had to keep.

ANT. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we hoſt,
And ſtay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinnertime:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruſe the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and ſleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am ſtiff and weary.
Get thee away.

DRO. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having ſo good a mean.

[*Exit* DRO. S.

ANT. S. A truſty villain, [7] ſir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jeſts.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

MER. I am invited, ſir; to certain merchants,

[7] *A truſty* villain,] i. e. ſervant. DOUCE.

Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you till bed-time; [8]
My present business calls me from you now.

ANT. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down, to view the city.

MER. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[*Exit* Merchant.

ANT. S. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO *of* Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.—
What now? How chance, thou art return'd so soon?

DRO. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:

[8] *And afterwards* consort you *till bed-time;*] We should read, I believe,

And afterwards consort *with* you till bed-time.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"Mercutio, thou *consort'st with* Romeo." MALONE.

There is no need of emendation. The old reading is supported by the following passage in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act. II. sc. i.

"Sweet health and fair desires *consort your grace.*"

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"Thou wretched boy, that didst *consort him* here—."

STEEVENS.

The capon burns, the pig falls from the ſpit;
The clock hath ſtrucken twelve upon the bell,
My miſtreſs made it one upon my cheek:
She is ſo hot, becauſe the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, becauſe you come not home;
You come not home, becauſe you have no ſtomach;
You have no ſtomach, having broke your faſt;
But we, that know what 'tis to faſt and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

ANT. S. Stop in your wind, ſir; tell me this, I pray;
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

DRO. E. O,—ſix-pence, that I had o'Wedneſday laſt,
To pay the ſaddler for my miſtreſs' crupper;—
The ſaddler had it, ſir, I kept it not.

ANT. S. I am not in a ſportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being ſtrangers here, how dar'ſt thou truſt
So great a charge from thine own cuſtody?

DRO. E. I pray you, jeſt, ſir, as you ſit at dinner:
I from my miſtreſs come to you in poſt;
If I return, I ſhall be poſt indeed;
For ſhe will ſcore your fault upon my pate.[9]

[9] —— *I ſhall be* poſt *indeed;*
For ſhe will ſcore your fault upon my pate.] Perhaps before writing was a general accompliſhment, a kind of rough reckoning concerning wares iſſued out of a ſhop, was kept by chalk or notches on a *poſt*, till it could be entered on the books of a trader. So *Kitely* the merchant making his jealous enquiries concerning the familiarities uſed to his wife, *Cob* anſwers:——
"—— if I ſaw any body to be kiſs'd, unleſs they would have kiſs'd the *poſt* in the middle of the warehouſe," &c. STEEVENS.
So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609: "*Hoſt.* Out of my doors, knave, thou entereſt not my doors; I have no *chalk* in my houſe; my *poſts* ſhall not be guarded with a little ſing-ſong."
MALONE.

Methinks, your maw, like mine, ſhould be your clock,[2]
And ſtrike you home without a meſſenger.

ANT. S. Come, Dromio, come, theſe jeſts are out of ſeaſon;
Reſerve them till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

DRO. E. To me, ſir? why you gave no gold to me.

ANT. S. Come on, ſir knave, have done your fooliſhneſs,
And tell me, how thou haſt diſpos'd thy charge.

DRO. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your houſe, the phœnix, ſir, to dinner;
My miſtreſs, and her ſiſter, ſtay for you.

ANT. S. Now, as I am a chriſtian, anſwer me,
In what ſafe place you have beſtow'd my money;
Or I ſhall break that merry ſconce of yours,[3]
That ſtands on tricks when I am undiſpos'd:
Where is the thouſand marks thou hadſt of me?

DRO. E. I have ſome marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my miſtreſs' marks upon my ſhoulders,
But not a thouſand marks between you both.—
If I ſhould pay your worſhip thoſe again,

[2] *Methinks, your maw, like mine, ſhould be your* clock,] The old copy reads "your *cook*." Mr. Pope made the change. MALONE.

[3] —— *that merry* ſconce *of yours,*] *Sconce* is *head*. So, in *Hamlet*, Act V: "—— why does he ſuffer this rude knave now to knock him about the *ſconce?*"

Again, in *Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"—— I ſay no more,
"But 'tis within this *ſconce* to go beyond them."

Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

ANT. S. Thy miſtreſs' marks! what miſtreſs, ſlave, haſt thou?

DRO. E. Your worſhip's wife, my miſtreſs at the Phœnix;

She that doth faſt, till you come home to dinner,
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

ANT. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, ſir knave.

DRO. E. What mean you, ſir? for God's ſake, hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not, ſir, I'll take my heels.

[*Exit* DROMIO. E.

ANT. S. Upon my life, by ſome device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught [4] of all my money.
They ſay, this town is full of cozenage; [5]
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
Dark-working ſorcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body; [6]

[4] —— *o'er-raught* —] That is *over-reached.* JOHNSON.
So, in *Hamlet:*
" ——— certain players
" We *o'er-raught* on the way."
Again, in *Spenſer's Faery Queen*, B. VI. c. iii:
" Having by chance a cloſe advantage view'd,
" He *over-raught* him," &c. STEEVENS.

[5] *They ſay, this town is full of cozenage;*] This was the character the ancients give of it. Hence Ἐφεσια ἀλεξιφαρμακα was proverbial amongſt them. Thus Menander uſes it, and Ἐφεσια γραμματα, in the ſame ſenſe. WARBURTON.

[6] *As*, nimble *jugglers*, *that deceive the eye*,
Dark-working *ſorcerers*, *that change the mind*,
Soul-killing *witches*, *that deform the body;*] Thoſe, who attentively conſider theſe three lines, muſt confeſs, that the poet intended the epithet given to each of theſe miſcreants, ſhould declare the power by which they perform their feats, and which would there-

Diſguiſed cheaters, prating mountebanks,

fore be a juſt characteriſtic of each of them. Thus, by *nimble* jugglers, we are taught, that they perform their tricks by *ſlight of hand:* and by *ſoul-killing* witches, we are informed, the miſchief they do is by the aſſiſtance of the devil, to whom they have given their ſouls: but then, by *dark-working* ſorcerers, we are not inſtructed in the means by which they perform their ends. Beſides, this epithet agrees as well to witches as to them; and therefore certainly our author could not deſign this in their characteriſtic. We ſhould read:

Drug-working *ſorcerers, that change the mind,*

and we know by the hiſtory of ancient and modern ſuperſtition, that theſe kind of jugglers always pretended to work changes of the mind by theſe applications. WARBURTON.

The learned commentator has endeavoured with much earneſtneſs to recommend his alteration: but, if I may judge of other apprehenſions by my own, without great ſucceſs. This interpretation of *ſoul-killing* is forced and harſh. Sir T. Hanmer reads *ſoul-ſelling*, agreeable enough to the common opinion, but without ſuch improvement as may juſtify the change. Perhaps the epithets have only been miſplaced, and the lines ſhould be read thus:

Soul-killing *ſorcerers, that change the mind,*
Dark-working *witches, that deform the body;*

This change ſeems to remove all difficulties.

By *ſoul-killing* I underſtand deſtroying the rational faculties by ſuch means as make men fancy themſelves beaſts. JOHNSON.

Dark-working ſorcerers, may only mean *ſorcerers who carry on their operations in the dark.* Thus ſays Bolingbroke, in the ſecond part of *King Henry VI:*

" —— wizards know their *times:*
" Deep night, *dark night*, the ſilent of the night," &c.

Witches themſelves, as well as thoſe who employed them, were ſuppoſed to forfeit their ſouls by making uſe of a forbidden agency. In that ſenſe they may be ſaid to deſtroy the ſouls of others as well as their own. The ſame compound epithet occurs in Chriſtopher Middleton's *Legend of Humphrey Duke of Gloceſter*, 1600:

" They charge her, that ſhe did maintaine and feede
" *Soul-killing* witches, and convers'd with devils."

The hint for this enumeration of cheats, &c. Shakſpeare might have received from the old tranſlation of the *Menæchmi*, 1595: " For this aſſure yourſelfe, this towne *Epidamnum* is a place of outrageous expences, exceeding in all ryot and laſciviouſneſſe; and (I heare) as full of ribaulds, paraſites, drunkards, catchpoles, conycatchers, and ſycophants, as it can hold: then for curtizans," &c. STEEVENS.

And many ſuch like liberties of ſin:[7]
If it prove ſo, I will be gone the ſooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go ſeek this ſlave;
I greatly fear, my money is not ſafe. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A publick Place.

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

ADR. Neither my huſband, nor the ſlave return'd,
That in ſuch haſte I ſent to ſeek his maſter!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
LUC. Perhaps, ſome merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's ſomewhere gone to dinner.
Good ſiſter, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is maſter of his liberty:
Time is their maſter; and, when they ſee time,
They'll go, or come: If ſo, be patient, ſiſter.
ADR. Why ſhould their liberty than ours be more?
LUC. Becauſe their buſineſs ſtill lies out o' door.
ADR. Look, when I ſerve him ſo, he takes it ill.[8]
LUC. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

[7] —— *liberties of ſin:*] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *libertines*, which, as the author has been enumerating not acts but perſons, ſeems right. JOHNSON.

By *liberties of ſin*, I believe Shakſpeare means *licenſed offenders*, ſuch as mountebanks, fortune-tellers, &c. who cheat with impunity. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *ill.*] This word, which the rhime ſeems to countenance, was furniſhed by the editor of the ſecond folio. The firſt has—*thus.* MALONE.

ADR. There's none, but aſſes, will be bridled ſo,
LUC. Why, headſtrong liberty is laſh'd with woe.[9]
There's nothing, ſituate under heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in ſea, in ſky:
The beaſts the fiſhes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' ſubject, and at their controls:
Men, more divine, the maſters of all theſe,[2]
Lords of the wide world, and wild watry ſeas,
Indued with intellectual ſenſe and ſouls,
Of more pre-eminence than fiſh and fowls,

[9] Adr. *There's none, but aſſes, will be bridled ſo.*
Luc. *Why headſtrong liberty is* laſh'd *with woe.*] Should it not rather be *leaſh'd*, i. e. coupled like a headſtrong hound?
The high opinion I muſt neceſſarily entertain of the learned Lady's judgement, who furniſhed this obſervation, has taught me to be diffident of my own, which I am now to offer.
The meaning of this paſſage may be, that thoſe who refuſe the *bridle*, muſt bear the *laſh*, and that woe is the puniſhment of headſtrong liberty. It may be obſerved, however, that the ſeamen ſtill uſe *laſh* in the ſame ſenſe as *leaſh*; as does Greene in his *Mamillia*, 1593: Thou didſt counſel me to beware of love, and I was before in the *laſh*." Again, in George Whetſtone's *Caſtle of Delight*, 1576: "Yet both in *laſhe* at length this Creſſid leaves." *Lace* was the old Engliſh word for a *cord*, from which verbs have been derived very differently modelled by the chances of pronunciation. So, in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:
"To thee Caſſandra which doſt hold my freedom in a *lace*."
When the mariner, however, *laſhes* his guns, the ſportſman *leaſhes* his dogs, the female *laces* her clothes, they all perform one act of faſtening with a *lace* or *cord*. Of the ſame original is the word *windlaſs*, or more properly *windlace*, an engine, by which a *lace* or *cord* is wound upon a barrel.
To *lace* likewiſe ſignified to beſtow corrections with a cord, or rope's end. So, in the 2nd. Part of *Decker's Honeſt Whore*, 1630:
"——— the lazy lowne
"Gets here hard hands, or *lac'd* correction."
Again, in *The Two Angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599:
"So now my back has room to reach; I do not love to be *laced* in, when I go to *lace* a raſcal." STEEVENS.

[2] Men—*the* maſters, *&c.*] The old copy has *Man*—the *maſter*, &c. and in the next line—*Lord*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

Are maſters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

ADR. This ſervitude makes you to keep unwed.

LUC. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

ADR. But, were you wedded, you would bear ſome ſway.

LUC. Ere I learn love, I'll practiſe to obey.

ADR. How if your huſband ſtart ſome other where? [3]

LUC. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

ADR. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though ſhe pauſe; [4]
They can be meek, that have no other cauſe. [5]

[3] —— *ſtart ſome other* where?] I cannot but think, that our author wrote:

—— *ſtart ſome other* hare?

So, in *Much ado about Nothing*, Cupid is ſaid to be *a good hart-finder*. JOHNSON.

I ſuſpect that *where* has here the power of a *noun*. So, in *King Lear*:

"Thou loſeſt *here*, a better *where* to find."

Again, in Tho. Drant's tranſlation of Horace's Satires, 1567:

"—— they ranged in eatche *where*,
"No ſpouſailes knowne," &c.

The ſenſe is, *How, if your huſband fly off in purſuit of ſome other woman?* The expreſſion is uſed again, ſcene iii:

"—— his eye doth homage *otherwhere*."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I.

"This is not Romeo, he's ſome *otherwhere*."

Otherwhere ſignifies—*in other places*. So, in *King Henry VIII.* Act II. ſc. ii:

"The king hath ſent me *otherwhere*." STEEVENS.

[4] —— *though ſhe pauſe;*] To *pauſe* is to reſt, to be in quiet. JOHNSON.

[5] *They can be meek, that have* no other cauſe.] That is, who have *no cauſe to be otherwiſe*. M. MASON.

A wretched ſoul, bruis'd with adverſity,
We bid be quiet,[6] when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we ſhould ourſelves complain:
So thou, that haſt no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpleſs patience[7] would'ſt relieve me:
But, if thou live to ſee like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.[8]

LUC. Well, I will marry one day, but to try;—
Here comes your man, now is your huſband nigh.

Enter DROMIO *of* Epheſus.

ADR. Say, is your tardy maſter now at hand?

DRO. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witneſs.

ADR. Say, didſt thou ſpeak with him? know'ſt thou his mind?

DRO. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear: Beſhrew his hand, I ſcarce could underſtand it.

[6] *A wretched ſoul, bruis'd with adverſity,*
We bid be quiet, &c.] Shakſpeare has the ſame ſentiment in *Much ado about Nothing*, where Leonato ſays—
" ——————————men
" Can counſel, and ſpeak comfort to that grief
" Which they themſelves not feel."
And again,
" —— 'tis all men's office to ſpeak patience
" To thoſe that wring under the load of ſorrow."
DOUCE.

[7] *With urging* helpleſs *patience*—] By exhorting me to patience, which *affords no help*. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*
" As thoſe poor birds that *helpleſs* berries ſaw." MALONE.

[8] —— *fool-begg'd* ——] She ſeems to mean, by *fool-begg'd patience*, that *patience* which is ſo near to *idiotical ſimplicity*, that your next relation would take advantage from it to repreſent you as a *fool*, and *beg* the guardianſhip of your fortune. JOHNSON.

LUC. Spake he ſo doubtfully, thou couldſt not feel his meaning?

DRO. E. Nay, he ſtruck ſo plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal ſo doubtfully, that I could ſcarce underſtand them.[8]

ADR. But ſay, I pr'ythee, is he coming home? It ſeems, he hath great care to pleaſe his wife.

DRO. E. Why, miſtreſs, ſure my maſter is horn-mad.

ADR. Horn-mad, thou villain?

DRO. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, ſure, he's ſtark mad:

When I deſir'd him to come home to dinner,
He aſk'd me for a thouſand marks in gold:[9]
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Will you come home? quoth I;[2] *My gold*, quoth he:
Where is the thouſand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, *is burn'd; My gold*, quoth he;
My miſtreſs, ſir, quoth I; *Hang up thy miſtreſs;*
I know not thy miſtreſs; out on thy miſtreſs![3]

LUC. Quoth who?

DRO. E. Quoth my maſter:

[8] ——*that I could ſcarce* underſtand *them.*] i. e. that I could ſcarce *ſtand under* them. This quibble, poor, as it is, ſeems to have been a favourite with Shakſpeare. It has been already introduced in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

" —— my ſtaff *underſtands* me." STEEVENS.

[9] —— *a* thouſand *marks in gold:*] The old copy reads— a *hundred* marks. The correction was made in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[2] —— *will you come* home? *quoth I;*] The word *home*, which the metre requires, but is not in the authentick copy of this play, was ſuggeſted by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

[3] *I know not thy miſtreſs; out on thy miſtreſs!*] I ſuppoſe this diſſonant line originally ſtood thus:

I know *no* miſtreſs; out *upon* thy miſtreſs! STEEVENS.

I know, quoth he, *no houſe, no wife, no miſtreſs*;—
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my ſhoulders;
For, in concluſion, he did beat me there.

ADR. Go back again, thou ſlave, and fetch him home.

DRO. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's ſake, ſend ſome other meſſenger.

ADR. Back, ſlave, or I will break thy pate acroſs.

DRO. E. And he will bleſs that croſs with other beating:
Between you I ſhall have a holy head.

ADR. Hence, prating peaſant; fetch thy maſter home.

DRO. E. Am I ſo round with you, as you with me,[4]
That like a football you do ſpurn me thus?
You ſpurn me hence, and he will ſpurn me hither:
If I laſt in this ſervice, you muſt caſe me in leather.[5]
[*Exit.*

LUC. Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face!

ADR. His company muſt do his minions grace,
Whilſt I at home ſtarve for a merry look.[6]
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath waſted it;
Are my diſcourſes dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and ſharp diſcourſe be marr'd,
Unkindneſs blunts it, more than marble hard.

[4] *Am I ſo round with you, as you with me,*] He plays upon the word *round*, which ſignified *ſpherical* applied to himſelf, and *unreſtrained*, or *free in ſpeech* or *action*, ſpoken of his miſtreſs. So the king, in *Hamlet*, bids the queen be *round* with her ſon. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*caſe me in leather.*] Still alluding to a football, the bladder of which is always covered with leather. STEEVENS.

[6] *Whilſt I at home* ſtarve for a *merry* look.] So, in our poet's 47th Sonnet:

"When that mine eye is *famiſh'd for a look.*" MALONE.

Do their gay veſtments his affections bait?
That's not my fault, he's maſter of my ſtate:
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures: [7] My decayed fair [8]
A ſunny look of his would ſoon repair:
But, too unruly deer, [9] he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his ſtale. [1]

[7] *Of my* defeatures:] By *defeatures* is here meant *alteration of features*. At the end of this play the ſame word is uſed with a ſomewhat different ſignification. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *My decayed fair* —] Shakſpeare uſes the adjective *gilt*, as a ſubſtantive, for *what is gilt*, and in this inſtance *fair* for *fairneſs*. Τὸ μὲ λαμπρὸν, is a ſimilar expreſſion. In *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, the old quartos read:

"Demetrius loves your *fair*."

Again, in *Shakſpeare's* 68*th Sonnet*:

"Before theſe baſtard ſigns of *fair* were born."

Again, in his 83*d Sonnet*:

"And therefore to your *fair* no painting ſet."

Pure is likewiſe uſed as a ſubſtantive in *The Shepherd to the Flowers*, a ſong in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"Do pluck your *pure*, ere Phœbus view the land."

STEEVENS.

Fair is frequently uſed *ſubſtantively* by the writers of Shakſpeare's time. So Marſton in one of his ſatires:

"As the greene meads, whoſe native outward *faire*
"Breathes ſweet perfumes into the neighbour air."

FARMER.

[9] —— *too unruly* deer,] The ambiguity of *deer* and *dear* is borrowed, poor as it is, by Waller, in his poem on *The ladies Girdle*:

"This was my heaven's extremeſt ſphere,
"The pale that held my lovely *deer*." JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare has played upon this word in the ſame manner in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Fondling, ſaith ſhe, ſince I have hemm'd thee here,
"Within the circuit of this ivory *pale*,
"I'll be thy park, and thou ſhalt be my *deer*,
"Feed where thou wilt on mountain or on dale."

The lines of Waller ſeem to have been immediately copied from theſe. MALONE

[1] ——*poor I am but his ſtale.*] The word *ſtale*, in our author,

LUC. Self-harming jealouſy?—fie, beat it hence.
ADR. Unfeeling fools can with ſuch wrongs diſpenſe.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or elſe, what lets it but he would be here?
Siſter, you know, he promis'd me a chain;—
Would that alone alone he would detain,[3]

uſed as a ſubſtantive, means not ſomething offered to *allure* or *attract*, but ſomething *vitiated* with *uſe*, ſomething of which the beſt part has been enjoyed and conſumed. JOHNSON.

I believe my learned coadjutor miſtakes the uſe of the word *ſtale* on this occaſion. "*Stale* to catch theſe thieves," in *The Tempeſt*, undoubtedly means a *fraudulent bait*. Here it ſeems to imply the ſame as *ſtalking-horſe*, *pretence*. I am, ſays Adriana, but his *pretended wife*, the maſk under which he covers his amours. So, in *K. John and Matilda*, by Robert Davenport, 1655, the queen ſays to Matilda:

"——I am made your *ſtale*,
"The king, the king your ſtrumpet," &c.

Again,

"——I knew I was made!
"A *ſtale* for her obtaining."

Again, in *The Misfortune of Arthur*, 1587:

"Was I then choſe and wedded for his *ſtale*,
"To looke and gape for his retireleſs ſayles
"Puft back and ſlittering ſpread to every winde?"

Again, in the old tranſlation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, 1595, from whence, perhaps, Shakſpeare borrowed the expreſſion:

"He makes me a *ſtale* and a laughing-ſtock." STEEVENS.

In *Greene's Art of Coney-catching*, 1592. A *ſtale* is the confederate of a thief, "he that faceth the man," or holds him in diſcourſe. Again, in another place, "wiſhing all, of what eſtate ſoever, to beware of filthy luſt, and ſuch damnable *ſtales*," &c. A *ſtale* in this laſt inſtance means the pretended wife of a *croſs-biter*.

Perhaps, however, *ſtale* may here have the ſame meaning as the French word *chaperon*. *Poor I am but the cover for his infidelity.* COLLINS.

[3] *Would that alone* alone *he would detain*,] The firſt copy reads:
Would that alone a *love*, &c.
The correction was made in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I ſee, the jewel, beſt enamelled,
Will loſe his beauty; and though gold 'bides ſtill,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold: and ſo no man, that hath a name,
But falſhood and corruption doth it ſhame,[4]
Since that my beauty cannot pleaſe his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools ſerve mad jealouſy!
[*Exeunt.*

[4] *I ſee, the jewel, beſt enamelled,*
Will loſe his beauty; and though *gold 'bides ſtill,*
That others touch, yet *often touching will*
Wear *gold: and* ſo *no man, that hath a name,*
But *falſhood and corruption doth it ſhame.*] The ſenſe is this, "Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; however, often *touching* will wear even gold; juſt ſo the greateſt character, though as pure as gold itſelf, may, in time, be injured, by the repeated attacks of falſhood and corruption." WARBURTON.

Mr. Heath reads thus:

—— yet *the gold 'bides ſtill,*
That others touch, though *often touching will*
Wear gold: and ſo a *man that hath a name,*
By *falſhood and corruption doth it ſhame.* STEEVENS.

This paſſage in the original copy is very corrupt. It reads—

——*yet the* gold 'bides ſtill
That others touch; *and* often touching will
Where gold; and no man, that hath a name
By falſhood, &c.

The word *though* was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens; all the other emendations by Mr. Pope and Dr. Warburton. *Wear* is uſed as a diſſyllable. The commentator laſt mentioned, not perceiving this, reads—and *ſo* no man, &c. which has been followed, I think improperly, by the ſubſequent editors.

The obſervation concerning gold is found in one of the early dramatick pieces, *Damon and Pithias*, 1582:

"——*gold* in time does *wear* away,
"And other precious things do fade: friendſhip does ne'er decay." MALONE.

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuſe.

ANT. S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful ſlave
Is wander'd forth, in care to ſeek me out.
By computation, and mine hoſt's report,
I could not ſpeak with Dromio, ſince at firſt
I ſent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

How now, ſir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love ſtrokes, ſo jeſt with me again.
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
Your miſtreſs ſent to have me home to dinner?
My houſe was at the Phœnix? Waſt thou mad,
That thus ſo madly thou didſt anſwer me?

DRO. S. What anſwer, ſir? when ſpake I ſuch a word?

ANT. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour ſince.

DRO. S. I did not ſee you ſince you ſent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

ANT. S. Villain, thou didſt deny the gold's receipt;
And told'ſt me of a miſtreſs, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'ſt I was diſpleas'd.

DRO. S. I am glad to ſee you in this merry vein:
What means this jeſt? I pray you, maſter, tell me.

ANT. S. Yea, doſt thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?

Think'ſt thou, I jeſt? Hold, take thou that, and that. [*beating him.*

DRO. S. Hold, ſir, for God's ſake: now your jeſt is earneſt:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

ANT. S. Becauſe that I familiarly ſometimes
Do uſe you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your ſaucineſs will jeſt upon my love,
And make a common of my ſerious hours.[4]
When the ſun ſhines, let fooliſh gnats make ſport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jeſt with me, know my aſpéct,[5]
And faſhion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your ſconce.

DRO. S. Sconce, call you it? ſo you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you uſe theſe blows long, I muſt get a ſconce for my head, and inſconce it too;[6] or elſe I ſhall ſeek my wit in my ſhoulders. But, I pray, ſir, why am I beaten?

ANT. S. Doſt thou not know?

DRO. S. Nothing, ſir; but that I am beaten.

ANT. S. Shall I tell you why?

DRO. S. Ay, ſir, and wherefore; for, they ſay, every why hath a wherefore.

[4] *And make a common of my ſerious hours.*] i. e. intrude on them when you pleaſe. The alluſion is to thoſe tracts of ground deſtined to *common* uſe, which are thence called *commons*. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*know my aſpéct,*] i. e. ſtudy my countenance. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*and* inſconce *it too*;] A *ſconce* was a petty fortification. So, in *Orlando Furioſo*, 1599:

"Let us to our *ſconce*, and you my lord of Mexico."

Again:

"Ay, ſirs, *enſconce* you how you can."

Again:

"And here *enſconce* myſelf, deſpite of thee." STEEVENS.

ANT. S. Why, firſt,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—
For urging it the ſecond time to me.

DRO. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of ſeaſon?
When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reaſon?—
Well, ſir, I thank you.

ANT. S. Thank me, ſir? for what?

DRO. S. Marry, ſir, for this ſomething that you gave me for nothing.

ANT. S. I'll make you amends next,[7] to give you nothing for ſomething. But ſay, ſir, is it dinner-time?

DRO. S. No, ſir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

ANT. S. In good time, ſir, what's that?

DRO. S. Baſting.

ANT. S. Well, ſir, then 'twill be dry.

DRO. S. If it be, ſir, I pray you eat none of it.

ANT. S. Your reaſon?

DRO. S. Leſt it make you cholerick,[8] and purchaſe me another dry baſting.

ANT. S. Well, ſir, learn to jeſt in good time; There's a time for all things.

DRO. S. I durſt have denied that, before you were ſo cholerick.

[7] ——*next*,] Our author probably wrote—next *time*. MALONE.

[8] *Leſt it make you cholerick*, &c.] So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:
"I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,
"And I expreſsly am forbid to touch it,
"For it engenders choler, planteth anger," &c.
STEEVENS.

ANT. S. By what rule, ſir?

DRO. S. Marry, ſir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himſelf.

ANT. S. Let's hear it.

DRO. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

ANT. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?[9]

DRO. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the loſt hair of another man.

ANT. S. Why is Time ſuch a niggard of hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an excrement?[2]

DRO. S. Becauſe it is a bleſſing that he beſtows on beaſts: and what he hath ſcanted men in hair,[3] he hath given them in wit.

ANT. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

DRO. S. Not a man of thoſe, but he hath the wit to loſe his hair.[3]

[9] ——*by fine and recovery?*] This attempt at pleaſantry muſt have originated from our author's clerkſhip to an attorney. He has other jokes of the ſame ſchool. STEEVENS.

[2] Ant. S. *Why is* Time, *&c.*] In former editions:

Ant. *Why is Time ſuch a niggard of hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an excrement?*

Dro. S. *Becauſe it is a bleſſing that he beſtows on beaſts, and what he hath ſcanted* them *in hair, he hath given them in wit.*

Surely, this is mock-reaſoning, and a contradiction in ſenſe. Can hair be ſuppoſed a bleſſing, which Time beſtows on beaſts peculiarly; and yet that he hath *ſcanted* them of it too? *Men* and *Them*, I obſerve, are very frequently miſtaken, vice verſa, for each other, in the old impreſſions of our author. THEOBALD.

The ſame error is found in the Induction to *K. Henry IV.* P. II. edit. 1623:

"Stuffing the ears of *them* with falſe reports." MALONE.

[3] *Not a man of thoſe, but he hath the wit to loſe his hair.*] That is, *Thoſe who have more hair than wit*, are eaſily entrapped by looſe

ANT. S. Why, thou didſt conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

DRO. S. The plainer dealer, the ſooner loſt: Yet he loſeth it in a kind of jollity.

ANT. S. For what reaſon?

DRO. S. For two; and ſound ones too.

ANT. S. Nay, not ſound, I pray you.

DRO. S. Sure ones then.

ANT. S. Nay, not ſure, in a thing falſing.[4]

DRO. S. Certain ones then.

ANT. S. Name them.

DRO. S. The one, to ſave the money that he ſpends in tiring;[5] the other, that at dinner they ſhould not drop in his porridge.

ANT. S. You would all this time have proved, there is no time[6] for all things.

DRO. S. Marry, and did, ſir; namely, no time[7] to recover hair loſt by nature.

women, and ſuffer the conſequences of lewdneſs, one of which, in the firſt appearance of the diſeaſe in Europe, was the loſs of hair. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

"——Your women are ſo hot, I muſt *loſe my hair* in their company, I ſee."

"His *hair ſheds off*, and yet he ſpeaks not ſo much in the noſe as he did before." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*falſing.*] This word is now obſolete. Spenſer and Chaucer often uſe the verb to *falſe*. Mr. Heath would read *falling*. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*that he ſpends in* tiring;] The old copy reads—in *trying*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[6] ——there *is no time*—] The old copy reads—*here*, &c. The editor of the ſecond folio made the correction. MALONE.

[7] ——*no time*, &c.] The firſt folio has—*in* no time, &c. *In* was rejected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Perhaps the word ſhould rather have been corrected. The author might have written

ANT. S. But your reaſon was not ſubſtantial, why there is no time to recover.

DRO. S. Thus I mend it: Time himſelf is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

ANT. S. I knew, 't would be a bald concluſion: But ſoft! who wafts us[6] yonder?

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

ADR. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look ſtrange, and frown;
Some other miſtreſs hath thy ſweet aſpects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'ſt vow
That never words were muſick to thine ear,[7]
That never object pleaſing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat ſweet-ſavour'd in thy taſte,
Unleſs I ſpake, look'd, touch'd,[8] or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my huſband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then eſtranged from thyſelf?
Thyſelf I call it, being ſtrange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,

—*e'en* no time, &c. See many inſtances of this corruption in a note on *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act I. ſc. i. MALONE.

[6] ——wafts *us* ——] i. e. beckons us. So, in *Hamlet:*

"It *wafts* me ſtill:—go on, I'll follow thee." STEEVENS.

[7] *That never words were muſick to thine ear,*] Imitated by Pope in his *Epiſtle from Sappho to Phaon:*

"My muſick then you could for ever hear,
"And all *my words were muſick to your ear.*"

Epiſtle from Sappho to Phaon. MALONE.

[8] ——*look'd, touch'd,*] The old copy redundantly reads—*or* look'd, *or* touch'd. STEEVENS.

Am better than thy dear ſelf's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyſelf from me;
For know, my love, as eaſy may'ſt thou fall[9]
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminiſhing,
As take from me thyſelf, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'ſt thou but hear I were licentious?
And that this body, conſecrate to thee,
By ruffian luſt ſhould be contaminate?
Would'ſt thou not ſpit at me, and ſpurn at me,
And hurl the name of huſband in my face,
And tear the ſtain'd ſkin off my harlot brow,
And from my falſe hand cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canſt; and therefore, ſee, thou do it.
I am poſſeſs'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of luſt:[2]
For, if we two be one, and thou play falſe,
I do digeſt the poiſon of thy fleſh,
Being ſtrumpeted[3] by thy contagion.

[9] ——*may'ſt thou* fall—] To *fall* is here a verb active. So, in *Othello*:

"Each drop ſhe *falls* would prove a crocodile.

STEEVENS.

[2] *I am poſſeſs'd with an adulterate* blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime *of luſt:*] Both the integrity of the metaphor, and the word *blot*, in the preceding line, ſhow that we ſhould read:

——*with the* grime *of luſt:*

i. e. the *ſtain*, ſmut. So again in this play,—*A man may go over ſhoes in the* grime *of it.* WARBURTON.

[3] *Being* ſtrumpeted —] Shakſpeare is not ſingular in his uſe of this verb. So, in Heywood's *Iron age*, 1632:

"By this adultreſs baſely *ſtrumpeted.*"

Again:

"I have *ſtrumpeted* no Agamemnon's queen.

STEEVENS.

Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live dis-ſtain'd, thou undiſhonoured.[4]

ANT. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Epheſus I am but two hours old,
As ſtrange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being ſcann'd,
Want wit in all one word to underſtand.

LUC. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to uſe my ſiſter thus?
She ſent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

ANT. S. By Dromio?

DRO. S. By me?

ADR. By thee; and this thou didſt return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
Deny'd my houſe for his, me for his wife.

ANT. S. Did you converſe, ſir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the courſe and drift of your compact?

DRO. S. I, ſir? I never ſaw her till this time.

ANT. S. Villain, thou lieſt; for even her very words

[4] *I live* dis-ſtain'd, *thou undiſhonoured.*] To *diſtain* (from the French word, *deſtaindre*) ſignifies, to *ſtain*, *defile*, *pollute*. But the context requires a ſenſe quite oppoſite. We muſt either read, *unſtain'd*; or, by adding an *hyphen*, and giving the prepoſition a *privative* force, read *dis-ſtain'd*; and then it will mean, *unſtain'd*, *undefiled*. THEOBALD.

I would read:
I live diſtained, thou diſhonoured.
That is, As long as thou continueſt to diſhonour thyſelf, I alſo live diſtained. HEATH.

Didſt thou deliver to me on the mart.

DRO. S. I never ſpake with her in all my life.

ANT. S. How can ſhe thus then call us by our names,
Unleſs it be by inſpiration?

ADR. How ill agrees it with your gravity;
To counterfeit thus groſsly with your ſlave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,[5]
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will faſten on this ſleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my huſband, I a vine;[6]
Whoſe weakneſs, married to thy ſtronger ſtate,[7]
Makes me with thy ſtrength to communicate:

[5] ——*you are from me* exempt,] *Exempt*, ſeparated, parted. The ſenſe is, *If I am doomed to ſuffer the wrong of ſeparation, yet injure not with contempt me who am already injured.* JOHNSON.

Johnſon ſays that *exempt* means *ſeparated, parted;* and the uſe of the word in that ſenſe may be ſupported by a paſſage in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Triumph of Honour*, where Valerius, in the character of Mercury, ſays,

" To ſhew raſh vows cannot bind deſtiny,
" Lady, behold the rocks tranſported be.
" Hard-hearted Dorigen! yield, leſt for contempt
" They fix you there a rock, whence *they're exempt.*"

Yet I think that Adriana does not uſe the word *exempt* in that ſenſe, but means to ſay, that as he was her huſband ſhe had no power over him, and that he was privileged to do her wrong. M. MASON.

[6] *Thou art an elm, my huſband, I a vine;*]

" Lenta, qui, velut adſitas
" Vitis implicat arbores,
" Implicabitur in tuum
" Complexum." *Catull.* 57.

So Milton, Par. Loſt. B. V:

" —— They led the vine
" To wed her elm. She ſpous'd, about him twines
" Her marriageable arms." MALONE.

[7] ——ſtronger *ſtate*,] The old copy has—ſtranger. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

If aught poſſeſs thee from me, it is droſs,
Uſurping ivy, briar, or idle moſs;[8]
Who, all for want of pruning, with intruſion
Infect thy ſap, and live on thy confuſion.

ANT. S. To me ſhe ſpeaks; ſhe moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or ſleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiſs?
Until I know this ſure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.[9]

LUC. Dromio, go bid the ſervants ſpread for dinner.

DRO. S. O, for my beads! I croſs me for a ſinner.
This is the fairy land;—O, ſpite of ſpites!—
We talk with goblins, owls, and elviſh ſprites;[1]

[8] ——idle *moſs*;] i. e. moſs that produces no fruit, but being unfertile is uſeleſs. So, in *Othello:*
"——antres vaſt and deſarts *idle*." STEEVENS.

[9] —— *the offer'd* fallacy.] The old copy has:
—— *the* free'd *fallacy*.
Which perhaps was only, by miſtake, for
—— *the* offer'd *fallacy*.
This conjecture is from an anonymous correſpondent.
Mr. Pope reads — *favour'd* fallacy. STEEVENS.

[1] *We talk with goblins*, owls, *and* elviſh *ſprites;*] Here Mr. Theobald calls out *in the name of Nonſenſe*, the firſt time he had *formally* invoked her, to tell him how *owls could ſuck their breath, and pinch them black and blue.* He therefore alters *owls* to *ouphs, and dares ſay, that his readers will acquieſce in the juſtneſs of his emendation.* But, for all this, we muſt not part with the old reading. He did not know it to be an old popular ſuperſtition, that the ſcrietch-owl ſucked out the breath and blood of infants in the cradle. On this account, the Italians called witches, who were ſuppoſed to be in like manner miſchievouſly bent againſt children, *ſtrega* from *ſtrix*, the *ſcrietch-owl.* This ſuperſtition they had derived from their pagan anceſtors, as appears from this paſſage of Ovid:

If we obey them not, this will enſue,
They'll ſuck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.
LUCE. Why prat'ſt thou to thyſelf, and anſwer'ſt not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou ſnail, thou flug, thou ſot![3]

Sunt avidæ volucres; non quæ Phineïa menſis
Guttura fraudabant; ſed genus inde trahunt.
Grande caput; ſtantes oculi; roſtra apta rapinæ;
Canities pennis, unguibus hamus ineſt.
Nocte volant, puerosque petunt *nutricis egentes*,
Et vitiant cunis *corpora rapta ſuis.*
Carpere dicuntur lactentia viſcera roſtris,
Et plenum poto ſanguine *guttur habent.*
Eſt illis ſtrigibus *nomen:* —— Lib. vi. Faſt. WARBURTON.

Ghaſtly owls accompany *elviſh ghoſts* in *Spenſer's* Shepherd's *Calendar* for *June*. So, in *Sherringham's* Diſcerptatio de Anglorum Gentis Origine, p. 333. "Lares, Lemures, *Stryges*, Lamiæ, *Manes* (Gaſtæ dicti) & ſimiles monſtrorum Greges, Elvarum Chorea dicebantur." Much the ſame is ſaid in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*, p. 112, 113. TOLLET.

Owls are alſo mentioned in *Cornucopiæ, or Paſquil's Night-cap, or Antidote for the Headach*, 1623, p. 38:

"Dreading no dangers of the darkſome night,
"No *oules*, hobgoblins, ghoſts, nor water-ſpright."

STEEVENS.

How, it is objected, ſhould Shakſpeare know that *ſtriges* or ſcrietch-owls were conſidered by the Romans as witches? The notes of Mr. Tollet and Mr. Steevens, as well as the following paſſage in *The London Prodigal*, a comedy, 1605, afford the beſt anſwer to this queſtion: "'Soul, I think, I am ſure croſs'd or *witch'd* with an *owl*." MALONE.

The epithet *elviſh* is not in the *firſt* folio, but the ſecond has — *elves*, which certainly was meant for *elviſh*. STEEVENS.

All the emendations made in the ſecond folio having been merely arbitrary, any other ſuitable epithet of two ſyllables may have been the poet's word. Mr. Rowe firſt introduced — elviſh. MALONE.

I am ſatisfied with the epithet — *elviſh*. It was probably inſerted in the ſecond folio on ſome authority which cannot now be aſcertained. It occurs again, in *King Richard III:*

"Thou *elviſh*-mark'd abortive, rooting hog."

Why ſhould a book which has often judiciouſly filled ſuch vacuities, and rectified ſuch errors, as diſgrace the folio 1623, be ſo perpetually diſtruſted? STEEVENS.

DRO. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?[4]
ANT. S. I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.
DRO. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.
ANT. S. Thou hast thine own form.
DRO. S. No, I am an ape.
LUC. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.
DRO. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knows me.
ADR. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.—
Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you[5] of a thousand idle pranks:
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, sister:—Dromio, play the porter well.
ANT. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?

[3] *Dromio, thou* drone, *&c.*] The old copy reads—
Dromio, thou Dromio, *snail, thou slug, thou sot!* STEEVENS.
This verse is half a foot too long; my correction cures that fault: besides *drone* corresponds with the other appellations of reproach. THEOBALD.
Drone is also a term of reproach applied by Shylock to Launcelot in *The Merchant of Venice:*
" —— he sleeps by day
" More than the wild cat; *drones* hive not with me."
STEEVENS.

[4] ——— *am* not I?] Old copy—am *I not.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[5] *And shrive you*——] That is, I will *call you to confession*, and make you tell your tricks. JOHNSON.
So, in *Hamlet:* " —not *shriving* time allow'd." STEEVENS.

Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd;
Known unto theſe, and to myſelf diſguis'd!
I'll ſay as they, and perſéver ſo,
And in this miſt at all adventures go.

DRO. S. Maſter, ſhall I be porter at the gate?

ADR. Ay; and let none enter, leſt I break your pate.

LUC. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Epheſus, DROMIO *of* Epheſus, ANGELO, *and* BALTHAZAR.

ANT. E. Good ſignior Angelo, you muſt excuſe us all;[5]
My wife is ſhrewiſh, when I keep not hours:
Say, that I linger'd with you at your ſhop,
To ſee the making of her carkanet,[6]

[5] *Good ſignior Angelo, you muſt excuſe us* all;] I ſuppoſe, the word —*all*, which overloads the meaſure, without improvement of the ſenſe, might be ſafely omitted, as an interpolation. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *carkanet*,] Seems to have been a necklace or rather chain, perhaps hanging down double from the neck. So Lovelace in his poem:

"*The empreſs ſpreads her* carcanets." JOHNSON.

"*Quarquan*, ornement d'or qu'on mit au col des damoiſelles." *Le grand Dict. de Nicot.*

A *Carkanet* ſeems to have been a necklace ſet with ſtones, or ſtrung with pearls. Thus in *Partheneia Sacra*, &c. 1633: "Seeke not vermillion or ceruſe in the face, bracelets of oriental pearls on the wriſt, rubie *carkanets* on the neck, and a moſt exquiſite fan of feathers in the hand."

And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thouſand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and houſe:—
Thou drunkard, thou, what didſt thou mean by this?

DRO. E. Say what you will, ſir, but I know what I know:
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to ſhow:
If the ſkin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

ANT. E. I think, thou art an aſs.

DRO. E. Marry, ſo it doth appear
By the wrongs I ſuffer, and the blows I bear.[7]

Again, in *Hiſtriomaſtix, or the Player Whipt*, 1610:

" Nay. I'll be matchleſs for a *carcanet*,
" Whoſe pearls and diamonds plac'd with ruby rocks
" Shall circle this fair neck to ſet it forth."

Again, in Sir W. Davenant's comedy of the *Wits*, 1636:

" —— ſhe ſat on a rich Perſian quilt
" Threading a *carkanet* of pure round pearl
" Bigger than pigeons eggs."

Again, in *The Changes, or Love in a Maze*, 1632:

" —— the drops
" Shew like a *carkanet* of pearl upon it."

In the play of *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599, the word *carcant* occurs eight or nine times. STEEVENS.

[7] *Marry, ſo it* doth *appear*
By the wrongs I ſuffer, and the blows I bear.] Thus all the printed copies; but certainly, this is croſs-purpoſes in reaſoning. It appears, Dromio is an aſs by his making no reſiſtance; becauſe an aſs, being kick'd, kicks again. Our author never argues at this wild rate, where his text is genuine. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald, inſtead of *doth*, reads—*don't*. MALONE.

I ſhould kick, being kick'd; and, being at that paſs,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an aſs.

ANT. E. You are ſad, ſignior Balthazar: 'Pray god, our cheer
May anſwer my good will, and your good welcome here.

BAL. I hold your dainties cheap, ſir, and your welcome dear.

ANT. E. O, ſignior Balthazar, either at fleſh or fiſh,
A table full of welcome makes ſcarce one dainty diſh.

BAL. Good meat, ſir, is common; that every churl affords.

ANT. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

BAL. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feaſt.

ANT. E. Ay, to a niggardly hoſt, and more ſparing gueſt:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, ſoft; my door is lock'd; Go bid them let us in.

DRO. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen'!

I do not think this emendation neceſſary. He firſt ſays, that his *wrongs* and *blows* prove him an *aſs*; but immediately, with a correction of his former ſentiment, ſuch as may be hourly obſerved in converſation, he obſerves that, if he had been an *aſs*, he ſhould, when he was *kicked*, have *kicked* again. JOHNSON.

DRO. S. [*within.*] Mome [8] malt-horſe, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch! [9]
Either get thee from the door, or ſit down at the hatch:
Doſt thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'ſt for ſuch ſtore,
When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

DRO. E. What patch is made our porter? My maſter ſtays in the ſtreet.

DRO. S. Let him walk from whence he came, leſt he catch cold on's feet.

ANT. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

DRO. S. Right, ſir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

ANT. E. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

DRO. S. Nor to-day here you muſt not; come again, when you may.

[8] *Mome,*] A dull ſtupid blockhead, a ſtock, a poſt. This owes its original to the French word *Momon*, which ſignifies the gaming at dice in maſquerade, the cuſtom and rule of which is, that a ſtrict ſilence is to be obſerved: whatever ſum one ſtakes, another covers, but not a word is to be ſpoken: from hence alſo comes our word *mum!* for ſilence. HAWKINS.

So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

"Important are th' affairs we have in hand;
"Hence with that *Mome!*"
"—*Brutus*, forbear the preſence." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*patch!*] i. e. fool. Alluding to the particoloured coats worn by the licenſed fools or jeſters of the age. So, in *Macbeth*:

"—— what ſoldiers, *patch?*"

See notes on *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, Act III. ſc. ii. and *The Merchant of Venice*, Act I. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

ANT. E. What art thou, that keep'ſt me out from the houſe I owe?[2]

DRO. S. The porter for this time, ſir, and my name is Dromio.

DRO. E. O villain, thou haſt ſtolen both mine office and my name;
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou had'ſt been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou would'ſt have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an aſs.

LUCE. [*within.*] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are thoſe at the gate?

DRO. E. Let my maſter in, Luce.

LUCE. Faith no; he comes too late;
And ſo tell your maſter.

DRO. E. O Lord, I muſt laugh:—
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I ſet in my ſtaff?

LUCE. Have at you with another: that's,—When? can you tell?

DRO. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou haſt anſwer'd him well.

ANT. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?[3]

[2] —— *I* owe?] i. e. I *own*, am *owner* of. So, in *The Foure Prentices of London*, 1615:

"Who *owes* that ſhield?
"I:—and who *owes* that?" STEEVENS.

[3] —— *I* hope?] A line either preceding or following this, has, I believe, been loſt. Mr. Theobald and the ſubſequent editors read—I *trow*; but that word, and *hope*, were not likely to be confounded by either the eye or the ear. MALONE.

The text, I believe, is right, and means—I *expect* you'll let us in. To *hope*, in ancient language, has ſometimes this ſignification.

LUCE. I thought to have aſk'd you.
DRO. S. And you ſaid, no.
DRO. E. So, come, help; well ſtruck; there was blow for blow.
ANT. E. Thou baggage, let me in.
LUCE. Can you tell for whoſe ſake?
DRO. E. Maſter, knock the door hard.
LUCE. Let him knock till it ake.
ANT. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.
LUCE. What needs all that, and a pair of ſtocks in the town?
ADR. [*within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noiſe?
DRO. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.
ANT. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.
ADR. Your wife, ſir knave! go, get you from the door.
DRO. E. If you went in pain, maſter, this knave would go ſore.
ANG. Here is neither cheer, ſir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.
BAL. In debating which was beſt, we ſhall part with neither.[4]

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
" —— I cannot *hope*
" Cæſar and Antony ſhall well greet together."
Again, in Chaucer's *Reve's Tale*, v. 4027:
" Our manciple I *hope* he wol be ded." STEEVENS.

[4] —— *we ſhall part with neither.*] In our old language, *to part* ſignified *to have part.* See Chaucer, Cant. Tales, ver. 9504;

DRO. E. They ſtand at the door, maſter; bid them welcome hither.

ANT. E. There is ſomething in the wind, that we cannot get in.

DRO. E. You would ſay ſo, maſter, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warm within; you ſtand here in the cold:
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be ſo bought and ſold.[5]

ANT. E. Go, fetch me ſomething, I'll break ope the gate.

DRO. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

DRO. E. A man may break a word with you, ſir; and words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, ſo he break it not behind.

DRO. S. It ſeems, thou wanteſt breaking; Out upon thee, hind!

DRO. E. Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

DRO. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fiſh have no fin.

ANT. E. Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a crow.

DRO. E. A crow without a feather; maſter, mean you ſo?

"That no wight with his bliſſe *parten* ſhall."
The French uſe *partir* in the ſame ſenſe. TYRWHITT.

[5] —— *bought and ſold.*] This is a proverbial phraſe. "To be *bought and ſold* in a company." See Ray's Collection, p. 179. edit. 1737. STEEVENS.

For a fiſh without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, ſirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.[6]

ANT. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

BAL. Have patience, ſir; O, let it not be ſo;
Herein you war againſt your reputation,
And draw within the compaſs of ſuſpect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,[7]—Your long experience of her wiſdom,
Her ſober virtue, years, and modeſty,
Plead on her part[8] ſome cauſe to you unknown;
And doubt not, ſir, but ſhe will well excuſe
Why at this time the doors are made againſt you.[9]

[6] —— *we'll pluck a crow together.*] We find the ſame quibble on a like occaſion in one of the comedies of Plautus.

The children of diſtinction among the Greeks and Romans had uſually birds of different kinds given them for their amuſement. This cuſtom Tyndarus in the *Captives* mentions, and ſays, that for his part he had

—— *tantum upupam.*

Upupa ſignifies both a *lapwing* and a *mattock*, or ſome inſtrument of the ſame kind, employed to dig ſtones from the quarries. STEEVENS.

[7] *Once this,*] This expreſſion appears to me ſo ſingular, that I cannot help ſuſpecting the paſſage to be corrupt. MALONE.

Once this, may mean, *once for all, at once.* So, in Sydney's *Arcadia*, Book I: "Some perchance loving my eſtate, others my perſon. But *once*, I know all of them," &c.—Again, ibid. B. III: —"She hit him, with his own ſworde, ſuch a blowe upon the waſte, that ſhe almoſt cut him aſunder: *once* ſhe ſundred his ſoule from his body, ſending it to Proſerpina, an angry goddeſs againſt raviſhers." STEEVENS.

[8] *Your long experience of* her *wiſdom,*——
Plead on her *part*—] The old copy reads *your*, in both places. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[9] —— *the doors are* made *againſt you.*] Thus the old edition. The modern editors read:

Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner:
And, about evening, come yourſelf alone,
To know the reaſon of this ſtrange reſtraint.
If by ſtrong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the ſtirring paſſage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made on it;
And that ſuppoſed by the common rout [2]
Againſt your yet ungalled eſtimation,
That may with foul intruſion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For ſlander lives upon ſucceſſion; [3]
For ever hous'd, where it once gets poſſeſſion. [4]

ANT. E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And, in deſpight of mirth, [5] mean to be merry.

—— *the doors are* barr'd *againſt you.*

To *make* the door, is the expreſſion uſed to this day in ſome counties of England, inſtead of, *to bar the door.* STEEVENS.

[2] — ſuppoſed *by the common rout* —] For *ſuppoſed* I once thought it might be more commodious to ſubſtitute *ſupported;* but there is no need of change: *ſuppoſed* is *founded on ſuppoſition,* made by conjecture. JOHNSON.

[3] —— *upon* ſucceſſion; *Succeſſion* is often uſed as a quadriſyllable by our author, and his contemporaries. So Act IV. ſc. i. line 5. *ſatisfaction* compoſes half a verſe:
" Therefore make preſent *ſatisfaction* —."
MALONE.

[4] *For ever hous'd, where it* once *gets poſſeſſion.*] The adverb *once* is wanting in the firſt folio. STEEVENS.

The ſecond folio has *once;* which rather improves the ſenſe, and is not inconſiſtent with the metre. TYRWHITT.

[5] *And, in deſpight of* mirth,] Mr. Theobald does not know what to make of this; and therefore, has put *wrath* inſtead of *mirth* into the text, in which he is followed by the Oxford editor. But the old reading is right; and the meaning is, I will be merry, even out of ſpite to mirth, which is, now, of all things, the moſt unpleaſing to me. WARBURTON.

Though mirth hath withdrawn herſelf from me, and ſeems determined to avoid me, yet in deſpight of her, and whether ſhe will or not, I am reſolved to be merry. HEATH.

I know a wench of excellent diſcourſe,—
Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle;—
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I proteſt, without deſert,)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
For there's the houſe; that chain will I beſtow
(Be it for nothing but to ſpite my wife,)
Upon mine hoſteſs there: good ſir, make haſte:
Since mine own doors refuſe to entertain me,
I'll knock elſewhere, to ſee if they'll diſdain me.

ANG. I'll meet you at that place, ſome hour hence.

ANT. E. Do ſo; This jeſt ſhall coſt me ſome expence. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter LUCIANA [4] *and* ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuſe.

LUC. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A huſband's office? ſhall, Antipholus, hate,
Even in the ſpring of love, thy love-ſprings rot?
Shall love, in building, grow ſo ruinate? [5]

[4] *Enter* Luciana—] Here, in the old blundering firſt folio, we find, "Enter *Juliana.*"—Corrected in the ſecond folio. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*that you have quite forgot*, &c.] In former copies:

And may it be that you have quite forgot
A huſband's office? Shall, Antipholus,
Even in the ſpring of love, thy love-ſprings rot?
Shall love in buildings *grow ſo ruinate?*

This paſſage has hitherto labour'd under a double corruption. What conceit could our editors have of *love in buildings* growing ruinate? Our poet meant no more than this: Shall thy love-ſprings rot, even in the ſpring of love? and ſhall thy love grow ruinous, even while 'tis but building up? The next corruption is by an accident at preſs, as I take it. This ſcene for fifty-two lines ſucceſſively is ſtrictly in alternate rhymes; and this meaſure is never broken, but in the *ſecond* and *fourth* lines of theſe two couplets. Tis certain, I think, a monoſyllable dropt from the tail of the ſecond verſe: and I have ventured to ſupply it by, I hope, a probable conjecture. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald's emendations are—the word—*hate*, ſupplied at the end of the ſecond line, and, in the fourth, *building* given inſtead of buildings. STEEVENS.

Love-ſprings are young plants or ſhoots of love. Thus in *The Faithful Shepherdeſs* of Fletcher:

"The nightingale among the thick-leav'd *ſprings*
"That ſits alone in ſorrow."

See a note on the ſecond ſcene of the fifth act of *Coriolanus*, and Mr. Malone's edition of our author's works, Vol. X. p. 44, n. 9, where the meaning of this expreſſion is more fully dilated.

If you did wed my ſiſter for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's ſake, uſe her with more kindneſs:
Or, if you like elſewhere, do it by ſtealth;
Muffle your falſe love with ſome ſhow of blindneſs:
Let not my ſiſter read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own ſhame's orator;
Look ſweet, ſpeak fair, become diſloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:

The rhime which M. Theobald would reſtore, ſtands thus in the old edition:

—— ſhall Antipho*lus*——.

If therefore inſtead of *ruinate* we ſhould read *ruinous*, the paſſage may remain as it was originally written: and perhaps, indeed, throughout the play we ſhould read *Antiphilus*, a name which Shakſpeare might have found in ſome quotation from Pliny, B. xxxv, and xxxvii. *Antiphilus* is alſo one of the heroes in Sidney's *Arcadia*.

Ruinous is juſtified by a paſſage in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act V. ſc. iv:

" Left growing *ruinous* the building fall."

Throughout the firſt folio, *Antipholus* occurs much more often than *Antipholis*, even where the rhyme is not concerned; and were the rhyme defective here, ſuch tranſgreſſions are accounted for in other places. STEEVENS:

Antipholis occurs, I think, but thrice in the original copy. I have therefore adhered to the other ſpelling. MALONE.

Shall love *in* building *grow ſo* ruinate?] So, in our author's 119th Sonnet:

" And *ruin'd love*, when it is *built* anew——."

In ſupport of Mr. Theobald's firſt emendation, a paſſage in our author's 10th Sonnet may be produced:

" —— thou art ſo poſſeſs'd with murderous *hate*,
" That 'gainſt thyſelf thou ſtick'ſt not to conſpire,
" Seeking that beauteous roof to *ruinate*,
" Which to repair ſhould be thy chief deſire."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

" To *ruinate* proud *buildings'* with thy hours."

Stowe uſes the adjective *ruinate* in his *Annales*, p. 892. " The laſt year at the taking down of the old *ruinate* gate——."

MALONE.

Bear a fair preſence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach ſin the carriage of a holy ſaint;
Be ſecret-falſe: What need ſhe be acquainted?
What ſimple thief brags of his own attaint?[6]
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a baſtard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,[7]
Being compact of credit,[8] that you love us;
Though others have the arm, ſhow us the ſleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my ſiſter, cheer her, call her wife:
'Tis holy ſport, to be a little vain,[9]
When the ſweet breath of flattery conquers ſtrife.
ANT. S. Sweet miſtreſs, (what your name is elſe,
I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine,)
Leſs, in your knowledge, and your grace, you ſhow
not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.

[6] ———*his own* attaint?] The old copy has—*attaine*. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. MALONE.

[7] *Alas, poor women! make us* but *believe*, &c.] The old copy—*not*. STEEVENS.

From the whole tenour of the context it is evident, that this negative (*not*,) got place in the firſt copies inſtead of *but*. And theſe two monoſyllables have by miſtake reciprocally diſpoſſeſs'd one another in many other paſſages of our author's works. THEOBALD.

[8] *Being compact of credit*,] Means, *being made altogether of credulity*. So, in Heywood's *Iron age*, Part II. 1632:

" ——ſhe's *compact*
" Merely of blood——."

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

" Love is a ſpirit all *compact* of fire." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*vain*,] Is *light of tongue, not veracious*. JOHNSON.

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and ſpeak;
Lay open to my earthy groſs conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, ſhallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your word's deceit.
Againſt my ſoul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping ſiſter is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
O, train me not, ſweet mermaid,[2] with thy note,
To drown me in thy ſiſter's flood[3] of tears;
Sing, ſiren, for thyſelf, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the ſilver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee,[4] and there lie;
And, in that glorious ſuppoſition, think
He gains by death, that hath ſuch means to die:—
Let love, being light, be drowned if ſhe ſink![5]

[2] ——*ſweet* mermaid,] *Mermaid* is only another name for *ſiren*. So in the Index to P. Holland's tranſlation of Pliny's Nat. Hiſt. "*Mermaids* in Homer were witches, and their ſongs enchauntements." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*in thy* ſiſter's *flood*—] The old copy reads—*ſiſter*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[4] ——*as a* bed *I'll take thee*,] The old copy reads—*as a* bud. Mr. Edwards ſuſpects a miſtake of one letter in the paſſage, and would read:

And as a bed I'll take *them*, and there lie.

Perhaps, however, both the ancient readings may be right:

As a *bud* I'll take *thee*, &c.

i. e. I, like an inſect, will take thy boſom for a roſe, or ſome other flower, and

"——phœnix like beneath thine eye
"Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die."

It is common for Shakſpeare to ſhift haſtily from one image to another.

LUC. What are you mad, that you do reaſon ſo?

ANT. S. Not mad, but mated;[6] how, I do not know.

LUC. It is a fault that ſpringeth from your eye.

ANT. S. For gazing on your beams, fair ſun, being by.

LUC. Gaze where[7] you ſhould, and that will clear your ſight.

ANT. S. As good to wink, ſweet love, as look on night.

Mr. Edwards's conjecture may, however, receive countenance from the following paſſage in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act. I. ſc. ii:

"——my boſom as a *bed*
"Shall lodge thee."

Mr. Malone alſo thinks that *bed* is fully ſupported by the word—*lie*. STEEVENS.

The ſecond folio has *bed*. TYRWHITT.

[5] *Let* love, *being light, be drowned if* ſhe *ſink!*] Mr. Ritſon obſerves that *Love*, in the preſent inſtance, means *Venus*.

Thus in the old ballad of the Spaniſh Lady:

"I will ſpend my days in prayer,
"*Love* and all *her* laws defy." STEEVENS.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Now for the love of *love*, and *her* ſoft hours—."

Again, more appoſitely, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Love is a ſpirit, all compact of fire,
"Not groſs to *ſink*, but *light*, and will aſpire."

Venus is here ſpeaking of herſelf.

Again, *ibidem*:

"*She's love*, ſhe loves, and yet ſhe is not lov'd." MALONE.

[6] *Not mad, but* mated:] i. e. confounded. So, in Macbeth:

"*My mind ſhe has* mated, *and amaz'd my ſight*," STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect there is a play upon words intended here. *Mated* ſignifies not only confounded, but *matched with a wife*: and Antipholus, who had been challenged as a huſband by Adriana, which he cannot account for, uſes the word *mated* in both theſe ſenſes. M. MASON.

[7] *Gaze* where—] The old copy reads, *when*. STEEVENS.
The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

LUC. Why call you me love? call my ſiſter ſo.
ANT. S. Thy ſiſter's ſiſter.
LUC. That's my ſiſter.
ANT. S. No;
It is thyſelf, mine own ſelf's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my ſweet hope's aim,
My ſole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.[8]
LUC. All this my ſiſter is, or elſe ſhould be,
ANT. Call thyſelf ſiſter, ſweet, for I aim thee:[9]
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou haſt no huſband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.
LUC. O, ſoft, ſir, hold you ſtill;
I'll fetch my ſiſter, to get her good will.

[*Exit* LUC.

Enter, from the houſe of ANTIPHOLUS *of* Epheſus, DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

ANT. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'ſt thou ſo faſt?

[8] *My ſole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.*] When he calls the girl his *only heaven on the earth*, he utters the common cant of lovers. When he calls her *his heaven's claim*, I cannot underſtand him. Perhaps he means that which he aſks of heaven. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*for I* aim *thee:*] The old copy has,
——*for I* am *thee.*
Some of the modern editors—
I *mean* thee.
Perhaps we ſhould read:
——*for I* aim *thee.*
He has juſt told her, that ſhe was his *ſweet hope's* aim. So, in *Orlando Furioſo*, 1594:
" ——like Caſſius,
" Sits ſadly dumping, *aiming* Cæſar's death."
Again, in Drayton's Legend of *Robert Duke of Normandy:*
"I make my changes *aim* one certain end." STEEVENS.

DRO. S. Do you know me, ſir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myſelf?

ANT. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man? thou art thyſelf.

DRO. S. I am an aſs, I am a woman's man, and beſides myſelf.

ANT. S. What woman's man? and how beſides thyſelf?

DRO. S. Marry, ſir, beſides myſelf, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

ANT. S. What claim lays ſhe to thee?

DRO. S. Marry, ſir, ſuch claim as you would lay to your horſe; and ſhe would have me as a beaſt: not that, I being a beaſt, ſhe would have me; but that ſhe, being a very beaſtly creature, lays claim to me.

ANT. S. What is ſhe?

DRO. S. A very reverent body; ay, ſuch a one as a man may not ſpeak of, without he ſay, ſir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is ſhe a wondrous fat marriage.

ANT. S. How doſt thou mean, a fat marriage?

DRO. S. Marry, ſir, ſhe's the kitchen-wench, and all greaſe; and I know not what uſe to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if ſhe lives till doomſday, ſhe'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

ANT. S. What complexion is ſhe of?

DRO. S. Swart,[a] like my ſhoe, but her face no-

[a] *Swart,*] i. e. black, or rather of a dark brown. Thus in Milton's *Comus*, v. 436:

thing like ſo clean kept; For why? ſhe ſweats, a man may go over ſhoes in the grime of it.

ANT. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

DRO. S. No, ſir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

ANT. S. What's her name?

DRO. S. Nell, ſir;—but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not meaſure her from hip to hip.[a]

ANT. S. Then ſhe bears ſome breadth?

DRO. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: ſhe is ſpherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

ANT. S. In what part of her body ſtands Ireland?

DRO. S. Marry, ſir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

ANT. S. Where Scotland?

"No goblin, or *ſwart* fairy of the mine."

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

"And whereas I was black and *ſwart* before." STEEVENS.

[a] Dro. S. *Nell, ſir;—but her name* and *three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters*, &c. The old copy reads—her name *is* three quarters. STEEVENS.

This paſſage has hitherto lain as perplexed and unintelligible, as it is now eaſy and truly humourous. If a *conundrum* be reſtored, in ſetting it right, who can help it? I owe the correction to the ſagacity of the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. THEOBALD.

This poor conundrum is borrowed by Maſſinger in *The Old Law*, 1656:

"*Cook.* That *Nell* was Hellen of Greece.

"*Clown.* As long as ſhe tarried with her huſband ſhe was *Ellen*, but after ſhe came to Troy ſhe was *Nell* of Troy.

"*Cook.* Why did ſhe grow ſhorter when ſhe came to Troy?

"*Clown.* She grew longer, if you mark the ſtory, when ſhe grew to be an *ell*, &c. MALONE.

DRO. S. I found it by the barrenneſs; hard, in the palm of the hand.

ANT. S. Where France?

DRO. S. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war againſt her hair.[3]

[3] *In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war againſt her* hair.] All the other countries, mentioned in this deſcription, are in Dromio's replies ſatirically characterized: but here, as the editors have ordered it, no remark is made upon France; nor any reaſon given, why it ſhould be in her forehead: but only the kitchen wench's high forehead is rallied, as puſhing back her *hair*. Thus all the modern editions; but the firſt folio reads—*making war againſt her* heir.———And I am very apt to think, this laſt is the true reading; and that an *equivoque*, as the French call it, a double meaning, is deſigned in the poet's alluſion: and therefore I have replaced it in the text. In 1589, Henry III. of France being ſtabb'd, and dying of his wound, was ſucceeded by Henry IV. of Navarre, whom he appointed his ſucceſſor: but whoſe claim the ſtates of France reſiſted, on account of his being a proteſtant. This, I take it, is what he means, by France making *war* againſt her *heir*. Now, as, in 1591, queen Elizabeth ſent over 4000 men, under the conduct of the Earl of Eſſex, to the aſſiſtance of this Henry of Navarre, it ſeems to me very probable, that during this expedition being on foot, this comedy made its appearance. And it was the fineſt addreſs imaginable in the poet to throw ſuch an oblique ſneer at France, for oppoſing the ſucceſſion of that *heir*, whoſe claim his royal miſtreſs, the queen, had ſent over a force to eſtabliſh, and oblige them to acknowledge. THEOBALD.

With this correction and explication Dr. Warburton concurs, and Sir Thomas Hanmer thinks an equivocation intended, though he retains *hair* in the text. Yet ſurely they have all loſt the ſenſe by looking beyond it. Our authour, in my opinion, only ſports with an alluſion, in which he takes too much delight, and means that his miſtreſs had the French diſeaſe. The ideas are rather too offenſive to be dilated. By a forehead *armed*, he means covered with incruſted eruptions: by *reverted*, he means having the hair turning backward. An equivocal word muſt have ſenſes applicable to both the ſubjects to which it is applied. Both *forehead* and *France* might in ſome ſort make war againſt their *hair*, but how did the *forehead* make war againſt its *heir*? The ſenſe which I have given, immediately occurred to me, and will, I believe, ariſe to every reader who is contented with the meaning that lies before him, without ſending out conjecture in ſearch of refinements. JOHNSON.

ANT. S. Where England?

DRO. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteneſs in them: but I gueſs, it ſtood in her chin, by the ſalt rheum that ran between France and it.

ANT. S. Where Spain?

DRO. S. Faith, I ſaw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

ANT. S. Where America, the Indies?

DRO. S. O, ſir, upon her noſe, all o'er embelliſh'd with rubies, carbuncles, ſapphires, declining their rich aſpect to the hot breath of Spain; who ſent whole armada's of carracks to be ballaſt[4] at her noſe.

ANT. S. Where ſtood Belgia, the Netherlands?

The preſent reading was introduced by the editor of the ſecond folio.

I think with Sir T. Hanmer, that an equivocation *may* have been intended. It is of little conſequence which of the two words is preſerved in the text, if the author meant that two ſenſes ſhould be couched under the ſame term.—Dr. Johnſon's objection, that "an equivocal term muſt have ſenſes applicable to both the ſubjects to which it is applied," appears to me not ſo well founded as his obſervations in general are; for, though a correct writer would obſerve that rule, our author is very ſeldom ſcrupulous in this particular, the terms which he uſes in compariſon ſcarcely ever anſwering exactly on both ſides. However, as *hair* affords the cleareſt and moſt obvious ſenſe, I have placed it in the text. In *K. Henry V.* 4to. 1600, we have—

"This your *heire* of France hath blown this vice in me—" inſtead of *air*. In *Macbeth*, folio 1623, *heire* is printed for *hair:*

"Whoſe horrid image doth unfix my *heire*."

Again, in *Cymbeline*, folio, 1623.

"——His meaneſt garment is dearer

"In my reſpect, than all the *heires* above thee." MALONE.

[4] ——*to be* ballaſt—] The modern editors read—ballaſt*ed*; the old copy *ballaſt*, which is right. Thus in *Hamlet:*

"—to have the engineer

"*Hoiſt* with his own petar." i. e. *hoiſted*. STEEVENS.

DRO. S. O, ſir, I did not look ſo low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me, call'd me Dromio; ſwore, I was aſſur'd to her;[5] told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark on my ſhoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breaſt had not been made of faith,[6] and my heart of ſteel, ſhe had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i'the wheel.

ANT. S. Go, hie thee preſently, poſt to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from ſhore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.
If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

DRO. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

ANT. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She, that doth call me huſband, even my ſoul
Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair ſiſter,
Poſſeſs'd with ſuch a gentle ſovereign grace,
Of ſuch enchanting preſence and diſcourſe,

[5] —— aſſur'd *to her;*] i. e. affianced to her. Thus in *King John:*

"For ſo I did when I was firſt *aſſur'd.*" STEEVENS.

[6] *And, I think, if my breaſt had not been made of* faith, &c.] Alluding to the ſuperſtition of the common people, that nothing could reſiſt a witch's power of transforming men into animals, but a great ſhare of *faith:* however, the Oxford editor thinks *a breaſt made of flint* better ſecurity, and has therefore put it in.

WARBURTON.

Hath almoſt made me traitor to myſelf:
But, leſt myſelf be guilty to ſelf-wrong,[7]
I'll ſtop mine ears againſt the mermaid's ſong.

Enter ANGELO.

ANG. Maſter Antipholus?

ANT. S. Ay, that's my name.

ANG. I know it well, ſir: Lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine:[8]
The chain unfiniſh'd made me ſtay thus long.

ANT. S. What is your will, that I ſhall do with this?

ANG. What pleaſe yourſelf, ſir; I have made it for you.

ANT. S. Made it for me, ſir! I beſpoke it not.

ANG. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:

[7] —— to *ſelf-wrong*,] I have met with other inſtances of this kind of phraſeology. So, in *The Winter's Tale:*

" But as the unthought-on accident is *guilty*
" *To* what we wildly do "—.

Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors read—*of* ſelf-wrong. MALONE.

[8] —— *at the Porcupine:*] It is remarkable, that throughout the old editions of Shakſpeare's plays, the word *Porpentine* is uſed inſtead of *Porcupine*. Perhaps it was ſo pronounced at that time.

I have ſince obſerved the ſame ſpelling in the plays of other ancient authors. Mr. Tollet finds it likewiſe in p. 66 of Aſcham's Works by Bennet, and in Stowe's Chronicle in the years 1117, 1135. STEEVENS.

The word, although written *Porpentine* in the old editions of Shakſpeare, was ſcarcely ſo pronounced, as Mr. Steevens conjectures, at leaſt not generally: for in Eliot's Dictionary, 1545, and Cooper's Dictionary, 1584, it is—" Porkepyne:" and in Hulet's Abecedarium, 1552.—" Porpyn." See a note on *The Tempeſt*, A& I. ſc. ii. DOUCE.

Go home with it, and pleaſe your wife withal;
And ſoon at ſupper-time I'll viſit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

ANT. S. I pray you, ſir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'ver ſee chain, nor money, more.

ANG. You are a merry man, ſir; fare you well.
[*Exit.*

ANT. S. What I ſhould think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is ſo vain,
That would refuſe ſo fair an offer'd chain.
I ſee, a man here needs not live by ſhifts,
When in the ſtreets he meets ſuch golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio ſtay;
If any ſhip put out, then ſtraight away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, *and an Officer.*

MER. You know, ſince pentecoſt the ſum is due,
And ſince I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Perſia, and want gilders[9] for my voyage:
Therefore make preſent ſatisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

[9] —— *want* gilders—] A *gilder* is a coin valued from one ſhilling and ſix-pence, to two ſhillings. STEEVENS.

ANG. Even juſt the ſum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me[2] by Antipholus:
And, in the inſtant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,
I ſhall receive the money for the ſame;
Pleaſeth you walk with me down to his houſe,
I will diſcharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Epheſus, *and* DROMIO *of* Epheſus.

OFF. That labour may you ſave; ſee where he comes.
ANT. E. While I go to the goldſmith's houſe, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I beſtow
Among my wife and her confederates,[3]
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But ſoft, I ſee the goldſmith:—get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.
DRO. E. I buy a thouſand pound a year! I buy a rope! [*Exit* DROMIO.
ANT. E. A man is well holp up that truſts to you:
I promiſed your preſence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldſmith, came to me:
Belike, you thought our love would laſt too long,
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.
ANG. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmoſt carrat;
The fineneſs of the gold, and chargeful faſhion;

[2] *Is* growing *to me*—] i. e. accruing to me. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *and* her *confederates*,] The old copy has—*their* confederates. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I ſtand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, ſee him preſently diſcharged,
For he is bound to ſea, and ſtays but for it.

ANT. E. I am not furniſh'd with the preſent money;
Beſides, I have ſome buſineſs in the town:
Good ſignior, take the ſtranger to my houſe,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Diſburſe the ſum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there as ſoon as you.[4]

ANG. Then you will bring the chain to her yourſelf?

ANT. E. No; bear't with you, leſt I come not time enough.

ANG. Well, ſir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

ANT. E. An if I have not, ſir, I hope you have;
Or elſe you may return without your money.

ANG. Nay, come, I pray you, ſir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide ſtays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

ANT. E. Good lord, you uſe this dalliance, to excuſe
Your breach of promiſe to the Porcupine:
I ſhould have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a ſhrew, you firſt begin to brawl.

MER. The hour ſteals on; I pray you, ſir, deſpatch.

ANG. You hear, how he importunes me; the chain—

[4] *Perchance, I will be there as ſoon as you,*] *I will*, inſtead of *I ſhall*, is a Scoticiſm. DOUCE.

And a Iriſhiſm too. REED.

ANT. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

ANG. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;
Either ſend the chain, or ſend me by ſome token.

ANT. E. Fie! now you run this humour out of breath:
Come, where's the chain? I pray you let me ſee it.

MER. My buſineſs cannot brook this dalliance:
Good ſir, ſay, whe'r you'll anſwer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

ANT. E. I anſwer you? What ſhould I anſwer you?

ANG. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

ANT. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

ANG. You know, I gave it you half an hour ſince.

ANT. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to ſay ſo.

ANG. You wrong me more, ſir, in denying it:
Conſider, how it ſtands upon my credit.

MER. Well officer, arreſt him at my ſuit.

OFF. I do; and charge you, in the duke's name, to obey me.

ANG. This touches me in reputation:—
Either conſent to pay this ſum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

ANT. E. Cónſent to pay thee that I never had!
Arreſt me, fooliſh fellow, if thou dar'ſt.

ANG. Here is thy fee; arreſt him officer;—
I would not ſpare my brother in this caſe,
If he ſhould ſcorn me ſo apparently.

OFF. I do arreſt you, ſir; you hear the ſuit.

ANT. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:—

But, ſirrah, you ſhall buy this ſport as dear
As all the metal in your ſhop will anſwer.

ANG. Sir, ſir, I ſhall have law in Epheſus,
To your notorious ſhame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

DRO. S. Maſter, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That ſtays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, ſir, bears away:[4] our fraughtage, ſir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balſamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ſhip is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they ſtay for nought at all,
But for their owner, maſter, and yourſelf.

ANT. E. How now! a madman! Why thou peeviſh ſheep,[5]
What ſhip of Epidamnum ſtays for me?

DRO. S. A ſhip you ſent me to, to hire waftage.

ANT. E. Thou drunken ſlave, I ſent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpoſe, and what end.

DRO. S. You ſent me, ſir, for a rope's-end as ſoon:[6]

[4] *And then, ſir, bears away:*] The old copy redundantly reads—"And then, ſir, *ſhe* bears away: STEEVENS.

[5] ——*thou* peeviſh *ſheep,*] *Peeviſh* is *ſilly.* So, in *Cymbeline:*
"Deſire my man's abode where I did leave him:
"He's ſtrange and *peeviſh.*"
See a note on Act I. ſc. vii. STEEVENS.

[6] *You ſent me,* ſir, *for a* ropes-*end as ſoon:*] Mr. Malone ſays that *Ropes* is here a diſſyllable; the Saxon genitive caſe; but a Saxon genitive caſe accords better with one of Puck's lyrical effuſions, [See Vol. VII. p. 29.] than with the vulgar pronunciation of Dromio.—I ſuppoſe, a word has been caſually omitted in the old copy, and that we ſhould read as I have printed. So, above, the ſame ſpeaker ſays—
"And then, *ſir,* bears away: our fraughtage, *ſir*—."
STEEVENS.

You ſent me to the bay, ſir, for a bark.
ANT. E. I will debate this matter at more leiſure,
And teach your ears to liſten with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee ſtraight;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the deſk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkiſh tapeſtry,
There is a purſe of ducats; let her ſend it;
Tell her, I am arreſted in the ſtreet,
And that ſhall bail me: hie thee, ſlave; be gone,
On, officer, to priſon till it come.
[*Exeunt* Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, *and* ANT. E.
DRO. S. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowſabel[7] did claim me for her huſband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compaſs.
Thither I muſt, although againſt my will,
For ſervants muſt their maſters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

ADR. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee ſo?
Might'ſt thou perceive auſterely in his eye
That he did plead in earneſt, yea or no?
Look'd he or red, or pale; or ſad, or merrily?
What obſervation mad'ſt thou in this caſe,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?[8]

[7] *Where* Dowſabel——] This name occurs in one of Drayton's Paſtorals:
"He had, as antique ſtories tell,
"A daughter cleaped *Dowſabel*," &c. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*meteors tilting in his face?*] Alluding to thoſe meteors in the ſky, which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in

LUC. Firſt, he denied you had in him no right.
ADR. He meant, he did me none; the more my ſpite.
LUC. Then ſwore he, that he was a ſtranger here.
ADR. And true he ſwore, though yet forſworn he were.
LUC. Then pleaded I for you.
ADR. And what ſaid he?
LUC. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
ADR. With what perſuaſion did he tempt thy love?
LUC. With words, that in an honeſt ſuit might move.
Firſt, he did praiſe my beauty; then, my ſpeech.
ADR. Did'ſt ſpeak him fair?
LUC. Have patience, I beſeech.
ADR. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me ſtill;
My tongue, though not my heart, ſhall have his will.

the ſhock. To this appearance he compares civil wars in another place: [*King Henry IV.* P. I. ſc. i.]

" *Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,*
" *All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,*
" *Did lately meet in the inteſtine ſhock*
" *And furious cloſe of civil butchery.*" WARBURTON.

The alluſion is more clearly explained by the following compariſon in the ſecond book of *Paradiſe Loſt*:

" As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
" Wag'd in the troubled ſky, and armies ruſh
" To battle in the clouds, before each van
" Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their ſpears
" Till thickeſt legions cloſe; with feats of arms
" From either end of heaven the welkin burns."

STEEVENS.

The original copy reads — *Oh*, his heart's meteors, &c. The correction was made in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and ſere,[9]
Ill-fac'd, worſe-bodied, ſhapeleſs every where;
Vicious, ungentle, fooliſh, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making,[2] worſe in mind.

LUC. Who would be jealous then of ſuch a one?
No evil loſt is wail'd when it is gone.

ADR. Ah! but I think him better than I ſay,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worſe:
Far from her neſt the lapwing cries away:[3]
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curſe.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

DRO. S. Here, go; the deſk, the purſe; ſweet now, make haſte.

LUC. How haſt thou loſt thy breath?

DRO. S. By running faſt.

ADR. Where is thy maſter, Dromio? is he well?

DRO. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worſe than hell:

[9] ——*ſere*, That is, *dry*, withered. JOHNSON.

So, in Milton's *Lycidas*: "——ivy never *ſere*." STEEVENS.

[2] *Stigmatical in making*,] That is, *marked* or *ſtigmatized* by nature with deformity, as a token of his vicious diſpoſition. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Wonder of a Kingdom*, 1635:

"If you ſpy any man that hath a look,
"*Stigmatically* drawn, like to a fury's," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] *Far from her neſt the* lapwing, *&c.*] This expreſſion ſeems to be proverbial, I have met with it in many of the old comick writers. Greene, in his Second Part of *Coney-Catching*, 1592, ſays:—"But again to our priggers, who, as before I ſaid, *cry with the lapwing fartheſt from the neſt*, and from their place of reſidence where their moſt abode is."

Naſh, ſpeaking of Gabriel Harvey, ſays—"he withdraweth men, *lapwing-like*, from his neſt, as much as might be."

See this paſſage yet more amply explained in a note on *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Vol. VI. p. 36, n. 8. STEEVENS.

A devil in an everlaſting garment[4] hath him,
One, whoſe hard heart is button'd up with ſteel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitileſs and rough;[5]
A wolf, nay, worſe, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a ſhoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The paſſages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands;[6]

[4] ——*an* everlaſting *garment*—] The ſergeants in thoſe days were clad in *buff*, as Dromio tells us the man was who arreſted Antipholus. *Buff* is alſo a cant expreſſion for a man's ſkin, a covering which laſts him as long as his life. Dromio therefore calls *buff* an *everlaſting* garment: and in purſuance of this quibble on the word *buff*, he calls the ſergeant, in the next ſcene, the "Picture of old Adam;" that is of Adam before his fall, whilſt he remained unclad:—

"What, have you got the picture of old *Adam new apparelled?*"

So, in *The Woman-Hater*, Pandar ſays, "Were it not for my ſmooth citizen, I'd quit this tranſitory trade, get me an *everlaſting* robe, and turn ſergeant." M. MASON.

[5] *A fiend*, a fairy, *pitileſs and rough;*] Dromio here bringing word in haſte that his maſter is arreſted, deſcribes the bailiff by names proper to raiſe horror and deteſtation of ſuch a creature, ſuch as, a *devil*, a *fiend*, a *wolf*, &c. But how does *fairy* come up to theſe terrible ideas? we ſhould read, *a fiend, a fury*, &c.
THEOBALD.

There were fairies like *hobgoblins*, pitileſs and rough, and deſcribed as malevolent and miſchievous. JOHNSON.

So Milton:

"No goblin, or ſwart *fairy* of the mine,
"Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity." MALONE.

It is true that there is a ſpecies of malevolent and miſchievous Fairies; but *Fairy*, as it here ſtands, is generical. T. WARTON.

[6] *A back-friend*, *a* ſhoulder-clapper, &c. *of allies*, *creeks*, *and narrow* lands;] It ſhould be written, I think, narrow *lanes*, as he has the ſame expreſſion in *K. Richard II.* A& V. ſc. vi:

"*Even ſuch they ſay as ſtand in* narrow lanes." GREY.

The preceding rhyme forbids us to read—*lanes*. *Lands*, I believe, in the preſent inſtance, mean, what we now call *landing*-places at the water-ſide.

A *ſhoulder-clapper* is a bailiff: So, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*, 1602:

A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;[7]
One that, before the judgement, carries poor ſouls to hell.[8]

" ——fear none but theſe ſame *ſhoulder-clappers.*"

STEEVENS.

Narrow lands is certainly the true reading, as not only the rhime points out, but the ſenſe; for as a *creek* is a narrow water, forming an inlet from the main body into the neighbouring ſhore, ſo a *narrow-land* is an outlet or tongue of the ſhore that runs into the water.—Beſides, *narrow Lanes* and *Alleys* are ſynonymous.

HENLEY.

[7] *A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;*] To *run counter* is to *run backward*, by miſtaking the courſe of the animal purſued; to *draw dry-foot* is, I believe, to purſue by the *trail* or *prick of the foot;* to *run counter* and *draw dry-foot well* are, therefore, inconſiſtent. The jeſt conſiſts in the ambiguity of the word *counter*, which means the *wrong way in the chaſe*, and a *priſon* in London. The officer that arreſted him was a ſergeant of the *counter*. For the congruity of this jeſt with the ſcene of action, let our author anſwer. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonſon has the ſame expreſſion; *Every Man in his Humour*, Act II. ſc. iv.

" Well, the truth is, my old maſter intends to follow my young, *dry-foot* over Moorfields to London this morning," &c.

To draw *dry-foot*, is when the dog purſues the game by the ſcent of the foot: for which the blood-hound is fam'd. GREY.

So, in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*:

" A hunting, Sir Oliver, and *dry-foot* too!"

Again, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633:

" I care not for *dry-foot* hunting." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*poor ſouls to hell.*] *Hell* was the cant term for an obſcure dungeon in any of our priſons. It is mentioned in *The Counter-rat*, a poem, 1658:

" In Wood-ſtreet's-hole, or Poultry's *hell.*"

The dark place into which a tailor throws his ſhreds, is ſtill in poſſeſſion of this title. So, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

" Taylors—'tis known
" They ſcorn thy *hell*, having better of their own."

There was likewiſe a place of this name under the Exchequer-chamber, where the king's debtors were confined till they had " paid the uttermoſt farthing." STEEVENS.

ADR. Why, man, what is the matter?

DRO. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'reſted on the caſe.[9]

ADR. What, is he arreſted? tell me, at whoſe ſuit.

DRO. S. I know not at whoſe ſuit he is arreſted, well;

But he's in[2] a ſuit of buff, which 'reſted him, that can I tell:

Will you ſend him, miſtreſs, redemption, the money in the deſk?

An account of the local ſituation of HELL may be found in the *Journals of the Houſe of Commons*, Vol. X. p. 83. as the commons paſſed through it to *K. William and Q. Mary's coronation*, and gave directions concerning it. In *Queen Elizabeth's time* the office of *Clerk of the Treaſury* was ſituated there, as I find in *Sir James Dyer's reports*, fol. 245. a. where mention is made of "one *Chriſtopher Hole* Secondary del Treaſurie, & un auncient attorney and practiſer in le *office del Clerke del Treaſurie* al HELL."

This I take to be the *Treaſury* of the *Court of Common Pleas*, of which *Sir James Dyer* was *Chief Juſtice*, and which is now kept immediately under the court of *Exchequer*. The *Office* of the *Tally-Court* of the *Chamberlain of the Exchequer* is ſtill there, and tallies for *many* centuries back are piled up and preſerved in this office. Two or three adjacent apartments have within a few years been converted to hold the *Vouchers of the public Accounts*, which had become ſo numerous as to overſtock the place in which they were kept at *Lincolns Inn*.—Theſe therefore belong to the *Auditors of public Accounts*.—Other rooms are turned into coal cellars.—There is a *pump* ſtill ſtanding of excellent water, called HELL *Pump*:—And the place is to this day well known by the name of *Hell*. VAILLANT.

[9] ——*on the caſe.*] An action upon the caſe, is a general action given for the redreſs of a wrong done any man without force, and not eſpecially provided for by law. GREY.

Dromio, I believe, is ſtill quibbling. His maſter's *caſe* was touched by the ſhoulder-clapper. See p. 281:—"in a *caſe* of leather," &c. MALONE.

[2] *But* he's *in*—] The old copy reads—But *is* in. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. MALONE.

ADR. Go fetch it, ſiſter.—This I wonder at,
[*Exit* LUCIANA.
That he,[3] unknown to me, ſhould be in debt:—
Tell me, was he arreſted on a band?[4]

DRO. S. Not on a band, but on a ſtronger thing;
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

ADR. What, the chain?

DRO. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time, that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock ſtrikes one.

ADR. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

DRO. S. O yes, if any hour meet a ſergeant, a'turns back for very fear.

[3] *That he,*] The original copy has—*Thus* he. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[4] —— *was he arreſted on a* band?] Thus the old copy, and I believe rightly; though the modern editors read—*bond*. A bond, i. e. an obligatory writing to pay a ſum of money, was anciently ſpelt *band*. A *band* is likewiſe a *neckcloth*. On this circumſtance, I believe, the humour of the paſſage turns.

B. Jonſon, perſonifying the inſtruments of the law, ſays:

" ——Statute, and *band*, and wax ſhall go with me."

Again without perſonification:

" See here your mortgage, ſtatute, *band*, and wax."

Again, in *Hiſtriomaſtix*, 1610:

" ——— tye faſt your lands
" In ſtatute ſtaple, or theſe merchant's *bands*."

STEEVENS.

Band is uſed in the ſenſe which is couched under the words, "a ſtronger thing," in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

" Sometimes her arms infold him, like a *band*."

See Minſheu's Dict. 1617, in v. " BAND or Obligation." In the ſame column is found " A BAND or thong to tie withal." Alſo " A BAND for the neck, becauſe it ſerves to *bind* about the neck." Theſe ſufficiently explain the equivoque. MALONE.

ADR. As if time were in debt! how ſondly doſt thou reaſon?

DRO. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth, to ſeaſon.
Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men ſay,
That time comes ſtealing on by night and day?
If he be in debt, [5] and theft, and a ſergeant in the way,
Hath he not reaſon to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter LUCIANA.

ADR. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it ſtraight;
And bring thy maſter home immediately.—
Come, ſiſter; I am preſs'd down with conceit; [6]
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuſe.

ANT. S. There's not a man I meet, but doth ſalute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.

[5] *If* he *be in debt,*] The old edition reads — If *I* be in debt. STEEVENS.
For the emendation now made I am anſwerable. Mr. Rowe reads — If *time* &c. but *I* could not have been confounded by the ear with *time*, though it might with *he*. MALONE.

[6] —— *conceit;*] i. e. fanciful conception. So, in *K. Lear:*
" — — I know not how *conceit* may rob
" The treaſury of life." STEEVENS.

Some tender money to me, ſome invite me:
Some other give me thanks for kindneſſes;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his ſhop,
And ſhow'd me ſilks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took meaſure of my body.
Sure, theſe are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland ſorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

DRO. S. Maſter, here's the gold you ſent me for: What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?[5]

ANT. S. What gold is this? What Adam doſt thou mean?

DRO. S. Not that Adam, that kept the paradiſe, but that Adam, that keeps the priſon: he that goes

[5] — *What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?*] A ſhort word or two muſt have ſlipt out here, by ſome accident in copying, or at preſs; otherwiſe I have no conception of the meaning of the paſſage. The caſe is this. Dromio's maſter had been arreſted, and ſent his ſervant home for money to redeem him: he, running back with the money, meets the twin Antipholus, whom he miſtakes for his maſter, and ſeeing him clear of the officer before the money was come, he cries, in a ſurprize;

What, have you got rid *of the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?* For ſo I have ventured to ſupply, by conjecture. But why is the officer call'd old Adam new apparell'd? The alluſion is to Adam in his ſtate of innocence going naked; and immediately after the fall, being cloath'd in a frock of ſkins. Thus he was new apparell'd: and, in like manner, the ſergeants of the Counter were formerly clad in buff, or calf's-ſkin, as the author humorouſly a little lower calls it. THEOBALD.

The explanation is very good, but the text does not require to be amended. JOHNSON.

Theſe jeſts on Adam's dreſs are common among our old writers. So, in *King Edward III.* 1599:

" The regiſter of all varieties
" Since *leathern Adam*, to this younger hour." STEEVENS.

in the calf's-ſkin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, ſir, like an evil angel, and bid you forſake your liberty.

ANT. S. I underſtand thee not.

DRO. S. No? why, 'tis a plain caſe: he that went like a baſe-viol, in a caſe of leather; the man, ſir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'reſts them; he, ſir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives 'em ſuits of durance; he that ſets up his reſt to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike. [6]

[6] ——— *he that ſets up his* reſt *to do more exploits with his mace, than a* morris-*pike.*] *Sets up his reſt*, is a phraſe taken from military exerciſe. When gunpowder was firſt invented, its force was very weak compared to that in preſent uſe. This neceſſarily required fire-arms to be of an extraordinary length. As the artiſts improved the ſtrength of their powder, the ſoldiers proportionably ſhortened their arms and artillery; ſo that the cannon which Froiſſart tells us was once fifty feet long, was contracted to leſs than ten. This proportion likewiſe held in their muſkets; ſo that, till the middle of the laſt century, the muſketeers always ſupported their pieces when they gave fire, with a *reſt* ſtuck before them into the ground, which they called *ſetting up their reſt*, and is here alluded to. There is another quibbling alluſion too to the ſerjeant's office of arreſting. But what moſt wants animadverſion is the *morris-pike*, which is without meaning, impertinent to the ſenſe, and falſe in the alluſion: no pike being uſed amongſt the dancers ſo called, or at leaſt not fam'd for much execution. In a word, Shakſpeare wrote,

——— *a* Maurice-*pike.*

i. e. a pikeman of prince Maurice's army. He was the greateſt general of that age, and the conductor of the Low-country wars againſt Spain, under whom all the Engliſh gentry and nobility were bred to the ſervice. Hence the pikes of his army became famous for their military exploits. WARBURTON.

This conjecture is very ingenious, yet the commentator talks unneceſſarily of the *reſt of a muſket*, by which he makes the hero of the ſpeech ſet up the *reſt* of a *muſket*, to *do exploits* with a *pike*. The *reſt* of a *pike* was a common term, and ſignified, I believe, the manner in which it was fixed to receive the ruſh of the enemy. A *morris-pike* was a pike uſed in a *morris* or a military dance, and with which great *exploits* were *done*, that is, great feats of dexterity were ſhown. There is no need of change. JOHNSON.

ANT. S. What! thou mean'ſt an officer?

DRO. S. Ay, ſir, the ſergeant of the band; he, that brings any man to anſwer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and ſays, *God give you good reſt!*

ANT. S. Well, ſir, there reſt in your foolery. Is there any ſhip puts forth to night? may we be gone?

A *morris-pike* is mentioned by the old writers as a formidable weapon: and therefore Dr. Warburton's notion is deficient in firſt principles. "*Moreſpikes* (ſays Langley in his tranſlation of *Polydore Virgil*) were uſed firſt in the ſiege of Capua." And in *Reynold's Deliverance of certain Chriſtians from the Turks*, "the Engliſh mariners laid about them with brown bills, halberts, and *morrice-pikes*." FARMER.

Polydore Virgil does not mention *morris-pikes* at the ſiege of Capua, though Langley's tranſlation of him advances their antiquity ſo high.

Morris pikes, or the pikes of the Moors, were excellent formerly; and ſince, the Spaniſh pikes have been equally famous. See Hartlib's Legacy, p. 48. TOLLET.

The mention of *morris-pikes* is frequent among our old writers. So, in Heywood's *K. Edward IV.* 1626:

"Of the French were beaten down
"*Morris-pikes* and bowmen," &c.

Again, in Holinſhed, p. 816:

"———— they entered the gallies again with *moris pikes* and fought," &c. STEEVENS.

There is, I believe, no authority for Dr. Johnſon's aſſertion that the Morris-Pike was uſed in the Morris-dance. Swords were ſometimes uſed upon that occaſion. It certainly means the *Mooriſh*-pike, which was very common in the 16th century. See Groſe's Hiſt. of the Engliſh Army, Vol. I. p. 135. DOUCE.

The phraſe—*he that ſets up his reſt*, in this inſtance, ſignifies only, I believe, "he that *truſts*"—*is confident in his expectation*. Thus, Bacon:—"Sea-fights have been final to the war, but this is, when Princes *ſet up their* REST upon the battle." Again, Clarendon—"they therefore reſolved to *ſet up their* REST upon that ſtake, and to go through with it, or periſh." This figure of ſpeech is certainly derived from *the* REST which Dr. Warburton has deſcribed, as that was the only kind of *reſt* which was ever *ſet up*. HENLEY.

DRO. S. Why, ſir, I brought you word an hour ſince, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the ſergeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay: Here are the angels that you ſent for, to deliver you.

ANT. S. The fellow is diſtract, and ſo am I;
And here we wander in illuſions;
Some bleſſed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

COUR. Well met, well met, maſter Antipholus.
I ſee, ſir, you have found the goldſmith now:
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?

ANT. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not!

DRO. S. Maſter, is this miſtreſs Satan?

ANT. S. It is the devil.

DRO. S. Nay, ſhe is worſe, ſhe is the devil's dam; and here ſhe comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes, that the wenches ſay, *God damn me*, that's as much as to ſay, *God make me a light wench*. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; Come not near her.

COUR. Your man and you are marvellous merry, ſir.
Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here. [7]

DRO. S. Maſter, if you do expect ſpoon-meat, or beſpeak a long ſpoon. [8]

[7] *We'll mend our dinner* here.] i. e. by purchaſing ſomething additional in the adjoining market. MALONE.

[8] —— *if* you *do expect ſpoon-meat*, or *beſpeak a long ſpoon.*] The

ANT. S. Why, Dromio?

DRO. S. Marry, he muſt have a long ſpoon, that muſt eat with the devil.

ANT. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'ſt thou me of ſupping?
Thou art, as you are all, a ſorcereſs:
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

COUR. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
And I'll be gone, ſir, and not trouble you.

DRO. S. Some devils aſk but the paring of one's nail,
A ruſh, a hair, a drop of blood, [9] a pin,
A nut, a cherry-ſtone; but ſhe, more covetous,
Would have a chain.
Maſter, be wiſe; an' if you give it her,
The devil will ſhake her chain, and fright us with it.

COUR. I pray you, ſir, my ring, or elſe the chain;
I hope, you do not mean to cheat me ſo.

paſſage is wrong pointed, and the *or*, a miſtake for *and*:

Cour. We'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Maſter, if you do, expect ſpoon meat, *and* beſpeak a long ſpoon. RITSON.

In the old copy *you* is accidentally omitted. It was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. I believe ſome other words were paſſed over by the compoſitor,—perhaps of this import: —— "if you do expect ſpoon-meat, *either ſtay away*, or beſpeak a long ſpoon."

The proverb mentioned afterwards by Dromio, is again alluded to in *The Tempeſt*. See Vol. IV. p. 81, n. 5. MALONE.

[9] —— *a* drop of blood,] So, in *The Witch* by Middleton, when a ſpirit deſcends, Hecate exclaims—

"There's one come downe to fetch his dues,
"A kiſſe, a coll, *a ſip of blood*," &c. STEEVENS.

ANT. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come Dromio, let us go.

DRO. S. Fly pride, ſays the peacock: Miſtreſs, that you know.

[*Exeunt* ANT. *and* DRO.

COUR. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Elſe would he never ſo demean himſelf:
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the ſame he promis'd me a chain;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.
The reaſon that I gather he is mad,
(Beſides this preſent inſtance of his rage,)
Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being ſhut againſt his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpoſe ſhut the doors againſt his way.
My way is now, to hie home to his houſe,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatick,
He ruſh'd into my houſe, and took perforce
My ring away: This courſe I fitteſt chooſe;
For forty ducats is too much to loſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Epheſus, *and an* Officer.

ANT. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, ſo much money
To warrant thee, as I am 'reſted for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;
And will not lightly truſt the meſſenger,
That I ſhould be attach'd in Epheſus:
I tell you, 'twill ſound harſhly in her ears.—

Enter DROMIO *of* Epheſus *with a rope's end.*

Here comes my man;,I think, he brings the money,
How now, ſir? have you that I ſent you for?

DRO. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all. [8]

ANT. E. But where's the money?

DRO. E. Why, ſir, I gave the money for the rope.

ANT. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

DRO. E. I'll ſerve you, ſir, five hundred at the rate.

ANT. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

DRO. E. To a rope's end, ſir; and to that end am I return'd.

[8] —— *will* pay *them all.*] i. e. ſerve to hit, ſtrike, correct them all. So, in *Twelfth-Night:* "He *pays* you as ſurely as your feet hit the ground they ſtep on." STEEVENS.

ANT. E. And to that end, ſir, I will welcome you. [*beating him.*

OFF. Good ſir, be patient.

DRO. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adverſity.

OFF. Good now, hold thy tongue.

DRO. E. Nay, rather perſuade him to hold his hands.

ANT. E. Thou whoreſon, ſenſeleſs villain!

DRO. E. I would I were ſenſeleſs, ſir, that I might not feel your blows.

ANT. E. Thou art ſenſible in nothing but blows, and ſo is an aſs.

DRO. E. I am an aſs, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears.[9] I have ſerv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this inſtant, and have nothing at his hands for my ſervice, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it, when I ſleep; raiſed with it, when I ſit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my ſhoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I ſhall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *and the* Courtezan, *with* PINCH,[2] *and Others.*

ANT. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

[9] —— *by my* long ears.] He means, that his maſter had lengthened his ears by frequently pulling them. STEEVENS.

[2] ——— *Pinch,*] The direction in the old copy is, —— "and a

DRO. E. Miſtreſs, *reſpice finem*, reſpect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end.*[2]

ANT. E. Wilt thou ſtill talk? [*beats him.*

COUR. How ſay you now? is not your huſband mad?

ADR. His incivility confirms no leſs.—
Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Eſtabliſh him in his true ſenſe again,
And I will pleaſe you what you will demand.

LUC. Alas, how fiery and how ſharp he looks!

COUR. Mark, how he trembles in his extacy!

PINCH. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulſe.

ANT. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

ſchoolmaſter called Pinch." In many country villages the pedagogue is ſtill a reputed conjurer. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Staple of News*: "I would have ne'er a cunning *ſchool-maſter* in England, I mean a cunning man as a ſchoolmaſter; that is, a *conjurour*," &c. STEEVENS.

[2] *Miſtreſs*, reſpice finem, *reſpect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, Beware the rope's end.*] Theſe words ſeem to allude to a famous pamphlet of that time, wrote by Buchanan againſt the lord of Liddington; which ends with theſe words, *Reſpice finem, reſpice funem.* But to what purpoſe, unleſs our author would ſhow that he could quibble as well in Engliſh, as the other in Latin, I confeſs I know not. As for *propheſying like the parrot*, this alludes to people's teaching that bird unlucky words; with which, when any paſſenger was offended, it was the ſtanding joke of the wife owner to ſay, *Take heed, ſir, my parrot propheſies.* To this, Butler hints, where, ſpeaking of Ralpho's ſkill in augury, he ſays:

"*Could tell what ſubtleſt parrots mean,*
"*That ſpeak and think contrary clean;*
"*What member 'tis of whom they talk,*
"*When they cry* rope, *and* walk, knave, walk."

WARBURTON.

So, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix:*
"But come, *reſpice funem.*" STEEVENS.

PINCH. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield poſſeſſion to my holy prayers,
And to thy ſtate of darkneſs hie thee ſtraight;
I conjure thee by all the ſaints in heaven.

ANT. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

ADR. O, that thou wert not, poor diſtreſſed ſoul!

ANT. E. You minion, you, are theſe your cuſtomers? [3]
Did this companion [4] with the ſaffron face
Revel and feaſt it at my houſe to day,
Whilſt upon me the guilty doors were ſhut,
And I denied to enter in my houſe?

ADR. O, huſband, God doth know, you din'd at home,
Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from theſe ſlanders, and this open ſhame!

ANT. E. I din'd at home! [5] Thou villain, what ſay'ſt thou?

DRO. E. Sir, ſooth to ſay, you did not dine at home.

ANT. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I ſhut out?

DRO. E. Perdy, [6] your doors were lock'd, and you ſhut out.

[3] —— *your* cuſtomers?] A *cuſtomer* is uſed in *Othello* for a common woman. Here it ſeems to ſignify one who viſits ſuch women. MALONE.

[4] —— *companion* ——] A word of contempt, anciently uſed as we now uſe—*fellow*. STEEVENS.

[5] *I din'd at home!*] *I* is not found in the old copy. It was inſerted by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[6] *Perdy*,] A corruption of the common French oath—*Pardieu*. Chaucer's perſonages are frequent in their uſe of it. STEEVENS.

ANT. E. And did not ſhe herſelf revile me there?
DRO. E. Sans fable, ſhe herſelf revil'd you there.
ANT. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and ſcorn me?
DRO. E. Certes,[5] ſhe did; the kitchen-veſtal[6] ſcorn'd you.
ANT. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?
DRO. E. In verity, you did;—my bones bear witneſs,
That ſince have felt the vigour of his rage.
ADR. Is't good to ſooth him in theſe contraries?
PINCH. It is no ſhame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.
ANT. E. Thou haſt ſuborn'd the goldſmith to arreſt me.
ADR. Alas, I ſent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haſte for it.
DRO. E. Money by me? heart and good-will you might,
But, ſurely, maſter, not a rag of money.
ANT. E. Went'ſt not thou to her for a purſe of ducats?
ADR. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
LUC. And I am witneſs with her, that ſhe did.
DRO. E. God and the rope-maker, bear me witneſs,
That I was ſent for nothing but a rope!
PINCH. Miſtreſs, both man and maſter is poſſeſs'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks;
They muſt be bound, and laid in ſome dark room.

[5] *Certes,*] i. e. *certainly.* So, in *The Tempeſt:*
"For *certes*, theſe are people of the iſland." STEEVENS.

[6] — *kitchen-veſtal*—] Her charge being like that of the veſtal virgins, to keep the fire burning. JOHNSON.

ANT. E. Say, wherefore didſt thou lock me forth to-day,
And why doſt thou deny the bag of gold?

ADR. I did not, gentle huſband, lock thee forth.

DRO. E. And gentle maſter, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confeſs, ſir, that we were lock'd out.

ADR. Diſſembling villain, thou ſpeak'ſt falſe in both.

ANT. E. Diſſembling harlot, thou art falſe in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathſome abject ſcorn of me:
But with theſe nails I'll pluck out theſe falſe eyes,
That would behold in me this ſhameful ſport.

[PINCH *and his aſſiſtants bind* ANT. *and* DROMIO.

ADR. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

PINCH. More company; — the fiend is ſtrong within him.

LUC. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

ANT. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy priſoner; wilt thou ſuffer them
To make a reſcue?

OFF. Maſters, let him go:
He is my priſoner, and you ſhall not have him.

PINCH. Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.

ADR. What wilt thou do, thou peeviſh officer?[7]
Haſt thou delight to ſee a wretched man
Do outrage and diſpleaſure to himſelf?

OFF. He is my priſoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.

[7] —— *thou* peeviſh *officer?*] This is the ſecond time that in the courſe of this play, *peeviſh* has been uſed for *fooliſh*. STEEVENS.

ADR. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!

ANT. E. O most unhappy strumpet![7]

DRO. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

ANT. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

DRO. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,
Good master; cry, the devil.—

LUC. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

ADR. Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

Exeunt PINCH *and assistants with* ANT. *and* DRO.
Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

OFF. One Angelo, a goldsmith; Do you know him?

ADR. I know the man: What is the sum he owes?

OFF. Two hundred ducats.

ADR. Say, how grows it due?

OFF. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.

ADR. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.[8]

COUR. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,

[7] —— unhappy *strumpet!*] *Unhappy* is here used in one of the senses of *unlucky*; i. e. *mischievous*. STEEVENS.

[8] *He did bespeak a chain* for me, *but had it not.*] I suppose, the words—*forme*, which spoil the metre, might safely be omitted. STEEVENS.

(The ring I ſaw upon his finger now,)
Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

ADR. It may be ſo, but I did never ſee it:—
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldſmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuſe, *with his rapier drawn, and* DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

LUC. God, for thy mercy! they are looſe again.

ADR. And come with naked ſwords; let's call more help,
To have them bound again.

OFF. Away, they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt Officer,* ADR. *and* LUC.

ANT. S. I ſee, theſe witches are afraid of ſwords.

DRO. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

ANT. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our ſtuff[9] from thence:
I long, that we were ſafe and ſound aboard.

DRO. S. Faith, ſtay here this night, they will ſurely do us no harm; you ſaw, they ſpeak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are ſuch a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad fleſh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to ſtay here ſtill, and turn witch.

ANT. S. I will not ſtay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our ſtuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

[9] —— *our* ſtuff—] i. e. our baggage. In the orders that were iſſued for the royal Progreſſes in the laſt century, the king's baggage was always thus denominated. MALONE.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter Merchant *and* ANGELO.

ANG. I am ſorry, ſir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I proteſt, he had the chain of me,
Though moſt diſhoneſtly he doth deny it.
MER. How is the man eſteem'd here in the city?
ANG. Of very reverent reputation, ſir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
MER. Speak ſoftly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

ANG. 'Tis ſo; and that ſelf chain about his neck,
Which he forſwore, moſt monſtrouſly, to have.
Good ſir, draw near to me, I'll ſpeak to him.—
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this ſhame and trouble;
And not without ſome ſcandal to yourſelf,
With circumſtance, and oaths, ſo to deny
This chain, which now you wear ſo openly:
Beſides the charge, the ſhame, impriſonment,
You have done wrong to this my honeſt friend;
Who, but for ſtaying on our controverſy,
Had hoiſted ſail, and put to ſea to-day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?
ANT. S. I think, I had; I never did deny it.
MER. Yes, that you did, ſir; and forſwore it too.
ANT. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forſwear it?

MER. Theſe ears of mine, thou knoweſt, did hear thee:
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'ſt
To walk where any honeſt men reſort.
ANT. S. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honeſty
Againſt thee preſently, if thou dar'ſt ſtand.
MER. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.
[*They draw.*

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, *and Others.*

ADR. Hold, hurt him not, for God's ſake; he is mad;—
Some get within him,[8] take his ſword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my houſe.
DRO. S. Run, maſter, run; for God's ſake, take a houſe.[9]
This is ſome priory;—In, or we are ſpoil'd.
[*Exeunt* ANTIPH. *and* DROMIO *to the Priory.*

Enter the Abbeſs.

ABB. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you hither?
ADR. To fetch my poor diſtracted huſband hence:
Let us come in, that we may bind him faſt,
And bear him home for his recovery.
ANG. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.
MER. I am ſorry now, that I did draw on him.
ABB. How long hath this poſſeſſion held the man?

[8] ——*get within him,*] i. e. cloſe with him, grapple with him. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*take a houſe.*] i. e. go into a houſe. So we ſay, a dog *takes the water.* STEEVENS.

ADR. This week he hath been heavy, four, ſad,
And much, much different from the man he was;[9]
But, till this afternoon, his paſſion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
ABB. Hath he not loſt much wealth by wreck at ſea?
Bury'd ſome dear friend? Hath not elſe his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A ſin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of theſe ſorrows is he ſubject to?
ADR. To none of theſe, except it be the laſt;
Namely, ſome love, that drew him oft from home.
ABB. You ſhould for that have reprehended him.
ADR. Why, ſo I did.
ABB. Ay, but not rough enough.
ADR. As roughly, as my modeſty would let me.
ABB. Haply, in private.
ADR. And in aſſemblies too.
ABB. Ay, but not enough.
ADR. It was the copy[2] of our conference:
In bed, he ſlept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the ſubject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
ABB. And therefore came it, that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poiſon more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

[9] *And much*, much *different from the man he was;*] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt impairs the metre by omitting to repeat the word—*much*. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*the* copy—] i. e. the theme. We ſtill talk of ſetting *copies* for boys. STEEVENS.

It ſeems, his ſleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And thereof comes it, that his head is light.
Thou ſay'ſt, his meat was ſauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digeſtions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madneſs?
Thou ſay'ſt, his ſports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
(Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair;[3])
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop[4]

[3] *But moody and dull melancholy,*
(Kinſman *to grim and comfortleſs deſpair;*)] Shakſpeare could never make melancholy a *male* in this line, and a *female* in the next. This was the fooliſh inſertion of the firſt editors. I have therefore put it into hooks, as ſpurious. WARBURTON.

The defective metre of the ſecond line, is a plain proof that ſome diſſyllable word hath been dropped there. I think it therefore probable our poet may haye written:

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,
But moody [moping] *and dull melancholy,*
Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair?
And at their *heels a huge infectious troop.* — HEATH.

It has been obſerved to me that *Mr. Capell* reads:

But moody and dull melancholy, kinſ—
woman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair;

yet, though the Roman language may allow of ſuch tranſfers from the end of one verſe to the beginning of the next, the cuſtom is unknown to Engliſh poetry, unleſs it be of the burleſque kind: It is too like Homer Traveſty:

" —— On this, Agam —
" memnon began to curſe and damn." STEEVENS.

Kinſman means no more than *near relation*. Many words are uſed by Shakſpeare with much greater latitude.

Nor is this the only inſtance of ſuch a confuſion of genders. In *The Merchant of Venice*, Portia ſays,

" —— but now I was the *lord*
" Of this fair manſion, *maſter* of my ſervants,
" *Queen* o'er myſelf." RITSON.

[4] *And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop* —] I have no doubt

Of pale diſtemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in ſport, and life-preſerving reſt
To be diſturb'd, would mad or man, or beaſt:
The conſequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have ſcared thy huſband from the uſe of wits.

LUC. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himſelf rough, rude and wildly.—
Why bear you theſe rebukes, and anſwer not?

ADR. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

ABB. No, not a creature enters in my houſe.

ADR. Then, let your ſervants bring my huſband forth.

ABB. Neither; he took this place for ſanctuary,
And it ſhall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or loſe my labour in aſſaying it.

ADR. I will attend my huſband, be his nurſe,
Diet his ſickneſs, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myſelf;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

ABB. Be patient; for I will not let him ſtir,
Till I have uſed the approved means I have,
With wholeſome ſyrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again: [5]
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;

the emendation propoſed by Mr. Heath [" *their heels*"] is right. In the Engliſh manuſcripts of our author's time the pronouns were generally expreſſed by abbreviations. In this very play we have already met *their* for *her*, which has been rightly amended: " Among my wife and *their* confederates——." Act IV. ſc. i. MALONE.

[5] ——— *a* formal *man again:*] i. e. to bring him back to his ſenſes, and the forms of ſober behaviour. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*,—" *informal* women," for juſt the contrary. STEEVENS.

Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

ADR. I will not hence, and leave my huſband here;
And ill it doth beſeem your holineſs,
To ſeparate the huſband and the wife.

ABB. Be quiet, and depart, thou ſhalt not have him. [*Exit* Abbeſs.

LUC. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

ADR. Come, go; I will fall proſtrate at his feet,
And never riſe until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in perſon hither,
And take perforce my huſband from the abbeſs.

MER. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I am ſure, the duke himſelf in perſon
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death[6] and ſorry execution,[7]
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

ANG. Upon what cauſe?

MER. To ſee a reverend Syracuſan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay

[6] *The place of* death —] The original copy has — *depth*. Mr. Rowe made the emendation. MALONE.

[7] —— ſorry *execution*,] So, in *Macbeth:*

" Of *ſorrieſt* fancies your companion's making."

Sorry, had anciently a ſtronger meaning than at preſent. Thus, in Chaucer's *Prologue to the Sompnoures Tale*, v. 7283, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit:

" This Frere, whan he loked had his fill
" Upon the turments of this *ſory* place."

Again, in *The Knightes Tale*, where the temple of Mars is deſcribed:

" All full of chirking was that *ſory* place." STEEVENS.

Thus, Macbeth looking on his bloody hands after the murder of Duncan:

" This is a *ſorry* ſight." HENLEY.

Mr. Douce is of opinion, that *ſorry*, in the text, is put for *ſorrowful*. STEEVENS.

Againſt the laws and ſtatutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.

ANG. See, where they come; we will behold his death.

LUC. Kneel to the duke, before he paſs the abbey.

Enter Duke *attended;* ÆGEON *bare-headed; with the Headſman and other Officers.*

DUKE. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the ſum for him,
He ſhall not die, ſo much we tender him.

ADR. Juſtice, moſt ſacred duke, againſt the abbeſs!

DUKE. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that ſhe hath done thee wrong.

ADR. May it pleaſe your grace, Antiphôlus, my huſband,—
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,[8]—this ill day
A moſt outrageous fit of madneſs took him;
That deſperately he hurried through the ſtreet,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)

[8] *Whom I made lord of me and all I had,*
At your important *letters,*] *Important* ſeems to be uſed for *importunate.* JOHNSON.

So, in *King Lear:*

" —— great France
" My mourning and *important* tears hath pitied."

Again, in George Whetſtone's *Caſtle of Delight*, 1576: "—yet won by *importance* accepted his courteſie."

Shakſpeare, who gives to all nations the cuſtoms of his own, ſeems from this paſſage to allude to a *court of wards* in Epheſus.

The *court of wards* was always conſidered as a grievous oppreſſion. It is glanced at as early as in the old morality of *Hycke Scorner:*

" —— theſe ryche men ben unkinde:
" Wydowes do curſe lordes and gentyllmen,
" For *they contrayne them to marry with their men;*
" Ye, wheder they well or no." STEEVENS.

Doing diſpleaſure to the citizens
By ruſhing in their houſes, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and ſent him home,
Whilſt to take order[9] for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what ſtrong eſcape,[2]
He broke from thoſe that had the guard of him;
And, with his mad attendant and himſelf,[3]
Each one with ireful paſſion, with drawn ſwords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chaſed us away; till, raiſing of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we purſued them;
And here the abbeſs ſhuts the gates on us,
And will not ſuffer us to fetch him out,
Nor ſend him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, moſt gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

DUKE. Long ſince, thy huſband ſerv'd me in my wars;

[9] — *to take* order —] i. e. to *take meaſures*. So, in *Othello*, Act V. "Honeſt Iago hath *ta'en order* for it." STEEVENS.

[2] —— *by what* ſtrong *eſcape*,] Though *ſtrong* is not unintelligible, I ſuſpect we ſhould read — *ſtrange*. The two words are often confounded in the old copies. MALONE.

A *ſtrong eſcape*, I ſuppoſe, means an eſcape effected by *ſtrength* or violence. STEEVENS.

[3] *And, with his mad attendant* and *himſelf*,] We ſhould read:
—— mad *himſelf*. WARBURTON.

We might read:
And here *his mad attendant and himſelf.*
Yet, as Mr. Ritſon obſerves, the meeting to which Adriana alludes, not having happened before the abbey, we may more properly ſuppoſe our author wrote —
And *then* his mad attendant and himſelf. STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect, Shakſpeare is himſelf anſwerable for this inaccuracy. MALONE.

And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didſt make him maſter of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, ſome of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbeſs come to me;
I will determine this, before I ſtir.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. O miſtreſs, miſtreſs, ſhift and ſave yourſelf!
My maſter and his man are both broke looſe,
Beaten the maids a-row,[4] and bound the doctor,
Whoſe beard they have ſinged off with brands of fire;[5]
And ever as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:

[4] *Beaten the maids* a-row,] i. e. ſucceſſively, one after another. So, in Chaucer's *Wife of Bathes Tale*, v. 6836, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit:

"A thouſand time *a-row* he gan hire kiſſe." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Hormanni Vulgaria*, p. 288:

"I ſhall tell thee *arowe* all that I ſawe."
"Ordine tibi viſa omnia exponam." DOUCE.

[5] *Whoſe beard they have ſinged off with brands of fire;*] Such a ludicrous circumſtance is not unworthy of the farce in which we find it introduced; but it is rather out of place in an epic poem, amidſt all the horrors and carnage of a battle:

"*Obvius ambuſtum torrem Corinæus ab ara*
"*Corripit, & venienti Ebuſo, plagamque ferenti,*
"*Occupat os flammis: Illi ingens barba reluxit,*
"*Nidoremque ambuſta dedit.*" Virg. Æneis, Lib. XII.
STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare was a great reader of Plutarch, where he might have ſeen this method of ſhaving in the life of Dion, p. 167, 4to. See North's tranſlation, in which ἀνθρακες may be tranſlated *brands*.
S. W.

North gives it thus—"with a hot burning cole to burne his goodly buſh of heare rounde about." STEEVENS.

My maſter preaches patience to him, while[6]
His man with ſciſſars nicks him like a fool:[7]
And, ſure, unleſs you ſend ſome preſent help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

ADR. Peace, fool, thy maſter and his man are here;
And that is falſe, thou doſt report to us.

SERV. Miſtreſs, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almoſt, ſince I did ſee it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To ſcorch your face,[8] and to diſfigure you:
[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, miſtreſs; fly, be gone.

DUKE. Come, ſtand be me, fear nothing: Guard with halberds.

[6] *My maſter preaches patience to him, while*—] The old copy redundantly reads—*and the* while. I have followed Sir T. Hanmer, by omitting the unneceſſary ſyllables. STEEVENS.

[7] *His man with ſciſſars nicks him like a fool:*] The force of this alluſion I am unable to explain with certainty. Perhaps it was once the cuſtom to cut the hair of idiots cloſe to their heads. There is a proverbial ſimile—"Like *crop* the conjurer;" which might have been ironically applied to theſe unfortunate beings. STEEVENS.

There is a penalty of ten ſhillings in one of king Alfred's eccleſiaſtical laws, if one opprobriouſly *ſhave* a common man like a *fool*. TOLLET.

Fools undoubtedly were ſhaved and *nick'd* in a particular manner, in our author's time, as is aſcertained by the following paſſage in *The Choice of Change, containing the triplicitie of Divinitie, Philoſophie, and Poetrie*, by S. R. Gent. 4to. 1598: "Three things uſed by monks, which provoke other men to laugh at their follies. 1. They are *ſhaven and notched on the head, like fooles.*"

See alſo Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598, in v. "*Zuccone.* A ſhaven pate, a *notted* poule; a poule-pate; a gull, a ninnie." MALONE.

The hair of idiots is ſtill cut cloſe to their heads, to prevent the conſequences of uncleanlineſs. RITSON.

[8] *To ſcorch your face,*] We ſhould read *ſcotch*, i. e. hack, cut. WARBURTON.

ADR. Ah me; it is my huſband! Witneſs you,
That he is borne about inviſible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, paſt thought of human reaſon.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of* Epheſus.

ANT. E. Juſtice, moſt gracious duke, oh, grant me juſtice!
Even for the ſervice that long ſince I did thee,
When I beſtrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep ſcars to ſave thy life; even for the blood
That then I loſt for thee, now grant me juſtice.
ÆGE. Unleſs the fear of death doth make me dote,
I ſee my ſon Antipholus, and Dromio.
ANT. E. Juſtice, ſweet prince, againſt that woman there.
She whom thou gav'ſt to me to be my wife;
That hath abuſed and diſhonour'd me,
Even in the ſtrength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That ſhe this day hath ſhameleſs thrown on me.
DUKE. Diſcover how, and thou ſhalt find me juſt.
ANT. E. This day, great duke, ſhe ſhut the doors upon me,
While ſhe with harlots[8] feaſted in my houſe.

To *ſcorch*, I believe, is right. He would have puniſhed her as he had puniſhed the conjurer before. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *with harlots* —] Antipholus did not ſuſpect his wife of having entertained courtezans, but of having been confederate with cheats to impoſe on him and abuſe him. Therefore, he ſays to her Act IV. ſc. iv:

DUKE. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didſt thou ſo?

ADR. No, my good lord;—myſelf, he, and my ſiſter,
To-day did dine together: So befal my ſoul,
As this is falſe, he burdens me withal!

LUC. Ne'er may I look on day, nor ſleep on night;
But ſhe tells to your highneſs ſimple truth!

ANG O perjur'd woman! They are both forſworn:
In this the madman juſtly chargeth them.

ANT. E. My liege, I am adviſed[9] what I ſay;
Neither diſturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-raſh, provok'd with raging ire,

"——are theſe your cuſtomers?
"Did this companion with the ſaffron face
"Revel and feaſt it at my houſe to-day?"

By this deſcription he points out *Pinch* and his followers. *Harlot* was a term of reproach applied to cheats among men as well as to wantons among women. Thus, in the *Fox*, Corbacchio ſays to Volpone:

"——Out *harlot!*"

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"——for the *harlot* king
"Is quite beyond mine arm.——"

Again, in the ancient myſtery of *Candlemas-Day*, 1512. *Herod* ſays to *Watkin*:

"Nay, *harlott*, abyde ſtille with my knyghts I warne the."—

The learned editor of *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, 5 vols. 8vo. 1775, obſerves, that in *The Romaunt of the Roſe*, v. 6068, *King of Harlots* is Chaucer's tranſlation of *Roy des ribaux*. Chaucer uſes the word more than once:

"A ſturdy *harlot* went hem ay behind,
"That was hir hoſts man," &c. *Sompnoures Tale*, v. 7336.

Again, in the *Dyer's Play*, among the Cheſter Collection in the Muſeum, Antichriſt ſays to the male characters on the ſtage:

"Out on ye *harlots*, whence come ye?" STEEVENS.

[9] ——*I am adviſed*—] i. e. I am not going to ſpeak precipitately or raſhly, but on reflexion and conſideration. STEEVENS.

Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiſer mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldſmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witneſs it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promiſing to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to ſeek him: in the ſtreet I met him;
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldſmith ſwear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I ſaw not: for the which,
He did arreſt me with an officer.
I did obey; and ſent my peaſant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I beſpoke the officer,
To go in perſon with me to my houſe.
By the way we met
My wife, her ſiſter, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates; along with them
They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-faced villain,
A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-ey'd, ſharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man: [2] this pernicious ſlave,
Forſooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was poſſeſs'd: then altogether

[2] *A living dead man:*] This thought appears to have been borrowed from *Sackvil's Induction* to the *Mirror for Magiſtrates:*

"——but as a *lying death*,
"So *ded alive* of life hee drew the breath." STEEVENS.

They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankiſh vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in ſunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beſeech
To give me ample ſatisfaction
For theſe deep ſhames and great indignities.

ANG. My lord, in truth, thus far I witneſs with him;
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

DUKE. But had he ſuch a chain of thee, or no?

ANG. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
Theſe people ſaw the chain about his neck.

MER. Beſides, I will be ſworn, theſe ears of mine
Heard you confeſs, you had the chain of him,
After you firſt forſwore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my ſword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

ANT. E. I never came within theſe abbey walls,
Nor ever didſt thou draw thy ſword on me:
I never ſaw the chain, ſo help me heaven!
And this is falſe, you burden me withal.

DUKE. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead ſo coldly:—
You ſay, he dined at home; the goldſmith here
Denies that ſaying:—Sirrah, what ſay you?

DRO. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.

COUR. He did; and from my finger ſnatch'd that ring.

ANT. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

DUKE. Saw'ſt thou him enter at the abbey here?

COUR. As ſure, my liege, as I do ſee your grace.

DUKE. Why, this is ſtrange:—Go call the abbeſs hither;
I think, you are all mated,[3] or ſtark mad.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

ÆGE. Moſt mighty duke, vouchſafe me ſpeak a word;
Haply, I ſee a friend will ſave my life,
And pay the ſum that may deliver me.

DUKE. Speak freely, Syracuſan, what thou wilt.

ÆGE. Is not your name, ſir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

DRO. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, ſir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

ÆGE. I am ſure, you both of you remember me.

DRO. E. Ourſelves we do remember, ſir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, ſir?

ÆGE. Why look you ſtrange on me? you know me well.

ANT. E. I never ſaw you in my life, till now.

ÆGE. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, ſince you ſaw me laſt;

[3] ——*mated*,] See p. 239, n. 6. MALONE.

And careful hours, with Time's deformed [4] hand
Have written ſtrange defeatures [5] in my face:
But tell me yet, doſt thou not know my voice?

ANT. E. Neither.

ÆGE. Dromio, nor thou?

DRO. E. No, truſt me, ſir, nor I.

ÆGE. I am ſure, thou doſt.

DRO. E. Ay, ſir? but I am ſure, I do not; and whatſoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.[6]

ÆGE. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!
Haſt thou ſo crack'd and ſplitted my poor tongue,
In ſeven ſhort years, that here my only ſon

[4] ——*deformed*—] For *deforming*. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*ſtrange defeatures*—] *Defeature* is the privative of *feature*. The meaning is, time hath cancelled my features. JOHNSON.

Defeatures are *undoings*, *miſcarriages*, *misfortunes*; from *défaire*, Fr. So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1599:

"The day before the night of my *defeature*, (i. e. undoing.)
"He greets me with a caſket richly wrought."

The ſenſe is, I am *deformed*, *undone*, by miſery. Misfortune has left its impreſſion on my face. STEEVENS.

Defeature is, I think, *alteration of feature*, *marks of deformity*, So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"——to croſs the curious workmanſhip of nature,
"To mingle beauty with infirmities,
"And pure perfection with impure *defeature*." MALONE.

Defeatures are certainly neither more nor leſs than *features*; as *demerits* are neither more nor leſs than *merits*. Time, ſays Ægeon, hath placed *new and ſtrange features* in my face; i. e. given it quite a different appearance: no wonder therefore thou doſt not know me. RITSON.

[6] ——*you are now*, bound *to believe him*.] Dromio is ſtill quibbling on his favourite topick. See p. 308. MALONE.

Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?[7]
Though now this grained face[8] of mine be hid
In ſap-conſuming winter's drizzled ſnow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life ſome memory,
My waſting lamps ſome fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little uſe to hear:
All theſe old witneſſes (I cannot err,)[9]
Tell me, thou art my ſon Antipholus.

ANT. E. I never ſaw my father in my life.

ÆGE. But ſeven years ſince, in Syracuſa, boy,
Thou know'ſt, we parted: but, perhaps, my ſon,
Thou ſham'ſt to acknowledge me in miſery.

ANT. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witneſs with me that it is not ſo;
I ne'er ſaw Syracuſa in my life.

DUKE. I tell thee, Syracuſan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,

[7] ——*my feeble key of untun'd cares?*] i. e. the weak and diſcordant tone of my voice that is changed by grief. DOUCE.

[8] ——*this* grained *face*—] i. e. furrow'd, like the *grain of wood*. So, in *Coriolanus:*

"——my *grained* aſh." STEEVENS.

[9] *All theſe* old *witneſſes* (*I cannot err,*)] I believe ſhould be read:

All theſe hold *witneſſes* I *cannot err.*

i. e. all theſe continue to teſtify that I cannot err, and tell me, &c. WARBURTON.

The old reading is the true one, as well as the moſt poetical. The words *I cannot err*, ſhould be thrown into a parentheſis. By *old witneſſes* I believe he means *experienced*, *accuſtom'd ones*, which are therefore leſs likely to err. So, in *The Tempeſt:*

"If theſe be *true ſpies* that I wear in my head," &c.

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*, ſc. ult:

"But if my froſty ſigns and chaps of age,
"*Grave witneſſes* of true experience," &c. STEEVENS.

During which time he ne'er ſaw Syracuſa:
I ſee, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbeſs, *with* ANTIPHOLUS Syracuſan *and* DROMIO Syracuſan.

ABB. Moſt mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [*All gather to ſee him.*

ADR. I ſee two huſbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

DUKE. One of theſe men is Genius to the other;
And ſo of theſe: Which is the natural man,
And which the ſpirit? Who deciphers them?

DRO. S. I, ſir, am Dromio; command him away.

DRO. E. I. ſir, am Dromio; pray, let me ſtay.

ANT. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or elſe his ghoſt?

DRO. S. O, my old maſter! who hath bound him here?

ABB. Whoever bound him, I will looſe his bonds,
And gain a huſband by his liberty:—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'ſt the man
That had'ſt a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair ſons:
O, if thou be'ſt the ſame Ægeon, ſpeak,
And ſpeak unto the ſame Æmilia!

ÆGE. If I dream not,[2] thou art Æmilia;

[2] *If I dream not,*] In the old copy this ſpeech of Ægeon, and the ſubſequent one of the Abbeſs, follow the ſpeech of the Duke, beginning with the words—"Why, here" &c. The tranſpoſition was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. It ſcarcely requires any juſtification. Ægeon's anſwer to Æmilia's adjuration would neceſſarily immediately ſucceed to it. Beſides, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, as theſe ſpeeches ſtand in the old copy, the Duke comments on Æmilia's words, before ſhe has uttered them: The ſlight change now made renders the whole clear. MALONE.

If thou art ſhe, tell me, where is that ſon
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

ABB. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fiſhermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio, and my ſon from them,
And me they left with thoſe of Epidamnum:
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you ſee me in.

DUKE. Why, here begins his morning ſtory right:[3]
Theſe two Antipholus's, theſe two ſo like,
And theſe two Dromio's, one in ſemblance,[4]—
Beſides her urging of her wreck at ſea,[5]—
Theſe are the parents to theſe children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'ſt from Corinth firſt.

ANT. S. No, ſir, not I; I came from Syracuſe.

That however will ſcarcely remove the difficulty: the next ſpeech is Ægeon's. Both it and the following one ſhould precede the duke's; or there is poſſibly a line loſt. RITSON.

If this be the right reading, it is, as Steevens juſtly remarks, one of Shakſpeare's overſights, as the Abbeſs had not hinted at her ſhipwreck. But poſſibly we ſhould read—

Beſides *his* urging of her wreck at ſea. M. MASON.

[3] *Why, here begins his* morning *ſtory right:*] "The *morning* ſtory" is what Ægeon tells the Duke in the firſt ſcene of this play. HOLT WHITE.

[4] ——*ſemblance,*] *Semblance* (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has obſerved) is here a triſyllable. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*of her wreck at ſea,*] I ſuſpect that a line following this has been loſt; the import of which was, that *Theſe circumſtances all concurred to prove*—that Theſe were the parents, &c. The line which I ſuppoſe to have been loſt, and the following one, beginning perhaps with the ſame word, the omiſſion might have been occaſioned by the compoſitor's eye glancing from one to the other. MALONE.

DUKE. Stay, ſtand apart; I know not which is which.

ANT. E. I came from Corinth, my moſt gracious lord.

DRO. E. And I with him.

ANT. E. Brought to this town by that moſt famous warrior

Duke Menaphon, your moſt renowned uncle.

ADR. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

ANT. S. I, gentle miſtreſs.

ADR. And are not you my huſband?

ANT. E. No, I ſay nay to that.

ANT. S. And ſo do I, yet did ſhe call me ſo;
And this fair gentlewoman, her ſiſter here,
Did call me brother;—What I told you then,
I hope, I ſhall have leiſure to make good;
If this be not a dream, I ſee, and hear.

ANG. That is the chain, ſir, which you had of me.

ANT. S. I think it be, ſir; I deny it not.

ANT. E. And you, ſir, for this chain arreſted me.

ANG. I think I did, ſir; I deny it not.

ADR. I ſent you money, ſir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

DRO. E. No, none by me;

ANT. S. This purſe of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I ſee, we ſtill did meet each other's man,
And I as ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon theſe Errors are aroſe.

ANT. E. Theſe ducats pawn I for my father here.

DUKE. It ſhall not need, thy father hath his life.

COUR. Sir, I muſt have that diamond from you.

ANT. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

ABB. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:—
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.—
Twenty-five years[7] have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; nor, till this present hour,[8]
My heavy burdens are delivered:—
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,

[7] *Twenty-five years*—] In former editions:
Thirty-three *years*.
'Tis impossible the poet should be so forgetful, as to design this number here; and therefore I have ventured to alter it to *twenty-five*, upon a proof, that, I think, amounts to demonstration. The number, I presume, was at first wrote in figures, and perhaps, blindly; and thence the mistake might arise. Ægeon, in the first scene of the first act, is precise as to the time his son left him, in quest of his brother:

My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother, &c.

And how long it was from the son's thus parting from his father, to their meeting again at Ephesus, where Ægeon, mistakenly, recognizes the twin-brother, for him, we as precisely learn from another passage in the fifth act:

Æge. *But* seven *years since, in Syracusa bay,*
Thou know'st we parted;

so that these two numbers, put together, settle the date of their birth beyond dispute. THEOBALD.

[8] —— nor, *till this present hour*,] The old copy reads—*and* till —. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. *Burden*, in the next line, was corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Go to a goſſip's feaſt, and go with me;[9]
After ſo long grief, ſuch nativity![2]

DUKE. With all my heart, I'll goſſip at this feaſt.

[*Exeunt* Duke, Abbeſs, ÆGEON: Courtezan, Merchant, ANGELO, *and Attendants*.

DRO. S. Maſter, ſhall I fetch your ſtuff from ſhipboard?

ANT. E. Dromio, what ſtuff of mine haſt thou embark'd?

DRO. S. Your goods, that lay at hoſt, ſir, in the Centaur.

ANT. S. He ſpeaks to me: I am your maſter, Dromio:
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* ANTIPHOLUS S. *and* E. ADR. *and* LUC.

[9] —— *and go with me;*] We ſhould read:
—————— *and* gaude *with me;*
i. e. rejoice, from the French, *gaudir*. WARBURTON.

The ſenſe is clear enough without the alteration. The Reviſal offers to read, more plauſibly, I think:
———— joy *with me.*

Dr. Warburton's conjecture may, however, be countenanced by the following paſſage in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540: — "I have good cauſe to ſet the cocke on the hope, and make *gaudye* chere."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. ſc. xi:
"Let's have one other *gaudy* night.

In the novel of M. Alberto of Bologna, the author adviſeth gentlewomen "to beware how they contrive their holyday talke, by waſte wordes iſſuing forth their delicate mouths in carping, *gauding*, and jeſting at young gentlemen, and ſpeciallye old men," &c. Palace of Pleaſure, 1582. Vol. I. fol. 60. STEEVENS.

[2] *After ſo long grief, ſuch nativity!*] We ſhould ſurely read:
After ſo long grief, ſuch feſtivity.

Nativity lying ſo near, and the termination being the ſame of both words, the miſtake was eaſy. JOHNSON.

The old reading may be right. She has juſt ſaid, that to her, her ſons were not *born* till now. STEEVENS.

DRO. S. There is a fat friend at your maſter's houſe,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
She now ſhall be my ſiſter, not my wife.

DRO. E. Methinks, you are my glaſs, and not my brother:
I ſee by you, I am a ſweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to ſee their goſſiping?

DRO. S. Not I, ſir; you are my elder.

DRO. E. That's a queſtion: how ſhall we try it?

DRO. S. We will draw cuts for the ſenior: till then, lead thou firſt.

DRO. E. Nay, then thus:
We came into the world, like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another. *Exeunt.*[3]

[3] On a careful reviſion of the foregoing ſcenes, I do not heſitate to pronounce them the compoſition of two very unequal writers. Shakſpeare had undoubtedly a ſhare in them; but that the entire play was no work of his, is an opinion which (as Benedick ſays) "fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the ſtake."

In this comedy we find more intricacy of plot than diſtinction of character; and our attention is leſs forcibly engaged, becauſe we can gueſs in great meaſure how the denoüement will be brought about. Yet the ſubject appears to have been reluctantly diſmiſſed, even in this laſt and unneceſſary ſcene, where the ſame miſtakes are continued, till their power of affording entertainment is entirely loſt. STEEVENS.

The long doggrel verſes that Shakſpeare has attributed in this play to the two Dromios, are written in that kind of metre which was uſually attributed by the dramatick poets before his time, in their comick pieces, to ſome of their inferior characters; and this circumſtance is one of many that authorize us to place the preceding comedy, as well as *Love's Labour's Loſt* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, (where the ſame kind of verſification is likewiſe found,) among our author's earlieſt productions; compoſed probably at a time when he was imperceptibly infected with the prevailing mode, and before he had completely learned "to deviate boldly from the

common track." As theſe early pieces are now not eaſily met with, I ſhall ſubjoin a few extracts from ſome of them:

LIKE WILL TO LIKE.

1568.

" *Royſt.* If your name to me you will declare and ſhowe,
" You may in this matter my minde the ſooner knowe.
" *Tof.* Few wordes are beſt among freends, this is true,
" Wherefore I ſhall briefly ſhow my name unto you.
" Tom Toſpot it is, it need not to be painted,
" Wherefore I with Raiſe Roiſter muſt needs be acquainted," &c.

COMMONS CONDITIONS.*

[About 1570.]

" *Shift.* By gogs bloud, my maiſters, wee were not beſt longer here to ſtaie,
" I thinke was never ſuche a craftie knave before this daie.
[*Exeunt* Ambo.
" *Cond.* Are thei all gone? Ha, ha, ha, wel fare old Shift at a neede:
" By his woundes had I not deviſed this, I had hanged indeede.
" Tinkers, (qd you) tinke me no tinks; Ile meddle with them no more;
" I thinke was never knave ſo uſed by a companie of tinkers before.
" By your leave Ile bee ſo bolde as too looke about me and ſpie,
" Leaſt any knaves for my commyng doune in ambuſh doe lie.
" By your licence I minde not to preache longer in this tree,
" My tinkerly ſlaves are packed hence, as farre as I maie ſee." &c.

PROMOS AND CASSANDRA.

1578.

" The wind is yl blows no man's gaine; for cold I neede not care,
" Here is nine and twentie ſutes of apparel for my ſhare;
" And ſome, berlady, very good, for ſo ſtandeth the caſe,
" As neither gentleman nor other, Lord Promos ſheweth any grace;
" But I marvel much, poore ſlaves, that they are hanged ſo ſoone,
" They were wont to ſtaye a day or two, now ſcarce an afternoone." &c.

* This dramatick piece, in its entire ſtate, has not been met with. The only fragment of it known to be exiſting, is in my poſſeſſion.
STEEVENS.

THE THREE LADIES OF LONDON.

1584.

" You think I am going to market to buy roſt meate, do ye not?
" I thought ſo, but you are deceived, for I wot what I wot:
" I am neither going to the butchers, to buy veale, mutton, or beefe,
" But I am going to a bloodſucker, and who is it? faith Uſurie, that theefe."

THE COBLER'S PROPHECY.

1594.

" Quoth Niceneſs to Newfangle, thou art ſuch a Jacke,
" That thou deviſeſt fortie faſhions for my ladie's backe.
" And thou, quoth he, art ſo poſſeſst with everie frantick toy;
" That following of my ladie's humour thou doſt make her coy.
" For once a day for faſhion-ſake my lady muſt be ſicke,
" No meat but mutton, or at moſt the pinion of a chicke:
" To-day her owne haire beſt becomes, which yellow is as gold,
" A periwig is better for to-morrow, blacke to behold:
" To-day in pumps and cheveril gloves to walk ſhe will be bold,
" To-morrow cuffes and countenance, for feare of catching cold:
" Now is ſhe bareſeſt to be ſeene, ſtraight on her muſler goes;
" Now is ſhe hufft up to the crowne, ſtraight nuſled to the noſe."

See alſo *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, *Damon and Pythias*, &c.

MALONE.

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